Stories from Sikh History

(Part 2)

The stories of one's ancestors make the children good children. They accept what is pleasing to the Will of the True Guru, and act accordingly.

(Guru Granth Sahib Ji – Ang 951

Download Sakhi Series (Part 1) : http://sikhs.nl/downloads/English/Sakhi%20Series.pdf

Index

Sakhi Series :- 100 (Guru HarGobind Sahib and the Limitless Langar) 5
Sakhi Series :- 101 (Bhai Bhota Singh and Garja Singh) 7
Sakhi Series :- 102 (Bhai Bidhi Chand Ji) 8
Sakhi Series :- 103 (Offer something which is your own) 9
Sakhi Series:- 104 (Sudama and Krishna) 10
Sakhi Series :- 105 (BHAI BHOOMIYA and the 3 golden rules) 11
Sakhi Series :- 106 (Kaka Hakikat Rai Singh) 17
Sakhi Series :- 107 (Guru Jee and Sayt) 18
Sakhi Series :- 108 (Guru Angad Sahib Ji and King Humayun) 18
Sakhi Series :- 109 (Hari Singh Nalwa and the Pathans) 19
Sakhi Series :- 110 (Getting Advice from Siri Guru Granth Sahib) 20
Sakhi Series :- 111 (Sarang Asraja : "Tunda-Asaraja ki Dhuni") 21
Sakhi Series :- 112 (Guru Ji) 22
Sakhi Series :- 113 (Kauda Rakhash) 23
Sakhi Series :- 114 (Bhagat Fareed Ji) 24
Sakhi Series :- 115 (Nāme nārāiṇin nāhī bẖeḏ) 25
Sakhi Series :- 116 (Bibi Baghel Kaur) 27
Sakhi Series :- 117 (Hari Singh Nalwa and the Battle of Naushehra) 30
Sakhi Series :- 118 (Sakhi of the Kara and Guru Gobind Singh) 31
Sakhi Series :- 119 (“Hazar Gher Hazar, Gher Hazar Hazar”) 32
Sakhi Series :- 120 [THE SECOND SIKH HOLOCAUST (Wadda Ghalughara)] 33
Sakhi Series:- 121 (Mahant Kirpal Daas at Paonta Sahib) 34
Sakhi Series :- 122 (25 Years since 1984) 34
Sakhi Series :- 123 (Guru Gobind Singh ji and Hari Chand) 42
Sakhi Series :- 124 (The great archer) 43
Sakhi Series :- 125 (Budhu da Aawa Kachha) 44
Sakhi Series :- 126 (The Gyani Ji And The Quarter) 44
Sakhi Series :- 127 (Two Mice) 45
Sakhi Series :- 128 (Sham Singh ji Attari) 45
Sakhi Series :- 129 (Bhagat Trilochan Ji and Antarjami) 47
Sakhi Series :- 130 (Delhi Under Sikh Raj : Sardar Baghel Singh Karor Singhia) 48
Sakhi Series :- 131 (Guru Hargobind Sahib JI : batan faquiri, zahir amiri) 50
Sakhi Series :- 132 (King and his four wives....) 51
Sakhi Series :- 133 (1984 : The Power of Five) 52
Sakhi Series :- 134 (Even Pain And Hunger Are Your Gifts) 53
Sakhi Series :- 135 (Ajaamal paapi) 54
Sakhi Series :- 136 (Guru Nanak Dev ji and fake saadhu) 55
Sakhi Series :- 137 (Baba jawala singh harkowahal’s updesh about dyhaan) 56
Sakhi Series :- 138 (village of children) 57
Sakhi Series :- 139 (Baba Moti Ram Mehra) 59
Sakhi Series :- 140 (mith bolarraa jee har sajan suaamee moraa) 59
Sakhi Series :- 141 (S Subeg Singh Ji) 60
Sakhi Series :- 142 (The Guru Teaches Etiquette) 62
Sakhi Series :- 143 (Destiny Achieved Through Prayer) 63
Sakhi Series :- 144 (Blessing of Sangat) 64
Sakhi Series :- 145 (Bhai Abdullah and Bhai Natha) 64
Sakhi Series :- 146 (Ham Paapee Paathhar Neer Dubath Kar Kirapaa Paakhan Ham Thaaree) 65
Sakhi Series :- 147 (Hamri Karo Hath Dai Rachha) 66
Sakhi Series :- 148 (Bhagat Ravidas ji in Chitaur) 67
Sakhi Series :- 149 (Ganika Paapan Swam Across the Worldly Ocean) 67
Sakhi Series :- 150 (Stone, Nitnem and world ocean) 69
Sakhi Series :- 151 (King Ambaris and Durvasa) 70
Sakhi series :- 152 (Bhai Suthraa Ji) 72

Sakhi Series :- 153 (Bhai Bharu and Guru Har Gobind Sahib ji) 73
Sakhi Series :- 154 (Painde Khan : The Paththan of the Guru) 74
Sakhi Series :- 155 (Air Marshal Shivdev Singh) 75
Sakhis Series:- 156 (Guru Nanak Sahib ji and Bhai Mardana ji) 76
Sakhi Series :- 157 (Better To Die Than To Live Alone) 77
Sakhi Series :- 158 (True Living) 78
Sakhi Series :- 159 (Fill it and Feel the difference) 79
Sakhi Series :- 160 (Cash and Trash) 80
Sakhi Series :- 161 (Bhai Gurbaksh Singh ji) 81
Sakhi Series :- 162 (Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji and Duni Chand) 82
Sakhi Series :- 163 (The Sakhi of Bhagat Prahlaad Ji) 84
Sakhi Series :- 164 (Mere Rituals are of No Avail) 85
Sakhi Series :- 165 (Do Good) 85
Sakhi Series :- 166 (Bhagat Dhanna Ji) 86
Sakhi Series :- 167 (Muslim Pir Redeemed) 89
Sakhi Series :- 168 (Solar Exlipse at Kurukshetra) 89
Sakhi Series :- 169 (This Fauji is Ready Now) 90
Sakhi Series :- 170 (Guru nanak Dev ji and Bhai Mardana Ji) 91
Sakhi Series :- 171 (Truth and Falsehood) 92
Sakhi Series :- 172 (Baba terian tu he janne) 93
Sakhi Series :- 173 (Guru Gobind Singh ji and Naina Devi Yagna ?) 94
Sakhi Series :- 174 (Sheshnag covered Sri Guru Nanak Deb ji's face from the sun) 94
Sakhi Series :- 175 (Bandi-Chhor Devas - Diwali) 96
Sakhi Series :- 176 (Prayer of a Sikh) 98
Sakhi Series :- 177 (Manmukh and Gurmukh) 98
Sakhi Series :- 178 (The Gold Watch and a Gursikh's Amritvela) 99
Sakhi Series :- 179 (JHOOLDE NISHAN RAHIN PANTH MAHARAJ DE !!!!!) 100
Sakhi Series :- 180 (Bhai Bahlo sabh taun pehlo) 101
Sakhi Series :- 181 (Bhai Sudh Singh's first meeting with Bhai Veer Singh ji) 103
Sakhi Series :- 182 (Bhai Kirtiya Ji) 104
Sakhi Series :- 183 (Bhai Paira and Durga) 104
Sakhi Series :- 184 (Simran is the Key) 105
Sakhi Series :- 185 (Chandrahans & Dhrishtbudhi) 106
Sakhi Series :- 186 (Kali Sweeps the Floors of Guru Nanak Dev Ji) 108
Sakhi Series :- 187 (How to Escape the Cycle of Birth and Death) 109
Sakhi Series :- 188 (The Horrifying Cobra that blocked the way of Gurmukhs) 110
Sakhi Series :- 189 (Naam Simran) 111
Sakhi Series :- 190 (Baba Nand Singh Jees 1st Darshan Of Satguru jee) 111
Sakhi Series :- 191 (Simplicity) 112
Sakhi Series :- 192 ('Waheguru' Name is the Giver of the Four Boons) 113
Sakhi Series :- 193 (Mischief by Chandu) 114
Sakhi Series :- 194 (Bhagat Kabir JI & The Child) 115
Sakhi Series :- 195 (Compositions of Bhai Gurdas are the Explanations of Gurbani) 117
Sakhi Series :- 196 (The Power of MOOL MANTRA) 117
Sakhi Series :- 197 (The Rose) 118
Sikh Sakhis :- 198 (Deewan Kaura Mall) 119
Sakhi Series :- 199 (Bhai Ladha ji) 120
Sakhi Series 200 :- (You Need a true Guru) 121
Sakhi Series :- 201 (Three Questions) 124
Sakhi Series :- 202 (Lootna hai tau Loot le...) 128
Sakhi Series :- 203 (Bhai Jetha Jee) 130
Sakhi Series :- 204 (Kataru And Sri Guru Arjan Dev Ji Mahraaj) 131
Sakhi Series :- 205 (Bhagat Dhroo Ji) 132
Sakhi Series :- 206 (Amazing Journey of Guru Tegh Bahadur's Sees) 135
Sakhi Series :- 207 (To the happy person, everyone seems happy. To the sick person, everyone looks sick)140

Sakhi Series :- 208 (Guru Nanak Dev Ji & Bhai Maskeen)..... 141
Sakhi Series :- 209 (BHAYEE JEET MERI, KIRPA KAAL TERI| |)..... 142
Sakhi Series :- 210 (Bhai Nand Lal ji)..... 144
Sakhi Sakhis :- 211 (Bhai Bagga Singh & The Horse Thief)..... 145
Sakhi Series :- 212 (Sant Gurbachan Singh's visit to Shaheed Sarovar) 146
Sakhi Series :- 213 (nindho nindho mo ko log nindho) 148
Sakhi Series :- 214 (Bhoot pret) 150
Sakhi Series :- 215 (Baba Narain Singh Nabha)..... 151
Sakhi Series :- 216 (Guru Nanak Dev ji in Mecca)..... 151
Sakhi Series :- 217 (Bhai Nihang Khan)..... 153
Sakhi Series :- 218 (Dhan Dhan Raja Janak Hai) 154
Sakhi Series :- 219 (A Visitor from Rome)..... 156
Sakhi Series :- 220 (Bhai Kala) 158

Bibi Santi

(Source: "Nau Visheshtaiyaan Sri Sukhmani Sahib jee" by Bhai GurIkbaal Singh)

During the time of Guru Hargobind Sahib, there was a Sikh woman, Bibi Santi, who was married into a family in the village of Butala. Bibi Santi's parents were Sikhs but due to circumstances, found herself married into a family that believed in Sakhi Sarvar (a Muslim Pir). Bibi Santi read Gurbani daily and had a deep love for the Guru. Her mother-in-law however, could not tolerate this faith in Sikhi. Eventually, Bibi Santi was asked to leave the family's house and was made to live in a hut outside.

Bibi Santi was in a way happy that now she would be able to read Gurbani without anyone objecting. Slowly she was able to influence her husband through stories of the Guru and he too became a Sikh.

After some time, a son was born to Bibi Santi who was named Pulla. The happiness in the small family was short lived however as Bibi Santi's husband died quite suddenly.

Faith in Satguru Jee

Bibi Santi did not lose her faith and kept walking on the path of Gurmat. She taught her son stories of the Guru and also Gurbani. Bhai Pulla too developed a love for the Guru and had a deep desire to one day have Guru Sahib's darshan. He would ask his mother when Guru Sahib would come to them and Bibi Santi would reply, "Satguru jee is antarjami (all-knowing). Wherever his Sikhs remember him, he will certainly come to meet them."

Young Bhai Pulla now had a non-stop longing to cast his eyes on his Satguru. Bhai Pulla was convinced that Guru Sahib would come to him and so he wanted to be ready for the moment. Though he and his mother were very poor, he decided the best offering he could give to Guru Sahib was **GuR** (sugar-jaggery). Wherever he went, Bhai Pulla carried the **guR** with him, tied in a cloth, not knowing when Guru Sahib would hear his ardaas and give his darshan.

Darshan

Bhai Pulla's ardaas day and night bore fruit one day. Guru Sahib arrived in village Butala with some Sikhs. Most of the villagers were followers of Sakhi Sarvar and so no one paid Guru Sahib any respect. Guru Hargobind Sahib and his Sikhs however went directly to where Bhai Pulla was sitting and stopped their horse in front of him. Bhai Pulla recognized that his Satguru had finally come and was overjoyed. He remembered the guR he had tied in the cloth and began to fumble with the knot so he could offer it to Guru jee. Bhai Pulla tried, but could not open the long-tied knot. Sri Guru Hargobind Sahib cast his loving eye on his Sikh and said, **"Pulla! Here, let me open your knots..."**

sath**i**g**u**r s**i**kh k**ae** ba(n)dhhan k**aa**tt**ai** || g**u**r k**aa** s**i**kh b**i**k**aa**r th**ae** h**aa**tt**ai** ||

The True Guru cuts away the bonds of His Sikh. The Sikh of the Guru abstains from evil deeds.

sath**i**g**u**r s**i**kh ko n**aa**m dhhan dh**ae**e || g**u**r k**aa** s**i**kh vaddabh**aa**g**ee** h**ae** ||

The True Guru gives His Sikh the wealth of the Naam. The Sikh of the Guru is very fortunate.

sathigur sikh kaa halath palath savaarai ||
The True Guru arranges this world and the next for His Sikh.
Guru Granth Sahib, Ang 286

What a blessing Guru Sahib gave to Bhai Pulla. What more could Bhai Pulla ask?

Guru Sahib opened the knot and Bhai Pulla humbly placed the guR before Guru Sahib and bowed. Satguru jee then said, "Pulla! My Sikhs and I are hungry. Take us to your home and give us langar."

Bhai Pulla could not contain his happiness and quickly lead Guru jee and the Sikhs to his small home. Mata Santi upon seeing Sri Guru jee's darshan, lost all awareness. Bhai Pulla shook his mother and said, "Guru Sahib wants to have langar. Prepare langar for him."

Villagers and the Langar
The villagers of Butala were bitter and went on to their rooftops to see what was happening. They saw that Guru Sahib and his Sikhs were waiting for langar and began to laugh that Bibi Santi and Bhai Pulla who sometimes could not even manage one meal a day for themselves were now being asked to cook for so many. The villagers decided amongst themselves that no one would help the two Sikhs nor give them any loan to help buy rations for the langar. They would see the humiliating scene when Bibi Santi and Bhai Pulla would tell Guru Sahib that they could not make the langar and have the opportunity to laugh at them.

Satguru Hargobind Sahib knew all and saw the crowds on their rooftops looking at them. Guru Sahib said to *Bhai Pulla, "Pulla! Go invite all the villagers to have langar here as well today."* Bhai Pulla obeyed the hukam and went to all the villagers and asked them to come to their home for langar. The villagers laughed and said that today the humiliation would be double what they expected. The mother and son could hardly feed themselves let alone all the Sikhs and now all the villagers.

The Miracle
Guru Hargobind Sahib called Bhai Pulla and gave him two kerchiefs and told him to put one on the flour and one on the daal. Mata Santi should not look underneath them after that.

Bibi Santi had prepared all the flour in the house for parshadas but it was still very little. There was also a little daal she had prepared. The two kerchiefs were placed on each and Bibi Santi began to prepare the parshadas while Bhai Pulla did the seva of distributing them. To their amazement, all the Sikhs and all the villagers had their fill of langar and still the parshadas and daal under Guru Sahib's kerchiefs were not finishing.

The villagers were awe-struck and fell at Guru Hargobind Sahib's feet. They had wanted to see the humiliation of the two poor Sikhs but Guru Sahib had shown that he would never let his Sikhs be humiliated in such a way. The faith of the villagers in Sikhi was born that day and Bibi Santi and Bhai Pulla's faith was rewarded.

ਜਿਨਿ ਸੇਵਿਆ ਤਿਨਿ ਪਾਇਆ ਮਾਨੁ ॥
jin saeviaa thin paaeiaa maan ||
Those who serve Him are honored.

Japji Sahib

SAKHI SERIES :- 101 (BHAI BHOTA SINGH AND GARJA SINGH)

Bhai Bhota Singh and Garja Singh
(source: http://www.sikh-heritage.co.uk/)

Sawa lakh se ek laraoon
Tabe Gobind Singh Singh Nam Kahaoon

In 1739, Zaikriya Khan launched an all out campaign of persecution of Sikhs. Rewards were offered for the capture and extermination of Sikhs. It was declared law-ful to plunder Sikh houses and to seize their property. The whole machinery of the government, including chaudhris and zamin-dars, were put into motion to crush the Sikhs. Thousands of Sikhs were murdered. Cartloads of their heads were taken to Lahore for obtaining rewards from Zakariya.

Under such conditions of persecution, Sikhs took shelter in the Shivalik hills, Lakhi jungle, and the sandy deserts of Rajputana. A few, who still chose to remain in Majha, had to pass their days in local forests, bushes, or by taking shelter in Khulasa (Sa-hajdhari or slow adopting Sikhs) houses. Sometimes Muslims, and even Hindus, would boast that Sikhs were afraid of appearing in the plains. Such taunts would cause some daring Sikhs to come out of their hiding places and make their presence felt.

The Sikhs, as a collective body, refused to oblige the enemy by venturing out of their hideouts in large numbers. However, individual Sikhs made history by openly challenging governmental authority. One of them was Bota Singh, from the village of Bharana. He, along with Garja Singh, brought much ridicule to Zakariya Khan. In spite of the Governor's ban on Sikhs visiting Amritsar, these two would time and again come to have a dip in the holy tank in the night and then disappear into the bushes near Taran Taran.

One day, a party of wayfarers noticed Bota Singh and Garja Singh near Noordin.
One of the wayfarers said, *"Look, there in the bushes are two Sikhs."* The other way-farer replied, *"They can't be true Sikhs. They must be some cowards who are afraid of showing their faces in the open. The Sikhs are not afraid of coming out."*
This remark stung Bota Singh and Garia Singh. They knew that a Sikh of Guru Gobind Singh Ji is as brave as a lion. So, Bota Singh and Garja Singh decided to come out and make their presence felt even to the government. They took a position on the Grand Trunk Road, near Sarae Noordin, and as a show of bravado, began to collect a toll of one anna per cart and one paisa per donkey-load.

None dared to refuse the demand and nobody reported it to the government. Bota Singh's aim in collecting the toll was to prove to Zakariya Khan that in spite of all his efforts to exterminate Sikhs, they were very much in existence. He therefore informed the Governor, through a letter, of his new pastime. In the Panjabi folklore, this letter is still sung as follows: *Chithi likhae yun Singh Bota, hath hai sota; vich raah khaIota; Anna Iaiya gade nu, paisa Iaiya khota; Akho Bhabi Khano nu, yun aakhe Singh Bota.*
Thus writes a letter
Singh Bota. With a big stick in hand, on the road I stand. Levying an anna for a cart; and a paisa for a donkey. Tell my sister-in-law Khano; thus, says Singh Bota

The Governor, highly incensed, sent a force of one hundred horsemen to arrest him. But, the two Sikhs refused to surrender and died fighting after nearly demolishing the Mughal soldiers. Their only weapons were big sticks cut from kikkar trees.

j**o** jan l**oo**jheh**i** man**ai** s**i**o s**ae** s**oo**r**ae** paradhh**aa**n**aa** ||
Those humble beings who struggle with their minds are brave and distinguished heroes.

- Guru Grah Sahib Ji, Ang 1089

SAKHI SERIES :- 102 (BHAI BIDHI CHAND JI)

Bhai Bidhi Chand Ji : A diehard braveheart sikh of Guru Har Gobind Sahib Ji.

At one time the sikhs from Kabul while paying a visit to the Guru at Amritsar were bringing two horses as an offering to the Guru. On the way to Amritsar, at Lahore these horses were snatched away by the Mugal forces and handed over to the Nawaab of Lahore and these were kept in a stable in the fort of Lahore. The Sikhs from Kabul implored the guru about their helplessness. The guru assured them that their offer is accepted and the horses would be with him.

The famous incident of recovering these two beautiful horses from the Nawaab of Lahore was an illustrious work of Bhai Bidhi Chand. He offered his services and asked for Guru's grace. It was a long planned action without bloodshed.

He went to Lahore and put up with a Sikh named Jiwan. He put on the dress of a grass cutter and with a spade and a sheet went to the river Ravi, and from its bank he cut green and soft grass. With a load he came to the gate of the Fort and offered his grass for sale. The attendants purchased it for a paltry sum. This grass was so fresh and nutritious that it was served to the two new horses seized from Sadh.

Bidhi Chand repeated his performance the following day. He was asked to bring such a fine quality of grass every day. After some time he was taken in service of the stable of horses. Bidhi Chand was a strong and sturdy young man. He easily controlled all the horses and looked after these two horses so well that the head of the stable reposed full confidence in him.

Bidhi Chand adopted a peculiar practice. Concealed in his grass he would bring a big stone. This was thrown in the night over the parapet into the river Ravi flowing below the walls of the fort. The stone produced a loud noise which was considered as the splash of a crocodile. Thereby he was preparing the Fort people to get accustomed to the sound which was to serve him in good stead later on.

Bidhi Chand displayed deep love for the two horses which were named Gulbagh and Dilbagh. One dark night Bidhi Chand took out Gulbagh and rode on it for a while inside the compound. Then he led it to the place from where guns were carried up to the turret. After facing the horse towards the river he applied spurs, and the horse jumped clear into the river. With the help of stars he rode in the direction of Hanka-Patan where he reached before dawn. On crossing the river he halted at Daroli village in the house of a Sikh. He spent the night there. The following morning he presented the horse to Guru Hargobind who was staying in village Rupa.

Shortly after this, the Nawaab and other officials of the fort sought help of fortune tellers. This time in the guise of a fortune teller, Bhai Bidhi Chand offered his services. He convinced the authorities that he could give correct information, provided similar situation is created at the fort. The baffled officials created similar situation to that at the time of the theft of first horse. Bhai Bidhi Chand took the second horse, announcing loudly to the officials, that he himself was the grass cutter and now the fortune teller. *These horses belonged to Guru Har Gobind Sahib Ji, the first one had reached there and the second one he was taking.* And thus along with the horse he jumped into the river Ravi and came back to the Guru. The officials could not do any thing except to laugh at their folly.

soorabeer dhheeraj math pooraa || sehaj samaadhh dhhun gehir ga(n)bheeraa ||
He alone is brave, patient and perfectly wise; he is intuitively in Samaadhi, profound and unfathomable.

sadh**aa** m**u**kath th**aa** k**ae** p**oo**r**ae** k**aa**m || j**aa** k**ai** r**i**dh**ai** vas**ai** har n**aa**m ||2||
He is liberated forever and all his affairs are perfectly resolved; within whose heart abides the Lord's Name. ||2||
- Guru Granth sahib Ji, Ang 890

Also see : Katha *by Bhai Pinderpal singh ji about Bhai Bidhi Chand ji* - http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Byp_lQfQF4s&feature=share&list=UU9JjrDoNlvB0K1Ni8xDlTzQ

SAKHI SERIES :- 103 (OFFER SOMETHING WHICH IS YOUR OWN)

Guru Nanak Dev ji and the Raja

Ekadasi Fast was being observed by one and all in a kingdom whose Raja was a devoted person. Soon the Raja heard that there was someone who was not fasting, he was furious on hearing this as this was a sacred day of Ekadasi. He summoned him to his presence since he wanted to know the reason for this.

Bhai Sanmukh replied humbly, ""Rajan, I have found the true Guru. On His holy instructions, I have reduced my human wants of eating, sleeping to the minimum. I eat very little every day only to sustain my body, otherwise wholly immersed in devotion to the Holy Nam all the time. With regard to observance of fast, my Lord Guru has instructed me to keep a perpetual fast from all the evils. So esteemed Rajan, as far as fasting is concerned, I am with the Grace of my Lord Guru, observing a life-long fast, from all evils, from all sins. This life-long fast has rendered my whole life sacred. Every day of my life is sanctified and I observe a sacred fast every day."

When the Raja had heard this from him, the Raja was very impressed and touched and wanted to have Darshan of Sri Guru Nanak Sahib. Bhai Sanmukh replied that Guru Ji is the knower of all hearts that if he would pray to Guru Ji, his yearning will be granted.

After some time there were three saints that had settled nearby of the habitation. The Raja wanted to test the genuineness of these saints, therefore, he sent attractive beautiful dancers to entice and charm them into submission. However, the moment they reached the divine presence of the saints, Sri Guru Nanak Sahib set his glance at them and the women felt holy bliss from within. These women then turned into goddesses of purity and truth. The women then reported back to the Raja only to submit their resignation from their ill- reputed profession. The Raja became shocked of this magnificent transformation of these women; therefore he felt ashamed of his pride and immediately went for apologies to the saints. He carried befitting and dignified offerings.

He then placed all these offerings to the Sri Guru Nanak Sahib. The Raja pleaded for acceptance. However, Guru Ji declined this offer. The Raja then requested if Guru Ji could visit his palace and accept meals there. The Great Guru enquired as to what special Dakshina would be offered there.

The Raja: "This whole kingdom is an offering unto your holy feet."
Guru Ji: "Rajan, offer something which is your own."
The Raja: "Sir, this whole kingdom is mine."
Guru Ji: "No Rajan, offer something which is your own."
The Raja: "Sir, I am the ruler and Raja of this whole kingdom of mine."
Guru Ji: "No Rajan, your father, grand fater, great grand father also claimed his kingdom as their Nanak Sahibown. Similarly, whatever you have been claiming as your's in previous births is not your's. Offer something which is your own."
Perplexed, the Raja then offered his body at the service of the Great Guru.
Guru Ji: "Rajan, offer something which is your own."
The Raja: "Sir, this body is mine."

Guru Ji: "For all your previous births, you committed the same blunder. Your considered and said identified yourself with the body but had to part without that. What use is the heap of dust? This is not yours. Can you offer something which is your own?"
The Raja: "Sir, if this kingdom, wealth and possessions are not mine, then I offer my mind at your holy feet."
Guru Ji: "Rajan, offer something which is your own."
The Raja: "Sir, this mind is mine."
Guru Ji: "Your mind controls you, it leads you astray, it makes you wander in all directions. It has completely overpowered you. You are a slave of your uncontrolled mind. Something which is beyond your control, you cannot call it your's. Offer something which is your's."

The Raja realised that this perishable body does not belong to him as do not his kingdom and worldly possessions. If the body itself does not belong to him, how can material possessions and worldly things be called his own. His mind was not under his control, rather it ruled over him.

The Raja pleaded: "Sir, if this body is not mine, if this kingdom and all other possessions are not mine, if the mind does not belong to me, what can 'I' offer at your lotus feet?"

*Guru Ji: **"Offer this 'I' of your's."***

The Raja fell at his holy feet and went into a rapturous trance. Afterwards, Guru ji asked him to rule his kingdom. The Raja pleaded "O dispeller of ignorance and darkness, o my great guru, light of all lights, how can I rule now? O bestower of illumination, grant mercy and illumine further". Guru Ji then replied, *"Previously you ruled the kingdom always with the notion, 'my kingdom', 'my palace', 'my army', 'my treasure', 'my family' and so on. Since you have now offered and surrendered your 'I', all these bonds of 'I'ness and `My'ness stand snapped. Now you cannot claim anything as yours. Now you rule the kingdom as an instrument of Guru and God. Everything belongs to God. Look after and rule the kingdom as a sacred trust of the Lord. Only the sense of 'I'ness and 'My'ness binds a soul. All the worldly links with the false 'I' ego are binding; as now all these links with 'I' ego stand delinked and snapped, you are free"*

Having rid the Raja of his 'I' ego, Sri Guru Nanak Sahib bestowed freedom on him from all bonds which can bind, which cause the continuity of the cycle of transmigration.

k**aa**h**ae** bhram bhrameh**i** b**i**g**aa**n**ae** ||
Why do you wander in doubt, you fool?

n**aa**m b**i**n**aa** k**i**shh k**aa**m n **aa**v**ai** m**ae**r**aa** m**ae**r**aa** kar bah**u**th pashh**u**th**aa**n**ae** ||1|| reh**aa**o ||
Without the Naam, the Name of the Lord, nothing is of any use at all. Crying out, 'Mine, mine', a great many have departed, regretfully repenting. ||1||Pause
Guru Granth Sahib Ji, Ang 896

PS: Ekadasi is the *eleventh day as per moon cycle which is considered a spiritually beneficial day in Hinduism.*

SAKHI SERIES:- 104 (SUDAMA AND KRISHNA)

Sudama and Krishna
(Source: http://naam-jor.blogspot.com)

Sudama, a poor brahman, was known to be a friend of Krishna from childhood. His brahmin wife always pestered him as to why he did not go to Lord Krishna to alleviate his poverty. He was perplexed and pondered over how he could get re-introduced to Krishna, who could help him meet the Lord. He reached the town of Duaraka and stood before the main gate (of the

palace of Krishna). Seeing him from a distance, Krishna, the Lord, bowed and leaving his throne came to Sudama. First he circumambulated around Sudama and then touching his feet he embraced him. Washing his feet he took that water and made Sudama sit on the throne. Then Krishna lovingly enquired about his welfare and talked about the time when they were together in the service of the guru (Sandipani). Krishna asked for the rice sent by Sudama's wife and after eating, came out to see off his friend Sudama. Though all the four boons (righteousness,wealth,fulfillment of desire and libereation) were given to Sudama by Krishna, Krishna's humbleness still made him feel totally helpless.

Vaar 10 Pauri 9 Sudama Vaaran Bhai Gurdas Ji

Therefore, this story shows that sudama unlike other human beings who would seek help from humans went to god instead. He took help from Krishna due to his poverty. **Due to Sudama's devotional worship to god**, Bhagwan Krishna showed utter humility to him and served him. Although, he is god, the almighty, he still showed so much humbleness and LOVE which us humans don't have and believe we are superior to others. This is the amount of humbleness one has to have to merge with God. This is also shows how humble Sudhama is because he gave up his ego and put all his reliance on God

SAKHI SERIES :- 105 (BHAI BHOOMIYA AND THE 3 GOLDEN RULES)

BHAI BHOOMIYA

(From 'Guru Nanak Chamatkar' by Bhai Saheb Bhai Vir Singh ji)
(English translation by Bimal Inderjit Singh)

There lived a landlord in a village near Dacca, and though he was a rich farmer, he led a gang of thieves, who robbed the people of the surrounding villages as well as the travelers on the roads. In this manner, he had collected a vast fortune. He had a firm belief that evil deeds could be countermanded by good ones, so he ran a free kitchen, round the clock. Everyone was served food and no one was ever turned away.

This man, whose name was Bhoomiya, had made an announcement that whenever any 'sadhus', 'fakirs' and other holy men or mendicants came to the village, they were to be sent to his house. If anyone else dared to offer them hospitality, he would personally come and destroy that man's house. This misguided man believed that by offering free rations, he was canceling the evil he committed as a robber. He consoled himself with the logic that he could not run the kitchen continuously without money, so he had to rob and loot to support it!

Guru Nanak Dev ji, now, arrived in this village and stood in front of one of the houses. The owner came out and greeted Him. He wanted to invite Him inside and serve Him, for he had never seen a holy man, with such an aura of spirituality and goodness. But he was scared of Bhoomiya. Still, he bowed his head respectfully and said, "Welcome to my poor hut. Please, sit and take rest. Tell me how I can serve you? I am hesitant to offer you hospitality because the 'zamindar' of our village is a very wealthy and powerful man. He runs a free kitchen and he has made it a rule, for us ordinary villagers, not to serve anyone coming to the village but to send him to his house. We are afraid to break this rule because if we do this, he will surely come and destroy our homes. O blessed ones! Come with me and let me take you to the zamindar's house." And he escorted Guru ji and His companion to Bhoomiya's doorway and departed.

When Bhoomiya heard that a very saintly person with a companion had come to his door, he quickly came out and greeted them with great reverence. He invited them inside and offered them comfortable seats to sit on. He felt a little tug at his heart for he had never before seen a holy man with such magnetic power and sweet serenity in His demeanour. He could not understand why he felt these emotions.

After some talk, he invited them to come and eat. Guru ji inclined His head and asked, "It is very kind of you, but tell me what work do you do?"

Bhoomiya became thoughtful, "If I tell Him that I loot and rob, then that sounds very crude, but if I tell a lie, I am sure He will know, especially if one of my enemies has already told Him about my nefarious activities, in which case, I will lose face in front of everyone. What should I do?"

While all these thoughts were coursing through Bhoomiya's mind, Guru ji kept His benign eyes trained on his face. This glance was like a laser beam, which gave him a clear view of his evil acts and they began to weigh heavily on his conscience. In the ensuing mental confusion, he blurted out the truth, "My Lord, my earnings are black, dirty. You have asked me directly, and though I am afraid to speak the truth, I must confess that I am a thief. But one thing I must tell you, I use all this loot for a good purpose. My free kitchen runs day and night and feeds each and everyone who comes here, without any bias. Sadhus and holy men have come from far and near and all have gone satisfied, saying, 'There is no one doing as much good as you!'"

Guru ji smiled and said, "May the Lord be kind to you, for you have spoken the truth!"

Bhoomiya : "Nobody has dared to ask me such a question earlier, neither have I ever admitted to my black deeds. What is it in your eyes, O Sant ji, that I have felt myself tremble for the first time in my life and which has compelled me to speak the truth! But come now, and have something to eat."

Satguru ji : "When you, yourself are admitting that your earnings are not honourable, then how can your food be fit to be eaten by 'fakirs' and holy men?"

Bhoomiya : "When my earnings are being put to a good use, then how do they still remain tainted?"

Satguru ji : "When you attack people to rob them, they cry and feel pain. With so much suffering attached to this wealth, how do you expect the results to be good? A whole seed, when sown in the ground, can produce a plant, but not a seed which has been split (dal)!"

Beeo beej patt laiy gaye, Ab kyo uggave dal (Asa Di Vaar)

Bhoomiya fell into a deep reverie. His victims came alive before his eyes, injured and bloodied, crying and hurling curses at him. All this time, Guru ji kept looking at his face, seeing the changing expressions as he mulled over the innumerable sufferings he had caused. After a while, his forehead cleared and he glanced at Guru ji's feet, saying, "You are right, but I beg you to have some food so that I may reap the benefit of that. Good, saintly people also have eaten here and have showered their blessings on me. Surely those have some value? Please, grant me your grace!"

Satguru ji : "Bhai, stop this wrong-doing and follow the path of righteousness (Dharam Kirat) if you want some good to come of this life of yours. Riches which are covered in blood cannot become clean through mere blessings. Just think, only you will bear the brunt of the evil deeds you have committed, not your family nor your friends. If the king finds out and arrests you, who will then be hanged, you or all those good people you have fed?

"Then, when your deeds are judged in the after-life, only you will face the

consequences. Look deep inside yourself. You have become hard-hearted after committing so many crimes, and are incapable of feeling pity. Nor are you capable of feeling the fear of the Almighty Lord. Yes, there is still, a semblance of goodness in your heart, which has prompted you to speak the truth today. You can receive the grace of the Almighty's blessing if you give up your wrongful ways and follow the path of religious and honourable living. Earn your living through 'dharam kirat' and use part of that in the service of others. Only then will you reap the benefits of giving."

Bhoomiya again became quiet as he thought about Guru ji's words. Once in a while, he would shake his head, making murmuring sounds. Finally, he rubbed his face with his hands and said, "I don't know what to say. Your sharp gaze has pierced my insides and I am no longer sure of anything. I seem to have forgotten the ability to lie or prevaricate. You appear to me to be Truth itself, in front of which no lies can stand. Take pity on me and forgive my sins. One thing, though, I know well, robbing and looting have become second nature to me, over which I have no control. My grandfather and my father did the same work and I have continued with it, (shaking his head vigorously), no, I cannot give this up."

Then, looking beseechingly at Guru ji, he continued, "O Godly One, you have touched some hidden core of love in my heart, hence, I beg you to have a few bites of the food, even if it makes you uncomfortable " (Then, he paused, thinking, and said) "I have a plot of land on which I grow wheat and I have just received some. I'll get that cooked for you. Please, I beg you, do have something to eat and bless me!"
Guru ji glanced at Bhai Mardana, who picked up the 'rabab' and let his fingers play on its strings for a while. Then Guru ji sang a 'Paurhi' in Raag Asa:

Saccha sahib eik tu, jin saccho sacch vartaya,
Jis tu deh tis milaiy sacch, taa tini sacch kamaya.
Satguru miliaiy sacch paya, jinkaiy hirdaiy sacch vasaya,
Moorakh sacch na jaanani, manmukhi janam gavaya,
Vich duniya kahey aya.
(Asa Di Vaar. Paurhi-8)

(You are the true Lord, who has spread the True word among your followers. Only those, whom you grant the gift of Truth can receive it and live by it. The ones who have felt your presence, value this gift and keep it close to their hearts. The foolish ones do not know the Truth, thus they remain 'manmukh', i.e. those who live only to satisfy their own selfish desires. Guru ji addresses such people, 'You are wasting your life by keeping away from the Lord. This is not why you came into the world.')

Bhoomiya listened intently and realized that truth is indeed very valuable. He had seen that Guru ji was not impressed by his account of his good deeds, but the little truth he had spoken had pleased Him greatly.

He now, said, "I can see that You love the truth. I had thought that my speaking the truth would have annoyed You. However, it is my way of serving others which has displeased You. But, I am helpless. I do not want to give You my word falsely, that I shall give up my ways and follow a virtuous path, for I see that there no place for deceit in Your abode."

Satguru ji was the complete healer. He could see that Bhoomiya had stated a fact. His ancestral heritage and his continuing the same activity for so long had become so ingrained in his nature, that mere words could not bring about a transformation. He would have to be shown a way by following which, he would gradually give up the wrongful path and turn to a life of morality and honour.

Satguru ji: "Bhoomiya, you must understand fully:
Truthfulness means speaking the truth always and letting Truth seep deep into your heart.
Truthfulness means loving truth so much that even if it appears bitter, one must love it just because it is the truth."

Satguru ji continued, "If you can learn the lesson of truthful living, then the gates to the Almighty's domain shall be forever open for you. To learn this lesson, we need to remember His 'name'. But before that, we have to prepare our hearts. Like the farmer readies the earth by cleaning and tilling it, before putting in the seeds, so must we do good deeds and think

good thoughts to prepare our hearts to accept the seed of God's name. This seed then, sprouts and grows and creates a serene core inside us, in which our soul resides. Here, all our sinful thoughts and weaknesses are washed clean.

"But, O Bhoomiya, the first condition to be fulfilled is to hold on tightly to Truth and to never let it go! Yes! It will transform you and the Lord's grace will fall on your head, provided you never give up telling the truth."

Bhoomiya : "Truth? I must always tell the truth? And accept truth even when it is bitter? Can I do this? Yes, I must, because You, who I have come to love, has said so.

"How do I accept the Almighty God? You have said that He is the real Truth because He was there from the beginning of time, He is present today, and He will be for all times to come. Yes, that is the quality of Truth. Lies and falsehoods are not forever. We speak them as if they are the truth and they live as long as they are believed. But the moment a lie is exposed, it dies. It had to, because it was not the truth and lies have a short life.

"Then You have said that His name is also the Truth and this name must live in one's heart always. Yes, I can see this is so. Next, I have to prepare my heart like the fertile earth with the help of
compassion, good deeds and charity. I was already doing the last two, but I never knew compassion. Now I must learn that too, and I will. I knew of God's presence earlier, but never revered Him as You have told me to do. I have understood all this, but please, show me some simple steps by which I can walk this path successfully."

Guru ji : "Bhai, the first step is to be truthful in all that you do. Remember the name of the Divine Truth and practice it. Keep the company of people who speak the truth and lead truthful lives.
Secondly, feel compassion for others, especially the poor and needy people. And finally, make it a rule never to harm anyone, whose salt you have eaten. If you follow these three steps rigorously, your spirit will become pure and all your past sins will be forgiven."

Bhoomiya : "Jio ji, let me repeat what you have said so I know that I've understood it correctly. One is to live by truth alone, second not to ill-treat the poor and thirdly, to not harm the person, whose salt I've eaten.

"The first truth I am going to speak is that I have no confidence that I can give up my evil ways, though I am determined to try my best. But I will tell the truth and recite the name of the Lord, for I have seen how valuable these are to you. After all, it was due to the truth I spoke, that you took pity on me and showed me the way to receive God's grace and forgiveness. I will also follow the other two rules regarding the salt and not ill-treating the poor."

As a strong wind blows away all dirty odours, as a shower of rain refreshes the country-side, and as a ray of strong light dissipates the deepest darkness, so Guru ji's kind words brought about a transformation in the life of Bhoomiya.

Bhoomiya, now, tried hard to keep his promise to Guru ji, and spent time remembering Waheguru ji, but the Lord's name was like a newly sprouted seedling whereas his habits had grown deep and tough roots. Hence, after a few days of inactivity, he felt compelled to go on one of his raids, but there was one difference now. Whereas earlier he used to feel triumphant at collecting so much loot; now he began to feel some of the pain of his victims and began to question his own acts.

"Guru ji told me to give up my evil ways," he thought. "Also, I had promised that I would be charitable and compassionate in all that I do. Breaking into peoples' homes and forcibly taking away their valuables or robbing passers-by cannot be called so. And many of these people are poor, so I am guilty of 'garib maar'. I must give all this up! On the other hand, how can I run the free kitchen without money? How do I pay the servants? Where to get a large enough amount for all this? Aha! I think I have found a way. I must rob the king's palace! He is a rich man so I won't be guilty of hurting the poor. At one stroke, I shall get enough wealth to solve all my problems. This is the best plan."
So, the next night, Bhoomiya dressed up in rich, silken garments, with a jeweled tiara on his head. With great confidence, he entered the palace. The soldier on duty, politely asked him who he was. Remembering his vow to speak the truth always, he announced, "I am a thief!"

The soldier paused in fear, thinking, "He must be a relative of His Highness, and that is why he was going in with such confidence. He is annoyed at my stopping him, hence his angry reply. If he complains about me, I shall lose my job." Bowing politely, he said, "Please, pardon me for stopping you and go right in."

Bhoomiya headed straight for the strong room. He had been to the palace a number of times so, knew the layout of the place well. Working quietly and quickly, he packed a large number of jewels and gold and silverware in a bag he had brought with him. As he turned to leave, he spotted a beautifully carved golden platter on a table. He picked it up without realizing that there was some powdery stuff in it, which stuck to his fingers. Automatically, he put the finger to his mouth and tasted a salty mixture. Stunned, he realized that he had eaten the king's salt. He remembered his vow to Guru ji. How to steal from the king, then?

He cudgeled his brain to find a way out of this predicament, but his given word always came in the way. Finally, he decided that it was more important to keep true to Guru ji's conditions as only then he could hope for redemption. For collecting money for the free kitchen, he would find another king's palace to loot. Leaving the bundle on the ground, Bhoomiya quietly left the palace by a back passage.

The next morning, the king was informed about the bundle lying outside the treasury. He and his wife checked and found that all the items were intact – nothing was missing! It was baffling why a thief would rob such a large treasure and then leave it behind. The king was also furious that the security of the palace could be breached so easily. He called all the guards and had them thoroughly questioned. One of them revealed that a richly attired man had entered at a late hour and when questioned, had angrily replied that he was a thief! Being new, the guard allowed him entry, thinking that he was a prince.

The king was intrigued at the boldness of the unknown robber and was eager to have him caught at the earliest. He ordered his police force to spread out in all directions and catch the scoundrel. A country-wide search was launched, and when days passed without any information, the police began to harshly interrogate the poor villagers for information.

Bhoomiya heard about the search and also that innocent people were being beaten up by the police for a crime that he had committed. He again, heard Guru ji's words, "Don't let the poor suffer through your acts." He realized that others were suffering because of him and he must take responsibility for it.
"I must go and confess to the king and face whatever punishment he metes out to me. At least, in this way I will not betray the oath I had taken and can still hope for forgiveness from Guru ji," he thought.
Dressed in rich clothes, Bhoomiya entered the palace and finding an opportunity, he went up to the king, bowed his head and with folded hands said, "O King, I am your thief. I had come to steal your riches and then left it all behind. Please, tell your police to release all these poor people for they are all innocent. I am the criminal you have been looking for and I am ready for any punishment that you may give me."

The king and his courtiers were taken aback. They had never seen or heard of such a thief. With what audacity he had committed the theft and then left everything behind! Now, he walks in and shows such compassion for the suffering of the poor public! Is he a sinner or a saint?

The king asked Bhoomiya, "Why did you leave the stolen stuff behind? Did someone wake up or startle you?"

Bhoomiya: "No, your highness. I was not afraid of being caught, but I have recently met a Guru, who appears to have descended straight from Heaven. He had given me three guide-lines to follow and one was never to harm anyone whose salt I ate. When I was leaving after the theft, I happened to touch a plate full of a salty powder and I licked my finger to see what it was. Your salt was in my mouth. How could I now, harm you?"

King: "How is it that without any suspicion falling on you, you yourself have come and confessed to your crime? Aren't you afraid of the severe punishment you could receive?"

Bhoomiya: "I had promised my Guru to always speak the truth and to see that no poor person suffers at my hand. Because of your inquiry into the robbery, innocent people are being beaten up. I have come to stop this injustice. If Bhoomiya does wrong then Bhoomiya must

face the consequences – no one else."

The king looked at him in astonishment and exclaimed, "You are Bhoomiya? You are a thief? You are known all over the land as a pious man, always doing good deeds."

Bhoomiya: "Yes, your Honour. Even I thought that I was a righteous person. Whatever wealth I stole, I used in the service of others and so considered myself a good man, a charitable man, till the day He came – a saint with the divine light in Him! He refused to eat my food, because, He said, 'It is tainted by your sinful acts.' I tried my hardest to convince Him that I was a holy man, serving the poor and needy by filling their stomachs with free food. But He kept repeating, 'No, all that you do is filled with the pain and suffering of others.'

"Finally, I gave in, but I also told Him that the crimes I committed were so ingrained in my nature that I could not give them up. Casting a pitying look at me, He said, 'Well, if you want the grace of the Lord to descend on you and be forgiven for your sins, then you must make three vows and try, body and soul, to live by them.' After He left, I have tried to live by these three conditions :

- **Speak the truth always**
- **Don't do harm to the poor**
- **Don't steal from someone whose salt you have eaten.**

I am ready now, to face any punishment you may give me."

The king was deeply impressed and filled with reverence for the Guru, whose wisdom had wrought such a remarkable change in a hardened criminal. He smiled and asked, "Where is your Guru now?"

Bhoomiya: "I don't know. He left long ago."

King: "What was His name?"

Bhoomiya: "I could not ask Him His name. Later, someone told me that He was Guru Nanak Dev ji and had come from Lahore."

The king closed his eyes and with longing in his voice said, "Oh, that was Guru Nanak Dev ji? He passed this way and I could not even meet Him, to have His 'darshan'? Alas! My ill-fortune!"

Then, turning towards Bhoomiya, the king said, "You have confessed to a crime, so as per law I must sentence you. However, I believe that real justice is to reform the criminal. After listening to you, I feel that a higher judge than I, has not only punished you but put you on the path of reforming yourself.

"You, who were known for your good deeds, have lost your reputation today and earned the title of a criminal – and that is your punishment. By making you promise to follow the three principles, He has assured that you will not go back to your sinful ways. I must congratulate you that you have tried to keep these vows, even at the cost of endangering your life. I believe that you have the strength and self-descipline to continue on the path of truth, hence, I grant you pardon. You are free to go, but remember, I shall be keeping an eye on you to see that you are following Guru ji's path."

Time passed and Bhai Bhoomiya truly became a saintly person. One day, the king himself came and said, "I want you to be my Guru and show me the way to a spiritual life."

Bhoomiya: "O King, I am not even a Sikh yet. He is the Guru, who removed a sinner like me, from the mire of evil and blessed me with a life of grace. Become His disciple."

King: "But where is He?"

Bhoomiya: "He has gone to a distant land, but I know that He hears the voice of love of His followers and appears to them. Build a 'dharamsal', a place where 'kirtan' of Guru ji's 'gurbani' is sung and you too come and listen to it.

"I closed down my kitchen long ago, but from what I can afford, I run 'Guru ka Langar' for all those in need of food."

The king built a large 'dharamsal' and also made provisions for the 'Langar'. He would come and listen to the 'kirtan' sung by the villagers, who now, called themselves Sikhs, and pray for

the day when Guru Nanak Dev ji would come and bless him with His 'darshan'

SAKHI SERIES :- 106 (KAKA HAKIKAT RAI SINGH)

Kaka Hakikat Rai Singh - Sikhs do not lie, even if they have to die.
(Source: http://www.gurmat.info/)

m**aa**e**iaa** m**o**h**u** jal**aa**e**ae** s**o** har s**i**o ch**i**th l**aa**e**ae** har dhar mehal**ee**s**o**bh**aa** p**aa**van**iaa** ||1|| reh**aa**o ||

Those who burn away this attachment to Maya, and focus their consciousness on the Lord are honored in the True Court, and the Mansion of the Lord's Presence. ||1||Pause||

Guru Granth Sahib, Ang 129

The people of Punjab, both Hindus and Muslims, rose against the terrorist rule of the Nawab (Governor) of Sirhind. The Nawab was killed in 1710, i.e., just half a decade after he murdered the two innocent sons of Guru Gobind Singh. This brought a rule of peace and justice in the area of Punjab, east of Amritsar.

To again take over the control of Punjab from Banda Singh Bahadur, a strong army was sent from Delhi. The army generals feared to fight a battle with Banda, hence they tricked him with the pretension of having a dialogue with him for peace. They unarmed him and arrested him. His 700 men were also made prisoners along with a teenage boy, Hakikat Rai. All of them were taken to Delhi and asked to surrender to the Emperor. They refused bluntly. The government ordered the murder of everyone. About 100 Sikhs were murdered every day near Chandni Chauk, Delhi.

The mother of Hakikat Rai, whose only support and hope of life was her son, submitted a petition to the government to save the life of the boy. She narrated that her son was not a Sikh but was there in the Sikh camp when he was arrested. The Emperor ordered the release of the boy if the boy himself denied being a Sikh. The mother dashed with the release orders to the place where the Sikhs were being murdered. Her son was still waiting for his turn to be killed. Presenting the Farman - the order of the emperor - to the Kazi (Judge) supervising the murdering of the Sikhs, she requested the release of her son.

The Kazi called Hakikat Rai and asked him if he was a Sikh. The boy replied that he certainly was a Sikh. His mother intervened and told the Kazi that the boy was her son and she knew that he was not a Sikh. The boy emphasized that he was a committed Sikh. The son and the mother started arguing with each other. Khafi Khan, a Muslim historian, an eye witness who recorded these horrifying killings, was very surprised to hear those arguments.

The mother again asserted that her son was not a Sikh. However, the boy raising his voice retorted immediately that his mother was telling a lie in order to save his life. His father was dead, and he was the only support for her. Being a Sikh, he wanted to be murdered without further delay so that he may not be left behind by his Sikh associates already murdered. Before another word could be said by his mother, the boy was standing with his head bent before the butcher. The sword in the hand of the butcher lowered and Hakikat Rai attained his martyrdom.

Such blood curdling events of Sikh history made Sikhs stronger and even more fearless of the oppression let loose against them. Even today Sikhs don't hesitate to die for justice and human rights.

Even under a threat to their life, Sikhs do not tell a lie. They love to live as Sikhs or, they would prefer to die

SAKHI SERIES :- 107 (GURU JEE AND SAYT)

ddeegan ddolaa thoo lo jo man kae bharamaa ||
As long as there are doubts in the mind, the mortal staggers and falls.

bhram kaattae gur aapanai paaeae bisaramaa ||1||
The Guru removed my doubts, and I have obtained my place of rest. ||1||
- Guru Granth Sahib Ji, Ang 400

A millionaire called Sayt, went to see Guru Nanak Dev jee. Guru jee asked him, "How much money have you got?"

He said, "40 million Rupees." Another Sikh said, "O protector of the poor, Gareeb Nivaaj, Guru jee he has got nothing."

Guru jee asked him why he had lied. He said, "I'm telling you the truth Guru jee."

Guru jee then asked him how many sons he had. Sayt answered, "Guru jee, I have one son." The other Sikh said, "Guru jee he's lying again, he has got 5 sons."

Guru jee said , "Sayt why are you lying?" Sayt said, "Why would I lie to you Guru jee?"

Sayt was 60 years old he had a white beard. Guru jee asked him how old he was, he took out his dairy and started flicking back the pages he answered, "Guru jee, by your grace I'm 12 years old."

Guru jee said, "What are you saying Sayt? You are obviously over 60."

Sayt put both hands together and said, "Guru jee I told you the truth. You asked me how much money I had, well I've had 40 million Rupees in my life which I've given away and I'm left with only 1 million."

Guru jee said, "Forgive me Sayt for doubting you, your answer was true. Sayt is true.'

Sayt said, "Next you asked me how many sons I had, I said one, it is true I have five sons but four are drunks only one is beloved of Guru jee, he is sensible and loves his parents.

Then Guru jee, I said I was 12 years old because that's how many hours of service, meditation and holy congregation (Seva, Simran and Sadh-Sangat) I've done. Every time I do one of these I note the duration. That's what I regard as my age, that amount of time will be taken into account not my body's age."

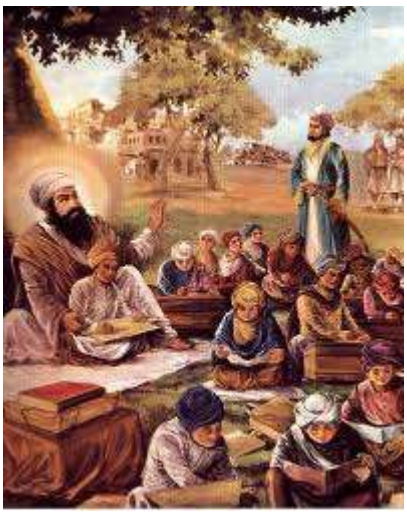
Guru jee said, "Sayt is true."

SAKHI SERIES :- 108 (GURU ANGAD SAHIB JI AND KING HUMAYUN)

Guru Angad Sahib Ji and King Humayun
(Source : http://www.gurmat.info)

Humayun was the only son of Babur, who was the king of Delhi. When Babur died, Humayun became the king. He was lazy and weak. So one of his officers named Sher Shah, rose against

him. There was a battle in which Humayun was defeated and Sher Shah became the king of Delhi. Humayun had to run away to save his life. On his way to Lahore, he had to pass by Khadur, where Guru Angad Sahib Ji lived. He wanted to become king once again, so he went to Khadur to see the Guru and ask for his blessing.



When Humayun reached the Guru's house, Guru Angad Dev ji was busy teaching students. Therefore, he did not notice the king. The king was upset. He did not like waiting. He thought "How dare the Guru not show any respect to the King!" This feeling made him very angry. In a fit of anger, he drew out his sword to kill the Guru. In the meantime the Guru had finished his prayers and was ready to listen to the king. Seeing what the king was about to do, he smiled and said, "You are brave enough to draw your sword to kill or frighten the peace-loving people. Why didn't you use it in the battlefield, from which you come running like a coward? Your sword did not work in the battlefield, but now suddenly you seem to have become a brave fighter." Humayun felt ashamed. He begged the Guru's pardon.

"I am very sorry, sir," he said, "I really lost my head. You know that Guru Nanak was kind enough to bless my father, who became the king of Delhi. I am no good, because I've lost the throne to Sher Shah. Your blessing alone can make me the king once again. Please have mercy on me and bless me."

The Guru kept quiet for some time. "My blessing has no magic,' he said smilingly. 'To be a king means to be kind, just and helpful to the people. If you promise to do that, you will be a king with God's grace. Be patient and always remember God, who grants all wishes." Humayun hurried away to Persia determined to act upon the Guru's Advice.

After a few years, he gathered his soldiers and also received help from the king of Persia. He came back to India with a very large army and this time, he and his soldiers fought very bravely. Humayun won the battle and became the king of Delhi once again. Humayun was full of gratitude towards the Guru and he wanted to do him a favour, but by that time Guru Angad Sahib Ji had left the human body. Guru Amar Das ji had become the third Guru of the Sikhs. The Guru sent a message reminding the king to be kind and good to his people and to respect holy men. Sometime later, Akbar, the son of Humayun, visited Guru Amar Das ji and offered help for the Guru's Langar.

"**The Lord can make the blind see clearly; He treats Man as He knows him, no matter what one may say. Where the truth is not seen, know that pride is strong there. Nanak, how shall a man buy anything if he likes it not.**" -(Guru Angad Dev ji)

SAKHI SERIES :- 109 (HARI SINGH NALWA AND THE PATHANS)

Hari Singh Nalwa and the Pathan

There are many short incidents about Hari Singh Nalwa, One is about Hari Singh Nalwa in peshawar, when he along with some 20-30 singhs were attacked by around 200 pathans. Being short in number, the Sikhs took shelter in a nearby haveli. They asked for the peace terms but the Pathans wanted Nalwa.

At night it rained a lot. In the early morning, the singhs saw local people hammering their mud

roofs. When he asked, someone told that the local mitti was called "kuttan mitti" bcoz whenever it rained, they had to do this exercise otherwise it leaked.

So Hari Singh Nalwa said that those pathans were made of the same Mitti.... so the only way to keep them under control is to hammer them regularly. So all of Sikhs attacked the pathans with full vigour and after some time all of them were asking peace from the Sikhs.

jis no saajan raakhasee dhusaman kavan bichaar ||

What harm can a helpless enemy do one whom the Lord protects?

shhaioo n sakai thih shhaahi ka nihafal jaae gavaar || 24||

(The enemy) cannot strike even his shadow. (Such an action) by the fool proves futile.(24)

\- Guru Gobind Singh Ji

SAKHI SERIES :- 110 (GETTING ADVICE FROM SIRI GURU GRANTH SAHIB)

Getting Advice from Siri Guru Granth Sahib

Source: www.mrsikhnet.com

har bhagath**aa** har dhhan r**aa**s h**ai** g**u**r p**oo**shh kareh**i** v**aa**p**aa**r ||

The devotees of the Lord have the Wealth and Capital of the Lord; with Guru's Advice, they carry on their trade.

\- Guru Granth Sahib Ji , Ang 28

"I was listening to a Siri Singh Sahib lecture and he said "Sikhs do two things, they…." Just before he gave the answer, I stopped the tape to try and guess what he was going to say. I had been getting in the habit of doing this, to see if I was learning anything. In this case, I guessed something completely wrong, and then put the tape back in. This is what he said: "Sikhs do two things. They do Sadhana and they **take advice from Siri Guru Granth Sahib**". I took this quote very literally and thought it was unrealistic, and I wrote the Siri Singh Sahib a letter to tell him that I thought this couldn't possibly be true. My rational was, how can a person, realistically, read from a book and get advice from it. I told him that I was going to put this to the test, to see if it worked or not. Like most everyone else I know, I had taken Hukams before, but I was looking at this more specifically as "taking advice". To me, there was a big difference taking a Hukam and taking advice. After writing the letter, the Siri Singh Sahib called me back and said "The teaching is true. Put it to the test and let me know what you find out".

Some time went by and I really didn't have any need to "take advice" from Siri Guru Granth Sahib, until one evening. I had just started my frozen waffle business and the printer was going to print my first run of cartons. There was a bit of a rush to get these out and it was down to the wire to get them printed and out in time for the first run of waffles. At 11:00 pm that night, the printer called and informed me that they thought there was going to be a real problem with 'holding' the blue colour with the four colour process we were running. They gave me two options. First, was to keep it as it is, and risk having the blue colour be very inconsistent and 'spotty'. The second option was to go to a fifth colour, which would for sure 'hold the colour', but would cost significantly more per carton. At 100,000 cartons per run, this was going to represent a significant increase in cost. I hadn't worked that into my profit margins and was very concerned about this. I was equally as concerned about not doing it, and having an inferior product. Concerned, I called some friends and

consultants to see what they thought. No one had the answer. I was stuck and didn't know what to do, and it was late and I had to give an answer. Then, I realized that this would be the perfect time to "take advice from Siri Guru Granth Sahib".

So, I went into the Gurdwara, sat behind the Guru, waived the Chori Sahib and literally spoke out loud to the Guru telling him what the situation was and asked him what I should do. I decided I needed to ask a very specific question. So, I asked: "Guru Ji, should I print in 4-color?". I opened the Guru and the Hukam was from Bhagat Nam Dev, the Calico Printer. It said, and I paraphrase "God is the seed which grows into a tree. The tree has bark on it. The bark is taken from the tree and turned into pulp to make paper from, so Nam Dev, the Calico Printer can print on it"!

Excited, I called the printer back and said "Print 4-color. This is my final decision. Please call me in the morning and let me know how it went". The next morning, I was awakened by a phone call at 5 am. It was the printer informing me that they were "amazed" at how well the blue color held and the cartons look perfect. I happily wrote the Siri Singh Sahib back, told him the story and informed him that I had become a "believer" in this teaching. From that day forward, I have always dedicated a room or space in my house for Siri Guru Granth Sahib, and whenever I get into a place where I don't have an answer, I always take advice and it has NEVER not given me the best answer possible to my situation. It is a gold mine of technology that can be practically applied to anyone's life, anytime. Thank you Siri Singh Sahib for this gem and Happy 300th Anniversary of Siri Guru Granth Sahib! -- Gurshabad Singh Khalsa (La Jolla/Espanola)

Take the Guru's advice, you ignorant fool;

without devotion, even the clever have drowned.

Worship the Lord with heart-felt devotion, my friend;

your consciousness shall become pure.

Enshrine the Lord's Lotus Feet in your mind;

the sins of countless lifetimes shall depart.

Chant the Naam yourself, and inspire others to chant it as well.

Hearing, speaking and living it, emancipation is obtained.

The essential reality is the True Name of the Lord.

With intuitive ease, O Nanak, sing His Glorious Praises. ||6||

\- Guru Granth Sahib Ji , Ang 288

SAKHI SERIES :- 111 (SARANG ASRAJA : "TUNDA-ASARAJA KI DHUNI")

Sarang Asraja

Asraj was King Sarang's son (from his first marriage). Raja Sarang married another woman after his wife passed away. The step mother wanted her own sons to succeed the king in place of Asraj and thus falsely accused Asraj and convinced King Sarang to order his execution. King Sarang told his minister to carry out the order of execution of Asraj.

The minister was a wise man. He took As to a jungle and ordered the executioner to cut one hand of As a proof of his death. After cutting his hand, they left him in the jungle.

A party of traders soon passed through the jungle and heard the cries of Asraj. They attended to his wound and took him to a neighboring country. They sold him as a slave to a washer man. Asraj had lost his hand and was called Asraj the cripple (Tunda-Asraj). He was given the duty of loading a bull with dirty clothes and bringing back the washed clothes to his master-the washerman every morning.

Unfortunately the king of the town died suddenly, without leaving any heir. The ministers decided that the man who passed through the city gates first the next morning, would be crowned as King. As usual Tunda-Asraj who went out early morning with his bullock to the rivulet (outside the city) with his load of dirty clothes, happened to be the first man to pass through the city gate. He was crowned and called Tunda Asraja (King Asraj the cripple).

Soon thereafter the crops failed on account of drought. Asaraja was wise and had bought a lot of grain in advance to feed his people.

Raja Sarang-the father of Asraja-had two other sons who were given to hunting and pleasure. Raja Sarang felt the effects of famine and sent his minister to buy grain from the neighbouring country. The minister came to Asaraja's town for purchase of grain and met him and recognised him. Asraja gave the minister a lot of grain free.

When that advisor reached his country he told the king the story of Asraj becoming the king and motivated him to transfer his kingdom over to Asraj. The kind had also realized the reality so he accepted his advisor's virtuous advice and sent an invitation to his son.

When Asraj's stepson 'Sardool Rai' found out of his father's plan he took his forces without advising his father and went to stop Asraj. He also made his cousin 'Sultaan Rai' help him. A battle took place and Asraj came out victorious. After winning Asraj approached to meet his father and his father transferred his kingdom over to him. Asraj then ruled over both countries and spread the values of dharma

The court-poet composed a var to be sung in a particular dhuni (tune) in praise of King Asraja who became a symbol of the victory of virtue over vice. This var became very poplar and inspirational at the time.

It is believed, that there is a great resemblance(tune/music wise) between the five-lined pauri's of Guru Nanak Sahib ji's 'Asa-ki-vaar' and the var of 'Tunda-Asaraja' and thus Guru ji prescribed the tune of the latter for the singing of the former.

j**i**seh**i** seh**aaee** h**o**e bhagav**aa**n || an**i**k jathan o**uaa** k**ai** sara(n)j**aa**m ||1|| reh**aa**o ||
One who has the Lord God as his help and support - all his efforts are fulfilled. ||1||Pause||
karath**aa** r**aa**kh**ai** k**ee**th**aa** ko**u**n || k**ee**r**ee** j**ee**th**o** sagal**aa** bhavan ||
He is protected by the Creator Lord; what harm can anyone do to him? Even an ant can conquer the whole world.

b**ae**a(n)th meh**i**m**aa** th**aa** k**ee** k**ae**thak baran || bal bal j**aaeeai** th**aa** k**ae** charan ||2||
His glory is endless; how can I describe it? I am a sacrifice, a devoted sacrifice, to His feet. ||2||

- Guru Granth Sahib ji, Ang 888

SAKHI SERIES :- 112 (GURU JI)

Dhan Dhan Guru Gobind Singh Ji Maharaj

There was once a bridge which spanned a large river. During most of the day the bridge sat with its length running up and down the river paralleled with the banks, allowing ships to pass thru freely on both sides of the bridge. But at certain times each day, a train would come along and the bridge would be turned sideways across the river, allowing a train to cross it.

A switchman sat in a small shack on one side of the river where he operated the controls to turn the bridge and lock it into place as the train crossed. One evening as the switchman was waiting for the last train of the day to come, he looked off into the distance thru the dimming twilight and caught sight of the train lights. He stepped to the control and waited until the train was within a prescribed distance when he was to turn the bridge. He turned the bridge into position, but, to his horror, he found the locking control did not work. If the bridge was not securely in position it would wobble back and forth at the ends when the train came onto it,

causing the train to jump the track and go crashing into the river. This would be a passenger train with many people aboard.

He left the bridge turned across the river, and hurried across the bridge to the other side of the river where there was a lever switch he could hold to operate the lock manually. He would have to hold the lever back firmly as the train crossed. He could hear the rumble of the train now, and he took hold of the lever and leaned backward to apply his weight to it, locking the bridge. He kept applying the pressure to keep the mechanism locked. Many lives depended on this man's strength.

Then, coming across the bridge from the direction of his control shack, he heard a sound that made his blood run cold. "Daddy, where are you?" His four-year-old son was crossing the bridge to look for him. His first impulse was to cry out to the child, "Run! Run!" But the train was too close; the tiny legs would never make it across the bridge in time. The man almost left his lever to run and snatch up his son and carry him to safety.

But he realized that he could not get back to the lever. Either the people on the train or his little son must die. He took a moment to make his decision. The train sped safely and swiftly on its way, and no one aboard was even aware of the tiny broken body thrown mercilessly into the river by the onrushing train. Nor were they aware of the pitiful figure of the sobbing man, still clinging tightly to the locking lever long after the train had passed.

They did not see him walking home more slowly than he had ever walked: to tell his wife how their son had brutally died.

Now if we comprehend the emotions which went thru this man's heart, one can begin to understand the feelings of our Father, Satguru Sri Guru Gobind Singh Ji when He sacrificed not only his sons, not only his whole family but everything he ever had to bridge the gap between us and waheguru.

Like the people in the train....we don't even realise what a sacrifice Guru ji has made for us....

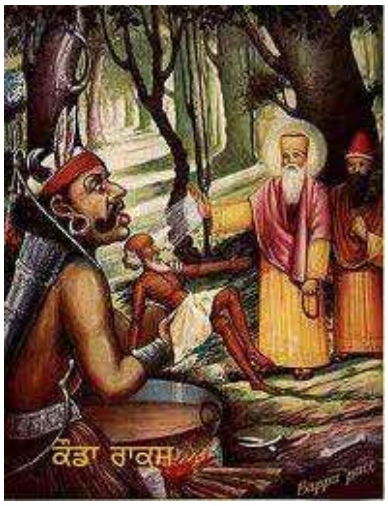
Waheguru !! Waheguru !! Waheguru !! Waheguru !! Waheguru !!

SAKHI SERIES :- 113 (KAUDA RAKHASH)

Kauda Rakhash

(Source: http://www.sikhiwiki.org and http://ikonkaar.blogspot.com/)

Once Guru Sahib and Bhai Mardana jee were travelling through a jungle. Bhai Mardana was feeling home-sick and asked Guru Sahib to go home but Guru Sahib asked him to wait a little longer. Bhai Mardana could not wait any longer and insisted on leaving right away. When Bhai Mardana persisted, Guru Sahib told him to go if he wanted to.



Guru Sahib sat there in the thick forest and went in smadhi. On the other hand, Bhai Mardana who was heading home, got trapped in a trap set by a carnivorous human - Kauda Raakash. Kauda Raakash was said to a very cruel person and ate human flesh. He used to kill humans and eat them.When Kauda Raakash saw Bhai Mardana, he was very happy to see a healthy young man trapped. He tied Bhai Mardana jee's legs and arms and brought him to his cave. There he had a big pan (karaahee) with oil in it. He used to fry them alive.

Now as Bhai Mardana was trapped, he realized his mistake of not listening to Guru Sahib. He now sat there and started calling out to Guru Sahib for help.

Guru Nanak Sahib who was jaani-jaan (all knowing) heard the plead of Bhai Mardana and reached the spot where Bhai Mardana was tied. He was behind the bushes and saw the frightened face of Bhai Mardana jee. He whispered, "Kyon Mardaniya, ghar nahi giya?" (So Mardana, why did you not go home).

Bhai Mardana was thrilled to see Guru Sahib arrive. At the same time he pleaded with Guru jee to forgive him. He begged Guru Sahib to release him.

By this time, Kauda Raakash came out and lifted Bhai Mardana jee to throw him in the huge kaRaahee full of boiling oil. Bhai Mardana jee started screaming and pleading to Guru Sahib but Guru Sahib kept quiet and just smiled. Kauda Raakash had not noticed Guru Sahib by this time.

Just as he was about to throw Bhai Mardana jee in the pan, Guru Sahib came out and asked Kauda Rakash to stop. Kauda Rakash was shocked to see someone there and defiantly refused to do so. As he looked at the face of Guru Sahib, he broke inside. Still he kept his composure and tried to threaten Guru Sahib.

Guru Sahib had come to rescue Kauda Raakash from this terribly sinful life he had. He showered Kauda Rakash with his divine grace. Kauda Rakash felt something very strange inside him but still his haume (ego) was not letting him obey an unarmed harmless looking person. He unwillingly threw Bhai Mardanajee in the pan full of hot burning oil.

Bhai Mardana jee screamed but did not feel anything. Kauda Raakash was surprised when he noticed that the oil in the pan was at normal temperature. He immediately knew that it was the work of Guru Nanak Sahib.

Guru ji said "Kauda! You do not see what you do. You have gone blind. Why do you want to cast yourself in the burning fire of hell?"

Kauda, whose conscience was dead with heinous crimes, suddenly came to realization and was overwhelmed with repentance. Guru ji said, "Give up your cruel way of life. Take a vow not to harm anyone. Be kind and merciful. Help and serve others."

The very gracious and holy sight of the Divine Master made Kauda realize his guilt and he fell on the feet of the Master once again and prayed for mercy. The gracious Master blessed him with Naam. ("God's Name").

Guru ji told him, "Always remember God. Repeat His name. Earn your bread with honest work. Share your earnings with others. Do all this yourself and teach others of your tribe to do the same."

Kauda promised to live and act as advised by the Guru. From a killer and eater of men he became a servant and teacher of men. He was a completely changed person and thereafter lived as a devout disciple of the Guru as a completely honest worshipper of God.

At this time, he could not resist anymore and dashed at the lotus feet of Guru Sahib.

Guru Sahib did more kirpa and with the touch of Guru Sahib's feet, Kauda Rakash's sins washed away and he realized how bad he had been. He begged for Jeevan-daat. He begged before Guru Sahib for mercy.

Guru Sahib knew that Kauda Raakash was feeling genuine remorse. He lifted him up and gave him Amrit Naam. Guru Sahib blessed Kauda Raakash and instructed him to do parchaar of Sikhi and open a Dharamshala (Gurdwara) in his area

SAKHI SERIES :- 114 (BHAGAT FAREED JI)

Bhagat Fareed Ji

By Manvir Singh Khalsa

Baba Fareed Ji's mother, Bibi Mariam, said to her son as a very young child, "Oh my son, do simran (meditate on the Lord)". As any innocent child, Baba Fareed Ji would ask, "Ma, if I do Simran, then what will I get in return." His mother replied, "The people who do Simran, God gives those people sweets to eat."

Children are drawn to eat sweets and love to eat them. Baba Fareed Ji would cross his legs, close his eyes and do Simran. His mother would put some sweets in to a bowl and put it front

of him. Baba Fareed Ji would open his eyes after doing simran and see the sweets in front of him. "Look ma, God has given me sweets to eat." He would then happily eat the sweets and his mother would look at him and smile.

Baba Fareed Ji looked forwards to doing Simran and being rewarded with sweets by God. For a time he would keep doing Simran and his mother would each time put sweets in front of him and when he closed his eyes so that when he opened his eyes, he could eat them.

But one day Baba Fareed Ji, opened his eyes and didn't look at the sweets. He didn't eat the sweets but still looked happy and content. His mother asked, "Fareed, today you haven't eaten the sweets God has given you." Baba Fareed Ji answered, "O Ma, once you taste the Name of God, then all other sweets in the world taste bland."

'Fareeda, sakar khand nivaath gur, maakiyau maanjhaa dudh. Sabhey vastoo miteeyaa(n) rab naa pujan tudh...'

Fareed: sugar cane, candy, sugar, molasses, honey and buffalo's milk – all these things are sweet, but they are not equal to You (Waheguru)' (Ang 1379, SGGS).

When we praise Baba Fareed Ji, we always praise his mother. With a little incentive of giving sweets, we can see the blessings bestowed on Baba Fareed Ji.

Do today's mothers give their children sweets to eat? Yes they do! Three times a day mothers give their children different types of sweet foods and sweet dishes to eat.

But today's mothers don't say,
"If you wake up and say 'Waheguru' and going to sleep say 'Waheguru, then you can have sweets."
"First say 'fateh' to your grandparents and then I will give you your sweets."
"I'll give you sweets, if you come with me to do the Gurdwara and help me do some sewa."

Once seven hundred holy men were sitting together. An inquirer put them four questions to which Baba Farid ji replied :

Q.1 Who is the wisest of men?
A.1 He who refraineth from Sin.
Q.2 Who is the most intelligent?
A.1 He who is not disconcerted at anything.
Q.3 Who is most independent?
A.3 He who practise the contentment.
Q.4 Who is the most needy?
A.4 He who practise the it not.

Says Farid,
I thought I was alone who suffered.
I went on top of the house, And found every house on fire.

Says Farid,
Why do you roam the jungles with thorns pricking your feet?
Your Lord dwells in your heart.
And you wander about in search of Him.

SAKHI SERIES :- 115 (NĀME NĀRĀ▫IN NĀHĪ BẖEḊ)

Naame Naraaein Nahi Bhed
(Source: Guru Granth Sahib ji, Ang 1165)

The Sultan said, ""Listen, Naam Dayv: let me see the actions of your Lord.""||1||
The Sultan arrested Naam Dayv, and said, ""Let me see your Beloved Lord.""||1||Pause||

"Bring this dead cow back to life. Otherwise, I shall cut off your head here and now.""||2||
Naam Dayv answered, ""O king, how can this happen? No one can bring the dead back to life. ||3||

I cannot do anything by my own actions. Whatever the Lord does, that alone happens." |4||

The arrogant king was enraged at this reply. He incited an elephant to attack. ||5||
Naam Dayv's mother began to cry, and she said, ""Why don't you abandon your Lord Raam, and worship his Lord Allah?""||6||

Naam Dayv answered, ""I am not your son, and you are not my mother.
Even if my body dies, I will still sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord.""||7||

The elephant attacked him with his trunk, but Naam Dayv was saved, protected by the Lord. ||8||

The king said, ""The Qazis and the Mullahs bow down to me, but this Hindu has trampled my honor.""||9||

The people pleaded with the king, ""Hear our prayer, O king. Here, take Naam Dayvs weight in gold, and release him.""||10||

The king replied, ""If I take the gold, then I will be consigned to hell, by forsaking my faith and gathering worldly wealth.""||11||

With his feet in chains, Naam Dayv kept the beat with his hands, singing the Praises of the Lord. ||12||

"Even if the Ganges and the Jamunaa rivers flow backwards, I will still continue singing the Praises of the Lord.""||13||

Three hours passed, and even then, the Lord of the three worlds had not come. ||14||
Playing on the instrument of the feathered wings, the Lord of the Universe came, mounted on the eagle garura. ||15||
He cherished His devotee, and the Lord came, mounted on the eagle garura. ||16||

The Lord said to him, ""If you wish, I shall turn the earth sideways.
If you wish, I shall turn it upside down. ||17||
If you wish, I shall bring the dead cow back to life.
Everyone will see and be convinced.""||18||

Naam Dayv prayed, and milked the cow. He brought the calf to the cow, and milked her.||19||
When the pitcher was filled with milk, Naam Dayv took it and placed it before the king. ||20||
The king went into his palace, and his heart was troubled. ||21||

Through the Qazis and the Mullahs, the king offered his prayer,
"Forgive me, please, O Hindu; I am just a cow before you."||22||

Naam Dayv said, ""Listen, O king: have I done this miracle? ||23||

The purpose of this miracle is that you, O king, should walk on the path of truth and humility.""||24||

Naam Dayv became famous everywhere for this. The Hindus all went together to Naam Dayv. ||25||

If the cow had not been revived, people would have lost faith in Naam Dayv. ||26||

The fame of Naam Dayv spread throughout the world. The humble devotees were saved and carried across with him. ||27||

All sorts of troubles and pains afflicted the slanderer. There is no difference between Naam Dayv and the Lord. ||28||1||10||

SAKHI SERIES :- 116 (BIBI BAGHEL KAUR)

Bibi Baghel Kaur

(Source: http://dedicatedkaurs.blogspot.com/2007_02_01_archive.html)

If we were to understand the history of Sikh women, we would realize that women were treated equally to partake in any type of activity within the Sikh Panth. Not only were they needed to raise their children as great Khalsas, or take part in preparing Langar for the Sangat, they fought alongside with their brothers…

Bibi Baghel Kaur

A newlywed Hindu girl was returning along with her groom and the marriage party to the village of her in- laws when some Mughal soldiers abducted her and looted her dowry.Her groom and the members of the marriage party who were unarmed were beaten and made to flee. They complained to the Muslim chief of the area, but he did not care and said, "What does it matter if our soldiers enjoy her for a few days? I shall see that she is returned to you as soon as I find a clue of her." Her husband was disappointed and turned to the forest to meet the Sikhs and appeal to them.

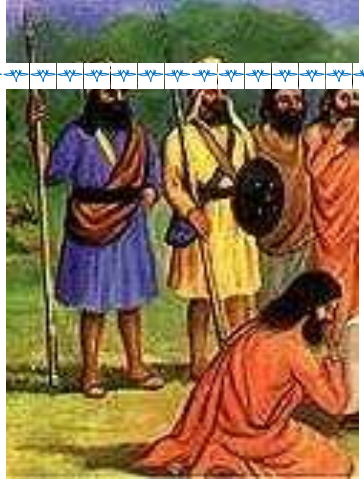
In those days, Ahmad Shah Abdali invaded India again and again and the Mughal Empire at Delhi and the governor of Lahore had become very weak. Abdali looted Indian cities, forcibly took beautiful Hindu ladies with him, but the Sikhs attacked his army when he was going back to Afghanistan.

The Sikh Warriors recovered the property he was taking with him, and got the ladies, that he was forcibly taking, released. They fought a guerrilla war and slipped back into the forest before they could be caught.

The groom met some Sikhs in the forest. They consoled him and baptized him. Now he was named *Teja Singh*. One night, a party of Sikhs along with Teja Singh, attacked the same party of plunderers and taught them a lesson. Teja Singh's wife, who was in a miserable condition, was also rescued from them. She wanted to commit suicide, but was dissuaded from doing so. She was encouraged to live and was baptized. Now she was named Baghel Kaur, who wore a turban and not a scarf on her head. She always had a long sword with her. Many ladies like her lived in the wilderness near the pond of Kahnuwan in the company of the Sikhs.

In the wilderness, *Baghel Kaur* and her party met a few more Sikhs known to Teja Singh. They planned to attack a patrolling party of the Muslim soldiers and snatch their horses and arms for the newcomers. When they reached the village, they found that the soldiers were armed, but asleep. Baghel Kaur and her companions took some guns and two horses from the soldiers and left the village before the soldiers were awake. They killed only those soldiers who resisted them. Baghel Kaur and the party reached back safely and met their companions who were anxiously awaiting them.

All left the pool of Kahnuwan (District Gurdaspur). They had to cross a dense forest and thorny



bushes grown on the bank of the river Bias. In fact, these dense, thorny bushes served them as a fort as the Mughal soldiers were afraid of crossing them. Inside this dense forest, the Sikhs had cleared some area and lived in tents there. They lived on the ration they could bring from outside, and whatever edible they could find in the forest. After a long journey, they met their companions who were there with their leader Nawab Kapur Singh. He exhorted the gathering to be ready to fight against aggression for the sake of justice

Mir Mannu was the governor of Lahore.

His minister Kaura Mal was sympathetic towards the Sikhs, but after the death of Kaura Mal, Mir Mannu turned his attention to finish the Sikhs. He was a tyrant and bent upon converting Sikhs to Islam.

He used every possible punishment to subordinate the Sikhs, who had left villages and started living in thick forests. In those days, Sikhs used to say, "Mir Mannu is our sickle and we are his grass blades. As he cuts, more than two hundred times we grow." Abdali consulted Mir Mannu and sent a challenge to the Sikhs to come out of the forest and fight face to face. Nawab Kapur Singh accepted the challenge.

Th next day, four thousand Sikhs with a few hundred Sikh ladies, including **Baghel Kaur**, divided themselves in two parties and, riding on their horses,entered the field, fully armed, with sword and spears. They were opposed by 10,000 Pathan forces. At the end of the day, 500 Sikhs became martyrs, but the Pathans suffered a heavy loss. Second day, Baghel Kaur

with a few other ladies fought so bravely and courageously that it would be remembered for ever. In the evening the Pathan army had to retreat, but in the confusion that prevailed Baghel Kaur and four other ladies were separated from the Sikh forces.

These ladies reached a small village, cooked their food and slept on the ground. Turn by turn, one of them remained awake to look after the horses and the arms. They got up before daybreak, performed their morning prayer and started. Soon they found fifty enemy soldiers of a patrolling party coming towards them. Five of them proceeded towards *Baghel Kaur* and her party. They did not realize that they were going to face a tough enemy. They planned to capture them and marry them.

All of a sudden, **Baghel Kaur came forward and cut the sword of the first soldier with her sword. In the meantime, a companion of her injured him with her sword when he was returning to save himself from the second attack. Another soldier attacked Baghel Kaur with his spear, but her friend checked his attack with her sword and injured him. Now the injured soldiers started returning to their party to seek help.**

In the mean time *Baghel Kaur* and her companions rode away to the thick forest to meet their companions. All the Pathan soldiers started chasing Baghel Kaur and her friends. A Sikh watchman informed the other Sikhs in the forest about the coming Pathans. At once, the Sikhs came out and killed the Pathans in a few minutes.

Three Sikhs were also killed in this fight. Sikhs persuaded Baghel Kaur and her companions to stay in the village but the brave ladies refused, wanted to stay with them, and die fighting.

Mir Mannu was a notorious bigot. He massacred Sikhs and proclaimed a reward of twenty-five

rupees per Sikh head. He killed no less than thirty thousand Sikhs. He ordered that any Sikh lady found anywhere should be caught and forced to embrace Islam. Baghel Kaur wanted to save a few ladies who were still in the village and could not leave because two of them had small children. One night *Baghel Kaur* disguised herself and went back to her village to save the three Sikh ladies who were hiding in the house of a Muslim girl friend. She contacted them at midnight, encouraged them to accompany her early in the morning and leave for the thick forest on the other side of the river Beas.

After a short nap of two hours, she along with three Sikh ladies and two children left the village at 4am. Four soldiers who were sleeping outside the village saw them and followed them to the river bank. Baghel Kaur asked the two ladies to cross the river along with their children and herself along with the third lady faced the soldiers.

She thrust her spear in the chest of the first two soldiers who came forward before they could attack her...

One of her companions tried to attack the third soldier, but his spear injured her arm before she could attack. Baghel Kaur gave her horse to her injured friend and asked her to cross the river at once.

Baghel Kaur took the horse of the injured soldier and fought against the remaining two soldiers bravely and fearlessly.

The soldiers as well as Baghel Kaur were injured and bleeding. She took courage and in the twinkling of an eye crossed the river on her horse. Now all the four ladies with two children started on their horses and soon they were out of sight of the soldiers who were chasing them. After covering a long distance the party reached the destination and met a party of the Sikhs. Plight of the Sikh ladies detained in the camps of Mir Mannu was miserable. They were tortured and kept thirsty and hungry as they refused to be converted to Islam.

Every one of them was allotted a small millstone to grind a fixed quantity of wheat. It was ordered that the children of these ladies be snatched. One soldier threw a child up in the air and the other killed him with his spear before he could touch the ground. The dead bodies of these children were cut into pieces and the ladies were garlanded with those pieces. Pieces of flesh of the children were thrust into the mouth of their mothers.

In spite of all that, none of the ladies cried or yielded to embrace Islam Once this horrible scene stunned Mir Mannu.

When he reached the palace after visiting the camp, he did not talk to anybody. It seemed he repented. He left for hunting with only four soldiers. While he was hunting, his horse was scared, ran very fast and jumped so high that Mir Mannu could not control it. He fell down, and his feet got entangled in strip. Mir Mannu's cries further scared the horse and it ran faster. It was dragging Mir Mannu and none could stop it. Mir Mannu was badly injured and died in the forest.

Mir Mannu's tragic and sudden death had emboldened the Sikhs and they were settling in their villages. A group of Sikhs, under the command of Baghel Kaur, attacked the Lahore camp at midnight, killed 25 Muslim soldiers who were unprepared, and got the captive ladies released and escorted them to a safer place. After Mir Mannu's death, his queen invited Ahmad Shah to help her and capture the Sikhs. At this time, *Baghel Kaur* was living in her village along with her four-year old son and her husband.

She wanted to save the ladies who were forcibly being taken to the camp. She asked her husband to take the child and leave for the forest. She herself started to rescue the ladies being taken forcibly by the Muslim soldiers. She saw one such lady who was being taken to the camp, but Baghel Kaur did not slip away.

All of a sudden, she injured with her spear the two soldiers who were taking the lady, but she

was caught by their companions. Now she herself was a captive with the other ladies in the camp.

Every lady in the camp was given a piece of bread. Some injured and hungry ladies were lying half-dead on the ground and their children were crying for food.

Baghel Kaur gave her own piece of bread to the crying children and she remained hungry...

The ladies in the camp were whipped, insulted, and taunted by the soldiers so that they might embrace Islam to get rid of this hell. Baghel Kaur protested against ill treatment, but she was ordered to grind wheat for the whole night without rest.

At midnight, the camp-in-charge sent for Baghel Kaur, but she refused to move out. The drunken soldier caught her by the wrist and dragged her. She took courage and slapped the soldier. She took his sword, which was tied to his belt, and injured him. The other ladies came to her help and the soldier had to run away. In the morning, all the ladies were assembled at one place, and the camp-in-charge told them that anyone who agreed to marry a soldier of her choice would be set free and allowed to lead a happy and prosperous life.

Baghel Kaur stood up and said that none would agree to be converted as their own religion was dear to them and they would die rather than lead an immoral life of a coward. Her bold and frank talk made the camp commander speechless.

She was taken to a pillar so that her hands should be tied and then whipped to death. On her way to the pillar, she took courage, pushed the soldier who was taking her to the pillar and snatched his sword. Now the whole camp was surrounded by the other soldiers and many ladies were murdered. Baghel Kaur fought bravely, but was killed by armed soldiers who were surrounding her. Next day, about 8000 Sikhs attacked the camp at midnight, killed the camp commander and freed the captive ladies

SAKHI SERIES :- 117 (HARI SINGH NALWA AND THE BATTLE OF NAUSHEHRA)

Hari Singh Nalwa and the Battle of Naushehra.
(Source: http://www.sikhmissionarycollege.org)

Around 1881, a debate ensued in English and French papers as to who was the most successful military general in the world. Some names which were much talked about then were Napoleon, Marshal Handenberg, Lord Kitchner, General Carbuiser or Duke of Wellington. After mention of the generals from European sub continent, Halaku Khan, Changez Khan, Alaudin of Asia were also counted in. But when the mention of S. Hari Singh Nalwa came, the British writer bowed his head in reverence to the most successful army General of the world. For his ability to triumph over Afghanistan where the British rulers had failed despite unlimited resources of manpower and money available to them is unparalleled.

If S. Hari Singh had so much resources as the British, he could have conquered Europe and middle east. He was not only a capable General but an administrator of high calibre, a man of very high and noble character, a scholar, a farsighted person endowed with unique quality of self sacrifice. He spent his whole life in the service of the Khalsa Panth(community). His love for the Panth is evident from his statement that he made when the time for choosing a worthy successor of Panth. Panth is evident from his statement that he Khalsa Raj came up. He said–

"I consider Khalsa Raj as something of trust of Panth Khalsa. Before its reigns are entrusted to any one, the subject demands greater deliberation."

Battle of Naushehra.

Yaar Mohammad Khan had been appointed as Governor of Peshawar by the Khalsa Darbar. He was the brother of Azim Khan the ruler of Afghanistan.

Mohammad Azim Khan was much unhappy at the continued prosperity of Khalsa Raj. So he invaded Peshawar. Yaar Mohammad Khan escaped into the mountains. Azim Khan occupied Peshawar and prepared himself to face the Khalsa army in the plains of Naushehra. These news reached Lahore Darbar as well. In order to settle the issue with Pathans once for all, the cantonment commanders were instructed to leave just sufficient army to look after the cantonment and mobilise the remainder to participate in the battle. On hearing the order, S. Hari Singh marched with his army to Attock. Prince Sher Singh also reached there and met S. Hari Singh. They constructed a boat bridge over river Attock. When they learnt that the enemy had taken up defensive position in the field of Jahangira, they launched an attack the next morning. The Pathan army was four times more than the Khalsa army. Prince Sher Singh advanced deep into the hills in hot pursuit of the enemy. He was soon trapped by the Pathans. S. Hari Singh lost no time in breaking the encirclement. Mohammad Zaman Khan seized the opportunity in this chaos. He took some soldiers and cut loose the ropes of the boat bridge. The boats were washed away by the swift current of the river. As a result the route of re-enforcement of the Khalsa army was cut off.

When the Maharaja and Akali Phula Singh ji reached river Attock at the head of their army, they were surprised to see the bridge washed away and damaged. Hearing the din of battle coming from across the river, in the surge of emotion of love for the nation, Akali Phoola Singh spurred his horse into the waters of river Attock. Maharaja Ranjit Singh followed him suit. Before the Khalsa army could join the fray, the battle had already been won. But a bigger battle was yet to take place. Countless Pathans assembled in the battlefield of Naushehra under the flag of Jehad. They were approximately 45,000. Mohammad Azim Khan provided 15,000 men and 30 guns to his brother Dost Mohammad Khan and ordered him to join the Pathan forces at Naushehra. Pathans were now moving like swarm of locust. So a supplication prayer was made after the singing of Asâ kî Vâr on the morning of 14th March 1823 and Lord's permission was sought to attack the enemy. Right then an informer conveyed the news that Muhammad Azim Khan has reached the open grounds of Kheshgi with heavy artillery under his command. Hearing this Maharaja Sahib felt that the attack should be delayed for some times when the artillery of Khalsa army would also fetch up. Baba Phula Singh Akali did not subscribe to the views.

Maintaining the sanctity of the supplication made a little while earlier, he marched towards the battlefield with his Jatha and charged at the enemy. By then Khalsa artillery had also arrived. So the Maharaja ordered S. Hari Singh and General Ilaral to head for Kheshgi against Azim Khan. The artillery guns were also placed under their command. Khalsa army snatched away the guns of the Pathans and were used against them. Seeing the precarious position of his force now, Mohammad Azim Khan absconded from the battlefield and headed straight for Kabul. This field fell into the hands of the Khalsa but at the heavy cost of life of Baba Phula Singh Akali. Peshawar was invested. S. Hari Singh was asked to stay there for sometimes to set the administration in order.

Also see : Sakhi Series : 85 (Redeeming of Pledge by Akali Phoola Singh)

SAKHI SERIES :- 118 (SAKHI OF THE KARA AND GURU GOBIND SINGH)

Sakhi of the Kara and Guru Gobind Singh

Once a Brahmin came to Guru Gobind Singh ji and expressed his concern for the Guru, the Sikhs and the grim fate of the Sikh religion, in view of the martyrdom of Guru Arjan Dev ji and Guru Tegh Bahadur ji along with three Sikhs (Bhai Dayal Dass ji, Bhai Mati Dass ji and Bhai Satti Dass ji). The Brahmin further suggested that if the Guru donated some mustard oil and pure iron to Saturn (Shani devta), then Saturn may be pleased and good times may return for the Sikhs.

The Guru apprised him of the rich and scientific Sikh philosophy that has no faith in superstitions, but on the insistence of the Brahmin and to test the Sikhs, he finally agreed to

offer the mustard oil and pure iron. The Brahmin was happy that the Guru had been finally convinced. On the way out, the Brahmin met some Sikhs and on being questioned, told them everything.

The Sikhs immediately realized that the Guru in his wisdom, has set a test for them. So they took all the offerings from the Brahmin and told him to come to the presence of the Guru the next day. Next day, when the Sangat had assembled, the all-knowing Guru asked a group of Sikhs on the appeal of the Brahmin, if they had to share anything with the Sangat. The Sikhs told the Guru that they had realized the test was being conducted by the Guru to examine the faith of the Sikhs in the Sikh philosophy, being taught to them since the last two centuries.

Therefore, they took the offerings from the Brahmin, used the oil in the Guru ka Langar, and made Kara (iron bracelet) of the pure iron, which they were wearing then. The Sikhs, according to the Sikh philosophy, have no faith in superstitions, planetary influences, holy or unholy days and in directions (East, West, North or South). The Guru expressed his happiness and blessed all the Sikhs with karas - in rejoicing for conquering the fear of superstitions.

The kara, generally worn in the right hand, reminds the Sikh that his or her actions have to be fearless symbolizing Amrit. This is the symbol of Guru on the hand of action and therefore all actions are to be pure. The purity and strength of pure iron has to be reflected in every action of the Sikh. The free availability of iron makes it easy to afford and therefore everyone can wear it. It symbolizes the Sikh brotherhood.

bhal**o** sam**o** s**i**maran k**ee** bar**eeaa** ||

It is a good time, when I remember Him in meditation.

- Guru Granth Sahib, Ang 190

SAKHI SERIES :- 119 ("HAZAR GHER HAZAR, GHER HAZAR HAZAR")

Guru Gobind Singh ji and the Guards

Once there were 4 Sikh Guards outside Guru Gobind Singh Sahib jee Maharaaj's tent. They heard of a dancer who had come to a near by town and they wanted to go watch her dance. But, how to ask the Guru's permission? As it was the last night of her performance, so the guards decided between themselves that at least two of them could go and watch the dancer while other two can stand Guard at Guru's tent.

So after sunset, in the darkness of night two Guards left to see the dancer's dance. They reached there and all thru the dance they were worried what if Guru will come to know of what they did. They regretted very much coming to watch the dance and said to each other that they should have been with their Guru instead.

On the other side, the two that remained behind standing guard for the Guru, were repenting that they should have gone instead of staying here and let the other two stand guard for the Guru…

Next morning, in the Guru Gobind Singh Sahib jee Maharaaj's darbar, Guru jee said

"Hazar Gher Hazar, Gher Hazar Hazar"

Then Guru ji asked for the two who went to see the dance. They were so ashamed of what

they did. But as the Guru knows all, he also knew that the two guard who went to see the dance were at all time thinking about him (the Guru) and the guards who were at guard, were at all time thinking about the dance… So Guru said to them… the ones who were present were not present mentally here, but those who were not here physically, had all times their mind in Guru, even if they were at the dance, but they did not enjoy as they were at all time thinking about me (the Guru).

SAKHI SERIES :- 120 [THE SECOND SIKH HOLOCAUST (WADDA GHALUGHARA)]

THE SECOND SIKH HOLOCAUST (Wadda Ghalughara)

Adbali invaded India in early 1761 when the famous battle of Panipat took place between him & the Marathas. There were very heavy losses on both sides. Thousands of soldiers died. The Sikhs remained aloof & let both of the claimants to Punjab wear themselves out, leaving the Sikhs to be the masters of their lands.

Abdali won the battle & ravaged Delhi after his victory. When returning, the exhausted Afghan soldiers loaded with booty, found it impossible to withstand the lightning attack of the Sikhs. They appeared from nowhere, attacked the guards like hawks, took away the looted wealth, & vanished as quickly as they had come. The Khalsa not only liberated some 2000 women prisoners, but also took away much of the treasures, which Abdali had obtained from Delhi. Harassed & bothered by the Sikhs, he left Punjab dejected & extremely angered. After suffering severe damages & heavy losses of men at the hands of the Marathas, he was returning empty handed to his country. Before leaving Punjab, he resolved in his mind to come back with enough force to destroy the Sikhs from the face of the earth.

In 1761, after Diwali, the Sikhs occupied Lahore. Jassa Singh Ahluwalia was given the title of "Sultanul Kaum", or the King of the Sikh nation.

Abdali returned with a large organized force in February 1762. Knowing this, the Sikhs vacated Lahore. About 60,000 Sikh men, women & children were moving to safety in Malwa. Abdali decided to make a lightning to march. He crossed two rivers & covered a distance of more than 150 kilometers in just two days. The cavalry took the slow moving Sikhs by surprise when they were near the village of Kup, about forty kilometers of south Ludhiana. The Sikhs were with their families & hence, were slaughtered by the objective.

This massacre was the heaviest single blow that the Sikhs had to withstand in their history. It is called Wada Ghalughara, or the Great Holocaust. Abdali also blew up the Harimandar Sahib & filled the Sarovar with refuse & dead cows to destroy the holy place, which he thought was the source of Sikh power. In May 1762, Sikhs took over Sirhind & in October 1762, on Diwali day, pushed Abdali out of Amritsar.

Sikhs died heroic deaths in order to create conditions in which their fellow men could live with honor and self-respect.

SAKHI SERIES:- 121 (MAHANT KIRPAL DAAS AT PAONTA SAHIB)

Mahant Kirpal Daas

(source: www.sikhiwiki.org)

In October 1686 the hill chieftains collected a force of 30,000 men and under the leadership of Raja Bhim Chand and Fateh Shah they rode towards Paonta Sahib. Guru Gobind Singh Ji's army consisted of around 4,000 Sikhs only besides a number of *Udasis* and *Pathans*.

KIRPAL DAS, MAHANT, was a leader of the Udasi's. As his followers, not use to fighting ways, fled, Mahant Kirpal Das stayed back and joined action, flourishing his heavy stick called a *Kutka*.

He was totally inexperienced in the art of war. Yet by Guru ji's grace he engaged the Pathan chief, Hayat Khan(the chief of the Pathans who had recently deserted Guru Gobind Singh ji's forces), who dealt out a heavy blow with his sword. Kirpal Das received it on his club. Then rising in his stirrups and shouting vociferously "Sat Sri Akaal", he struck Hayat Khan`s head with his wooden truncheon so mightily that his skull was crushed.

The scene is described by Guru Gobind Singh in the Bachitra Natak in an eloquent smile. He wrote:

"Mahant Kirpal, raging, lifted his club and struck the fierce Hayat Khan on the head, upon which his brains spilt forth as butter flowed from the Gopi`s pitcher broken by Damodara."

SAKHI SERIES :- 122 (25 YEARS SINCE 1984)

Source: http://sikhchic.com/article-detail.php?id=712&cat=21

On the afternoon of October 31, 1984 - I remember studying on our flat rooftop, under the canopy of the old giant tree that stood next to our home, tall enough and aptly positioned to provide just the right shade for my desk, chair and lamp - my make-shift eco-study-room.

We lived in Indore, a city located in the central part of India, several hundred miles south of its capital, New Delhi. My parents had moved here when I was just a month old.

I heard my buddy, Sapan, calling and waving at me from his third floor apartment porch that overlooked the roof of our single storey house. His body language conveyed a sense of urgency.

I ran to end of the roof closer to his house. A side street separated our homes.

"You don't have to kill her anymore, she is dead. Her Sardar (Sikh) bodyguards roasted her."

I could see him feeling important, delivering a very important piece of news. His tone had a bit of accusation in it, though.

I froze.

I still remember the enormity of emotions that engulfed me. And I shamelessly admit that pride and relief were some of them. Fear was natural, but an afterthought.

June of that very year - a mere five months earlier - flashed in front of my eyes. I remembered when my maasi (mother's sister) was visiting us from Delhi. All the way from the train station to home, she was silent and could barely hold her tears, her face flushing-hot. As soon as she walked inside, she had let go into a wail.

Words poured out: "Darbar Sahib (a.k.a. Harmandar Sahib or The Golden Temple in Amritsar) was attacked, the army killed thousands of innocent Sikh visitors, the sarovar (the pool surrounding the main shrine) turned red with blood..."

They had heard the news of the army assault on The Golden Temple on the train, as they were headed to Indore to visit us for summer. To add insult to injury, they had to bear taunts from their co-travelers in their train.

For days and days, we talked about what had happened in Punjab. Hurt, humiliated, enraged. We heard the neighbours, school mates, newspapers justify the attack and declare victory over the so called "secessionist" agenda of the Sikhs.

"If you have to live in our country, behave yourself, live with your head bowed low ..." a shopkeeper had told me once, after I picked up and paid for provisions.

I had remembered telling Sapan how I felt like taking revenge upon and killing Indira Gandhi, the Prime Minister of India, who had ordered the attack on the heart of Sikhism, the Darbar Sahib, alongwith some 40 other gurdwaras throughout Punjab. I was a 15-year-old who wouldn't harm an animal, but Mrs. Gandhi - she was a monster for me.

"Did she have to launch a full scale army attack to get to a few armed men who roamed about freely and even appeared before the media just a few days ago? What happened to intelligence services? Everybody knows that the Darbar Sahib has four doors, and is always open to all. Anyone could walk in and request a meeting with Sant Bhindranwale (the Sikh religious leader accused of rebelling against the government) and his men. [As Harry Reasoner of CBS' 60 Minutes had said, only a few days before!]

"And was it a mere coincidence that she chose to assault us on one of our primary high holidays, the very day we were commemorating the martyrdom of Guru Arjan - who died while upholding freedom of religion, for all? Even on a normal day, the visitors numbered in tens, if not hundreds of thousands, coming in from all over the world ..." - I would argue with him, on and on.

The most important center of the fifth largest religion in the world had been attacked and how adeptly she had managed to plan it, concealing the enormity of it and later trying to justify it, barring the international press and human rights groups from the province way in advance of the assault.

The intentions of the so-called "Operation Blue Star" were clear as crystal to me, even 25 years ago. It was meant to create the semblance of national unity by creating a national enemy. What better than, under the ruse of moving to preserve the "integrity of India", actually consolidating her own political power by launching a war against this enemy?

I don't think my friend understood my rage.

His sources were the newspapers that would describe Sikhs generically as terrorists, preparing for armed rebellion to declare their homeland free. They also reported isolated incidences of violence against innocent bus travellers, followed by pictures of brave police officers boasting alongside a dead "Sikh terrorist", lying down next to purported "automated artillery".

Yet, my cousins from Punjab would tell me how the police would pick up young Sikh boys and

stage fake encounters, kill them and plant weapons on them to make them look like armed terrorists. There were news reports later - but hidden in the back pages - of cars found abandoned with turbans and fake beards hidden in their trunks! The media did not dare to draw conclusions!

Sometimes, our arguments would heat up. I remember beating my friend one day when he lost an argument and resorted to insults. I was taller than most boys my age, athletic and hot-headed. He just liked to test my muscles from time to time; we were still the best of friends.

Dad had come home early, as soon as he read the news in the evening tabloid. A dark cloud hung over our heads. We spent the evening glued to the TV and calling our relatives. The news of "revenge against Sikhs" had started to trickle in, alongside the swearing-in of Mrs. Gandhi's son, Rajiv Gandhi, as the new Prime Minister of India.

The next morning, we were violently interrupted in our breakfast as a loud brick flew in through our living-room window, pelting shattered glass all over.

A mob of about 20 was outside the courtyard gate, hurling bricks and rocks at our home, chanting slogans like "Sikhs are traitors!" "They killed our Mother!" and "Blood for blood!"

The one-time dictator of India who had, only a few years earlier, unilaterally dissolved the government, censored the press ... and had herself, as a result, been charged, convicted and imprisoned for crimes of corruption and seen as a tyrant by Indians and the rest of the world alike, had suddenly become a martyr and the Mother of the nation?

The mob quickly dispersed after a few minutes of terrorizing us.

Daddy quickly got on the phone to call his police-officer friend. Strangely, he was nowhere to be found, either at home or at the police station. Daddy kept calling him through the day and leaving urgent messages.

Finally, the phone rang. I jumped up, anticipating Daddy's friend. But it was not him. The voices were unfamiliar, clear and stern. They addressed me by my name.

"We are coming to your home soon. We will ... you in front of your mother, your father and your brother ... hundreds of us ... before we kill you all".

The language they used made the term "gang-rape" sound sophisticated. I couldn't exactly process all the words, but the message managed to terrorize one who was generally referred to as a "tomboy" and "fearless" - me! Perhaps it was their calm and authoritative tone of voice - conveying that they meant business - that got to me.

Who were they? How did they know it was me who had answered the phone, and not my mom, not my sister? Dad looked at my pale face, my shaking hands, and grabbed the receiver. He heard the last bits and pieces and figured what was going on. He yelled at them; they hung up.

The calls didn't stop throughout the day. Each time, they would tear the already scary silence that had pervaded the space of our cozy home. We had no choice but to answer the phone - in anticipation of help from the Police.

In the meanwhile, after trying him for the hundredth time, Dad got DSP Bhadoria on the line.

"I will send you some security", he had said.

The security never showed up. But the mob did.

This time, they came with more bricks, as well as torches, in their hands. They hurled the bricks first, broke more windows, jumped over the locked gate and set fire to our car and the scooter. They damaged the electricity panel outside and cut off the supply into our house. And quickly, they disappeared again. They were probably testing if we had any weapons. We didn't and Dad was regretting not having anything to protect his family with.

We called the fire department, in vain.

As soon as we felt safe, we rushed out to put off the flames with the garden hose. None of the neighbours came to help. The street was quiet and deserted, as if nobody lived in that area. It was getting dark and as soon as the fire was put out, we locked ourselves inside, hoping that it was over, still naively thinking that the police and the fire department would show up any minute to help us.

When the realization occurred that we were on our own, we started cooking up some defence strategies if the mob were to show up again. We knew we wouldn't last long. My sister was only 13, my brother 11. Mom was no good to put up a fight. She had never even raised her hands on us.

Running would be an option, but where to and how far? Why weren't the neighbours worried about us? They surely saw the mob the last two times. Why hadn't anybody called to see if we were okay?

All the while, we were hoping that it was over and the government would act by now. They may be a bit slow, but how could they let an innocent law-abiding family be treated like this? After all this was India, the biggest democracy in the world, a country that boasted its secularity and diversity. A country for whose freedom Sikhs had laid down their lives for centuries, first against the Persian, Turkish and Afghan invaders, and then against the British. A country for whose defence they still fight today and sacrifice in an enormously huge proportion, given their small population ratio.

Little did we know that it was the government who was sponsoring this program against its own people. Later, we were to find out that even the Sikh members of the Armed Forces who were riding the trains that day were dragged out and set on fire.

The sun was starting to set and silence of the dark got scarier. Smoke was seen in the distance and occasional telephone rings chilled our bones.

The calm before the storm did not last long.

They were back before long, over a hundred in number this time around, armed with bricks, torches, metal rods and machetes. We were surrounded from the front and the side. Before we knew, some had jumped the gate, broken the front door open and entered the living room. There was another door that separated the living room from the hallway, that led to the bedrooms on each side and the kitchen towards the center back of the house.

Dad yelled, asking us to jump off the back-wall behind the kitchen's courtyard and to run for our lives, while he rushed to shut the hallway door in order to get us some time.

The rebellious teenager that I was, I refused to leave him. I was his strong warrior, the second line of defence. I joined him as he held the door handle from the hallway side, trying to shut it.

We found the mob already at work on the other side. The three young men leading the mob had got hold of the door and started pulling it in the other direction, trying to get to us. We knew it was over for us. We only wanted to delay them so my sister and brother had a chance, and they needed at least one parent.

Blood-curdling screams of "Kill them! Get them!" filled the space, alongwith the glowing light of the torches, the flashing iron-rods and machetes and, above all, the deviously criminal, shining eyes of the mob. The door went back and forth a few times between us.

It was them, the ones who had called on the telephone. I recognized the tone of the voice, the words, even through all the noise. The struggle went on for a little over a minute.

Then, suddenly, I came face to face with the killers, rapists, plunderers ... The scene comes clearly alive even today as I write, this day 25 years after that dreadful day.

Then, something happened, and our bodies switched to survival mode and, together we seemed to be applying a super-human force ... Dad and I somehow managed to shut the door and latch it closed.

Our hands were bruised and seemed to have become one with the door handle, but the struggle gave my brother and sister just enough time to jump off the wall and escape. My weeping and terrified mother was still desperately trying to climb the six-foot-high wall, but kept falling back over to our side.

We picked her up and literally dumped her on the other side in a split second. Dad and I were working in unison, as if we had coordinated each action to the second and practiced the drill several times beforehand.

The poor thing ... Mom fell flat on her belly. And I, most unexpectedly burst into laughter. We didn't know whether I was laughing at the crisis or whether I had gone insane. But later, to my relief, I learnt that nervous laughter is not an unusual response to a sudden shock or crisis.

The ground was much lower on the other side, where the little hut belonging to the neighbourhood Jamaadaars (toilet-cleaning workers) stood. I jumped over next. Helped my mom, dragging her to the home across the narrow street on the left.

I could see the torch-bearing mob slowly trickling into the side street, but at a safe distance. And then Mrs. Jain flashed out of her darkened house, grabbed us, shut the door, shoving and locking me inside her bedroom. I fell to the floor in exhaustion, and then blacked out.

When I woke up, I remember struggling with Mrs. Jain. I was trying to grab a knife from her kitchen to go back outside in order to look for my brother, sister and Dad. She was somehow prepared for it. Perhaps, because she was familiar with my temperament. A few months ago, I had beaten up her son (who was a couple of years younger than I) for harassing my little brother and messing with his patka (turban). When the door bell rang at our house that day and she appeared with her bruised and bleeding son, Vikas, I knew I was in big trouble.

But an educated and cultured lady that she was, she had brought Vikas to my home for us to make truce. When she saw my torn shirt, disheveled hair and scratched face, she made him

apologize, for he had raised hands on a girl! When she left, she had a smirk on her face and I, a blush of embarrassment; she had probably not met a rogue like me, nor I ever encountered a classy woman like her. Vikas and I remained good friends thereafter.

As I waited, a "prisoner" in her kitchen on this fateful day in 1984, for a few hours I did not have a clue as to what had happened to the rest of my family. I only knew that my mother was safe.

Where did they go; was Dad able to jump? Did the mob get them? Those few hours of my life were some of the toughest I can recall. Humiliated, hurt and helpless ... I was crying to be let out. What if they were wounded and needed help?

If someone had killed my family, didn't I have a right to go after them? But who would I go after? Deep down, I knew I could do nothing but wait ... yet, I couldn't sit still. My mouth was dry with screaming and it took Mrs. Jain's whole family to keep me there.

Around midnight, one by one, we all finally were united. All five of us intact, but with some minor injuries.

Dad, who did not get an opportunity to cross over the street, was quickly hidden by the jamaadaars in their hut. Fortunately, the mob didn't expect him to be hiding in a vulnerable, insecure hut or perhaps did not want to venture into the dark shack of the "untouchables".

The mother had stood outside, calmly consoling a crying baby in her arms, pretending she hadn't noticed a thing, when a couple of hooligans came looking for us. A small mud wall separated Dad and them; he could hear them questioning her.

The kids were helped by a Christian school teacher in the apartment complex to the right of our house. They had to jump a couple of walls to get there. We all spent the night at Sapan, my Hindu friend's, home, and watched our home from his third floor porch as it smoldered. Not much was left of our car and scooter.

Apparently, since several of our neighbours ultimately realized that their homes were threatened by the spreading of fire, they finally approached the Fire Department, which then turned up and mercifully put out the flames in our house.

It had taken us five years to build our dream house. Dad was busy running his small transport business, often out of town, so he was always behind in his paperwork. When we moved into this place from a 300-square-foot space, it seemed like a mansion. Most of all, we were happy to be settling down for the first time ever in our own home.

We kids had our own bedroom and spacious bathroom and a king-size bed that we were glad to share. I had even my own racks for clothes and books. There was a small garden in the front courtyard, but most precious of all was the flat rooftop with the shade of the giant tree under which my desk stood; my haven.

All I wanted was a quiet spot to read, and that was it!

Now, in new-found camaraderie, we could see our haven smouldering, with the smoke merging with other smoke clouds emanating from Sikh homes and businesses across the city of Indore.

The city had a decent Sikh population, a cluster enveloping each of the dozen gurdwaras. Guru

Nanak himself had visited the city while on his second major sojourn (between 1506 and 1513 A.D.) and a few of those gurdwaras were historical, protecting the places where he had held discourses, enlightening many. They had been established in the 16th century by locals who had been inspired by him.

Now those very places were being attacked by the locals, perhaps agonizing the souls of their ancestors who had played host to the great Guru.

We learnt later that the two senior bureacrats (Collector and Additional Collector) of the city that day in 1984 - one was a Christian, the other a Sikh) were instrumental in imposing curfew across the city, thus bringing the mayhem and violence within control within a day, which was much sooner than what New Delhi, Kanpur and other cities in the Northern India had experienced.

A total of 26 Sikhs were officially reported to be killed by the mob in Indore and surrounding areas. [The real figures in India are invariably higher than "official counts".] Thousands of businesses, homes and automomobiles were destroyed.

No respectable family ever reports a rape in India; hence, none were talked about, although there were plenty of rumours of rape-suicides.

The second day, as news of the curfew order was broadcast, we went back and took a walk through what was left of our house.

The mob had taken everything they could and destroyed the rest. Photographs and sports trophies, the things that mattered to me the most, were burnt or charred. My handcrafted doll that I had made for a craft project was lying there half-burnt, one-eyed, accusing me of desertion.

It was Dad's first home that he owned in his country of refuge - he had fled here in 1947 from the tragedy and mayhem of Partition. It was my last. Refugees and renters - that's what we felt we were in India.

"Make something of yourself, get out of this place. This country does not want us anymore", Dad had said, choking back tears, as I looked at my doll.

The seeds of emigration had indeed been sown. Five years later, I would finish my Engineering degree and apply for graduate school in the United States. One by one, the rest of my family would flee that sad land to join me.

Except Dad.

Perhaps he had lost the courage to be displaced again in his lifetime. He was already thrown out of his homeland (West Punjab) when he was a child.

They had arrived in Kanpur empty-handed, along with his extended family - half of them Sikh and half Hindu Bannuwals (of the city Bannu in the Sarhad Province of current-day North West Frontier Province in Pakistan).

A new language, new culture, new country: they had to build their lives from scratch.

I have returned to India a few times since, and every time the plane lands into the

inauspiciously named "Indira Gandhi International Airport" at Delhi, the city where thousands of Sikhs were burnt alive, it gives me a queasy feeling.

I want to ask every person in uniform, every taxi driver, every common man on the street: "Where were you in 1984 - in the mob, or hiding in your home, peeping out and watching a neighbour being raped or burnt?"

Then I think of our neighbours - the Jains, who took us in, the Shahs who sheltered us for the night, perhaps risking their lives ... and I stop myself.

Till today, I have not had the heart to visit my birthplace, Kanpur. It was in Shastri Nagar, Kanpur (in Uttar Pradesh Province) that three of my paternal cousins - Harjinder, Bhupinder and Khalsa, aged 30, 25 and 20 - were dragged out of their homes and torched alive, right in front of the eyes of their widowed mother who had raised them singlehandedly through extreme circumstances. Their young wives and a little daughter, too, were made to watch the massacre.

The three months that followed November 1984 in that home in Indore were some of the most humiliating days of my life.

A couple of the thugs from the mob rode by on their bicycles every morning, and again in the evening, perhaps heading home from work, right on the street in front of our house. At times, they would run into me and they would utter the same words I had heard on November 1. Their eyes would brighten up with cruel delight as I would squirm, enraged.

I didn't speak about them to my parents. I knew it was pointless. I did not want to bother them; they were already burdened, rebuilding our lives and livelihood. Besides, who could they complain to? The police?

We had heard by now of how the mob leaders were given positions in the government. Some, clearly identified as criminals, were appointed cabinet ministers in the national government.

How could one seek justice from the very criminals who had committed the crimes? I would often fantasize about killing them, but somehow managed to tough it out for three months.

I jogged a lot and joined judo school instead, taking my wrath out at the opponent on the mat. Two years later, I would win the state championship.

"Deal with it!" I told myself.

We did go to court. The day our case was dismissed for lack of evidence, we all decided that it was time to move on and that pursuing justice was useless.

"Learn a lesson and look forward" has been the motto of my life from then on. I have become real good at running away from negativity.

By February of 1985, four years after we had moved into our much-loved home, we had fixed the damage, repainted it ... and then, said goodbye to it. We rented a small apartment in a Sikh neighborhood which had stayed safe during attacks.

There was a little gurdwara in the neighbourhood and as soon as the residents had heard the news of violence elsewhere on November 1, 1984, they had gathered and organized

themselves. They had made a human wall around the neighbourhood and would man it for the next three days and nights. They were a bunch of truckers, ex-armed services men, etc., and hence managed to muster a good bit of arms and hardware, including traditional Sikh artifacts from the gurdwara, to keep the mob at bay.

We were back to crummy quarters, about 500-square-feet of space that we could afford. I would spend the five years of my college studying on the rooftop in the hot scorching sun ... without the shade of my tree.

Nonetheless, it felt safer, with fellow Sikhs around and the shade of the gurdwara - incidentally, built in memory of Guru Arjan.

This is where my longing to connect to my roots began. To be a Sikh had slowly started to have meaning.

Guru Arjan's life and martyrdom itself has a lesson for anyone that is looking for any answers and I was begining to see it -"Tera kiyaa meetha laage, har nam padarath nanak maange" - "Sweet is Thy Will, O Lord, All Nanak asks for is the Gift of Thy name".

My mom, sister and brother hated the move, for this was far away from the "cosmopolitan" neighbourhood and the good school district we used to live in. They resisted and tried to convince us, saying it was a once-in-a-lifetime incident, but failed to convince the two of us.

My mother was particularly afraid of us falling behind in our education and picking up "uncouth language" from the children of the neighbourhood's truck drivers.

It was my Dad and I who couldn't live in our former "educated" and "civilized" neighbourhood home anymore, because we had come face to face with the worst of humanity. If we were to have faith in the goodness of Man again, we needed to seek it elsewhere.

My Dad needed to get away from his "friend" in the Police, and I from those evil eyes.

SAKHI SERIES :- 123 (GURU GOBIND SINGH JI AND HARI CHAND)

Guru Gobind Singh ji and Hari Chand

Source: http://www.gurmat.info/sms/smspublications/thesaintsoldier/

Raja Hari Chand one of the twenty two hill chiefs once boasted that if he ever came face-to-face with Guru Gobind Singh Ji on the battle field his one arrow would be enough to kill him. It so happened that when some of the hill chieftains turned against Guru Sahib Ji and sided with the Mughal forces that Raja Hari Chand found himslef face-to-face with Guru Sahib Ji on the battlefield.

In the raging battle Guru Sahib Ji shouted out to him "Hari Chand, here I am. Strike me if you can, you may feels sorry afterwards that Gobind Singh did not give me a chance your proudness in archery." Upon this, Hari Chand drew his arrow hard and shot it at Guru Sahib Ji with all his might. The arrow missed. A second chance was given and this time it managed to touch Guru Ji's left ear. Guru Ji shouted again "Hari Chand, you consider yourself an expert and a very good marksman, I give you one more try."

These words infuriated Hari Chand and he shot his third arrow with full force. The arrow clipped Guru Ji's waist belt but Guru Ji

remained unhurt. Now it was Guru Ji's turn, he told the Raja to get ready. Guru Gobind Singh Ji's one arrow pierced the forehead of Hari Chand and he fell off his horse.

"*Hari Chand, one of the hill chiefs, in his rage drew forth the arrows. He struck my steed with one and then discharged another at me, but God preserved me and it only grazed my ears in its flight. His third arrow penetrated the buckle of my waist and touched my body, but wounded me not. It is only God Who protected me, His servant. When I felt the touch of the arrow, my spirit was kindled. I took up my bow and taking aim killed the young chief Hari Chand with my very first shot. I discharged arrows in abundance. Upon this my adversaries began to flee. The chief of Korari was also seized by death.*

Upon this the hill men fled in consternation and I, through the favor of God Almighty, gained the victory....." - Bachittar Natak

SAKHI SERIES :- 124 (THE GREAT ARCHER)

The Great archer

Source: http://www.info-sikh.com/PageArrow.html

In 1704 when the army of emperor Aurangzeb had laid siege to Anandpur fortress and two of its generals Zabardast Khan and Wajir Khan were playing chess under the shade of a tree while others watched the game, Guru Gobind Singh Ji stood on top of the fortress wall and watched this scene through a telescope. Guru Ji took an arrow from his quiver, strung it hard on his bow and shot it across the fields towards the assembly. Down came the whizzing arrow striking hard into the wooden leg of the manji (indian bed) where the generals sat.

The two generals who were engrossed in the game became panicky when they felt the arrow strike the wooden leg and began to wonder whose audacity and boldness it could be, they both agreed that they had narrowly missed death. Wajir Khan pulled the arrow out with a trembling hand. Nobody could comprehend how and from where the arrow had come and thought it was a miracle. Raja Ajmerchand of the nearby hill states who had turned an ally of the mughals saw the arrow and recognised it. "This can only be an arrow of (Guru) Gobind Singh, look it has gold mounted on it. It belongs to no one except the Guru. But it is hard to tell from where the Guru has aimed the arrow from?"

The Raja of Mandi at this point intercepted, "The Guru is very brave, he must have shot it from atop of the fortress." Zabardast doubted this as the fortress was nearly two miles away. The Raja of Mandi replied " Two miles is nothing Guru Ji's arrows are known to go a lot further." Upon this Wajir stretched out his hands offering his grateful thanks to heaven for sparing his life.

All the military generals the officers present there began to admire and speak highly of Guru Ji's chivalry and valiant conduct. They had hardly recovered from the shock of the first arrow, when a second came hissing by and hit the same leg of the manji again. The very sight of the second arrow put all the officers to flight. After a few moments they came out from under their hiding places. A piece of paper was found tied to the second arrow. Zabardast Khan gingerly untied it and read the Persian script.

"It is no miracle. It is a single art of marksmanship. I am not in favour of performing miracles nor do I intend to take the lives of Zabardast and Wajid Khan. You are labouring under the false notion that the first arrow has shot to kill either of you." Thus the all knowing Guru knew the thoughts of the mughal officers.

SAKHI SERIES :- 125 (BUDHU DA AAWA KACHHA)

Budhu da Aawa : Lahore

Buddhu Shah was a resident of Lahore and was a big businessman. His work was to get bricks that had been molded and baked in kilns by labourers, and then sell them on.

Once, when Buddhu Shah had a large order for bricks, he went to Guroo Arjan Dev Jee and asked that Guroo Jee may bless that all the bricks placed in his newly started kilns would be well baked.

Guru said let the sangat pray to Akal Purakh for its success. After the prayers there was langer, the free kitchen as well. Bhai Lakkhu (also called Bhai Kamliya) was late to arrive at Langar and food by that time had run out.

Seeing the torn dress of Bhai Lakhu, Buddhu Shah who happened to be at the gate, ordered Bhai Lakhu to go away, saying that he would not be given food, as he was too late. Bhai Lakhu remained standing outside the closed gate requesting to have atleast Guru Jis Darshan. But budhdu did not allow the sikh to come in.

Out of innocence Bhai Lakhu ji uttered "BUDHU DA AAWA KACHHA"

Alas, when the lot was finally opened it was found to be half baked. Disappointed Budhu approached Guru sahib again for asking what to do, the Guru said that he could not alter what had been uttered by a devout Sikh (bhagat) but since Bhai Buddu Shah was sorry and had seeked forgiveness from Bhai Lakhu Guru ji assured Bhai Budhu that these bricks would be sold at the rate of quality bricks.

sabh k**o** th**ae**r**ai** vas agam
ag**o**char**aa** || th**oo** bhagath**aa** k**ai** vas
bhagath**aa** th**aa**n th**ae**r**aa** ||10||

Everyone is under Your power, O inaccessible, unfathomable Lord.

You are under the control of Your devotees; You are the strength of Your devotees. ||10||

- Guru Granth Sahib Ji, Ang 962

It so happened that in that year the demand for bricks soared so high that all the bricks of Bhai Buddha were sold at good price.

The Gurudwara Bhai Buddhu Da Awa is located on the Lahore-Amritsar (Grand Trunk) road facing the Engineering University.

SAKHI SERIES :- 126 (THE GYANI JI AND THE QUARTER)

The Gyani Ji And The Quarter, a little test from Guru Maharaj

Several years ago, a gyanee from out-of-town accepted a call to a Gurdwara in UK

Some weeks after he arrived, he had an occasion to ride the bus from his home to the downtown area. When he sat down, he discovered that the driver had accidentally given him a quarter too much change. As he considered what to do, he thought to himself, "You'd better give the quarter back. It would be wrong to keep it." Then he thought, "Oh, forget it, it's only a quarter. Who would worry about this little amount?

Anyway, the bus company gets too much fare; they will never miss it. Accept it as a gift from Vaheguru and keep quiet.

When his stop came, he paused momentarily at the door, then he handed the quarter to the driver and said, "Here, you gave me too much change."

The driver, with a smile, replied, "Aren't you the new Gyanee in town? I have been thinking a lot lately about going somewhere to worship. I just wanted to see what you would do if I gave you too much change. I'll see you at gurdwara on Sunday."

When the Gyanee stepped off of the bus, he literally grabbed the nearest light pole, held on, and said, **"Oh Vaheguru, I almost sold your Son for a quarter."**

SAKHI SERIES :- 127 (TWO MICE)

Two Mice

A man was walking along the dusty footpath one day. As he was walking he fell into a well!! It was quite a deep well but it had no water inside it, hence there was no way out! The man thought to himself "how am I going to get myself out of this well?" Then all of a sudden, a long rope came down from above...

The man thought "what a stroke of luck!! Thank God for that!!" The man then proceeded to climb the rope, he felt so glad that he had been given a way to get out. He was halfway up the rope, then, he felt something on his cheek, it started trickling into his mouth. "Hmmm..." he thought, "this tastes like honey!!" He hung onto the rope and started to eat the honey. All the while, he did not notice that there were two mice at the top of the well knowing/biting at the rope.

One mouse was black and the other white. The man carried on eating the honey until he was completely satisfied, and then proceeded to climb the rope. As he climbed further,
the mice carried on knawing at the rope, first the white mouse then the black mouse. The man was close to the top then SNAP! the rope broke and he fell back into the well where he stayed forever...

And the moral of the Story??
Everything in this story represents something....this is what the each thing represents...
The man represents us as souls
The well represents birth/life
The rope represents Simran (remembrance of God)
The Honey represents distraction from Simran
The mice (Black and White) represent Night and Day
If you read the story again you will see that Night and Day are decreasing your chance to do Simran and how we waste our lives for short term pleasures (Honey). Then before we know it it's too late

Waheguru !! Waheguru !! Waheguru !! Waheguru !! Waheguru !

SAKHI SERIES :- 128 (SHAM SINGH JI ATTARI)

Sham Singh Attari *By S. Avtar Singh Gill*

It is recorded in the history of Punjab that if the test of patriotism is to lay down one's life for one's country knowingly and willingly then surely Sardar Sham Singh Attari was one of the greatest men of India, who, careless of worldly benefits and personal comforts, sacrificed his all to save the Punjab's independence. He preferred death to thralldom and by his own example made it clear to his countrymen that nothing was more precious than independence and freedom from the foreign yoke.

Sham Singh's father Sardar Nihal Singh was very loyal to his master Maharaja Ranjit Singh. Nihal Singh's son Sham Singh had caught Ranjit Singh's eye at an early age by his dash, vigor and soldierly qualities. Soon he made his name in his first campaign when in command of a battery of guns at the siege of Multan in 1818 and in spite of being wounded, he was the first to storm the breach in the fort and take it. Thereafter he served with distinction in many other campaigns in the North and gained as great a name for courage as his illustrious father.
In the absence of a strong hand after the death of Maharaja Ranjit Singh, the rot which set in the Kingdom of Punjab is too well known to the students of Sikh history. The intrigues of selfish and treacherous dogras at the court so disgusted Sham Singh that he retired from the court and settled down at Attari to spend the last days of his life in prayer and meditation. The intrigues at the Lahore Durbar culminated in a plan to divert the powerful Khalsa Army towards the British. Sham Singh was called by Maharani Jindan for advice. He strongly protested against this mad venture but to no avail.

Historians are of the opinion that the battle of Sabraon of the First Anglo-Sikh War (1846) where Sham Singh was in command of troops should never have been lost. The morale of the soldiers was high, some were seasoned veterans of many campaigns, and were led by devoted soldiers. But that was not the intention of the traitors at the Durbar who did everything possible to starve them of ammunition and other administrative support.

The night previous to the battle,. it had rained heavily and the river Sutlej was in spate. (traitor)Tej Singh, a court noble, came to Sham Singh's camp at night and tried to persuade him to beat a retreat while the pontoon bridge was still intact. Sham Singh was infuriated. At this Tej Singh taunted him by saying that if he considered himself so brave and upright why doesn't he take a pledge to fight till the last. Sham Singh bowed to Guru Granth Sahib ji and standing before in all humility took a vow that he will return victorious or perish. But again ... Lal singh and Tej Singh had already given British their positions of guns, etc.

As the dawn was breaking, the troops moved into attack. Sham Singh ji along with Ranjodh Singh Majithia and Ajit Singh Ladwa's forces decided to move in.

Sham Singh, tall and handsome with flowing grey beard, donned saffron robes, the garment of a shahid, and mounted his white charger. Drawing the sword in his right hand and shouting Sat-Siri-Akal, he charged at the enemy, with his followers at his heels. For a moment the British troops were flabbergasted for they had never seen anything like this charge before. Soon they recovered their wits and the firing became intense. Sham Singh's followers started dropping and soon mere handfuls were left. The old Sirdar fell at last. When his body was examined, seven bullets had pierced his chest. His courage inspired the Sikhs to make a determined bid to save the day, but the odds were against them. Sham Singh fell fighting in the foremost ranks. So did his dauntless comrades. The battle of Sabraon was lost but out of respect for the gallant adversary, the British ordered ceasefire and allowed Sham Singh's followers to take his body away.

Cunningham, who was present as an additional aid-de-camp to the governor-general, describes the last scenes of battle vividly in his book History of the Sikhs : "...*although assailed on either side by squadrons of horse and battalions of foot, no Sikh offered to submit and no disciple of Guru Gobind Singh asked for quarter. They everywhere showed a front to the victors, and stalked slowly and sullenly away,*

while many rushed singly forth to meet assured death by contending with a multitude. The victors looked with stolid wonderment upon indomitable courage of the vanquished..."

THE BRAVE PUNJABIS

General Thackwell, who had personally led his dragoons in the battle wrote in The Second Sikh War (1851): *"It is due to the Sikhs to say that they fought bravely, for though defeated and broken, they never ran, but fought with their talwars to the last and I witnessed several acts of great bravery in some of their Sirdars and men*". Henry Hardinge, Governor General of India, who, alongwith Hugh Gough was rewarded with peerage, had seen the action. Arthur Hardinge, son of the Governor General, wrote: *"Few escaped;.no one, it may be said, surrendered. The Sikhs met their fate with the resignation which distinguished their race."* Hugh Gough, the British Commander-inChief could not suppress his admiration of the bravery and resoluteness of Sikhs and paid rich tributes to the Punjabis : *"Policy prevented me publicly recording my sentiments of the splendid gallantry of a fallen foe, and I declare, were it not from a conviction that my country's good required the sacrifice, **I could have wept to have witnessed the fearful slaughter of so devoted a body**."*

The hard, Shah Mohammad, immortalised the heroic stand of the men of Sham Singh Attariwala at Sobraon thus :

'They squeezed the blood out of the Whites,
As one squeezes juice out of a lemon;
If only Ranjit Singh were there,
He would have been proud to see,
How the Khalsa wielded their swords.
About the sad result of the compaign, he wrote;
'Oh Shah Mohammad, without Ranjit Singh, such was our plight
We won the battles, but lost the fight.'
The traitors to the Khalsa were not only taken note of by the British or the Khalsa themselves, but were immortalised in doggerel verse punning on their names:
'Lallu dee Lallee gaee, Teju da gia tej
Ran vich pith dikhaike modha aie pher.
'Lallu lost the blush of shame, Teju lost his lustre, by turning their Backs in the field, they turned the tide and battle yield'.
Please note the TRUE comments by the British..on the Khalsa Forces Bravery under great odds....Simialr TRUE comments have been made by the MUSLIM Historians...Even the ENEMY couldnt stand aside and NOT admire the Khalsa Spirit...

SAKHI SERIES :- 129 (BHAGAT TRILOCHAN JI AND ANTARJAMI)

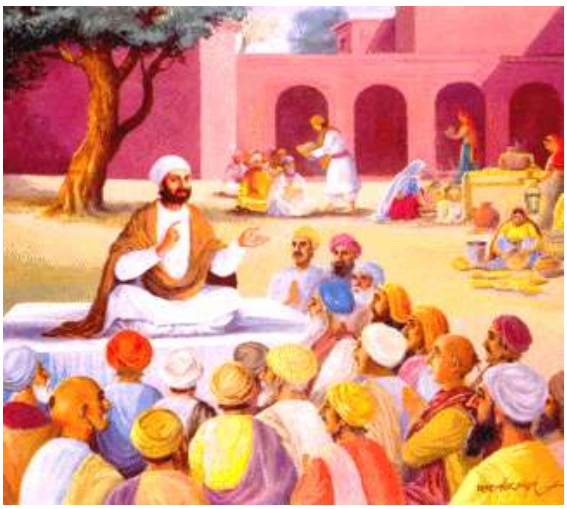
Bhagat Trilochan Ji

Bhagat Trilochan ji had heard about the fame of Bhagat Namdev Ji and reached Narsi Bamni for an audience with him. In his very first meeting he requested Bhagat Namdev Ji to give him a glimpse of the Almightly. Bhagat Namdev Ji replied ," *You shall also have the sight of Almighty if you contemplate on Him with devotion while working with your hands and legs at the same time.*" However Bhagat Trilochan Ji persuaded Bhagat Namdev Ji to bless him with His glimpse. Bhagat Namdev Ji humbly pleaded to Almighty to fulfill Bhagat Trilochan's request

Trilochan Ji came back to his village and started serving every mendicant who came that way. The company of the Holy men liberated him of desire for worldly materials and the fear of death.

Time passed away and Bhagat Trilochan Ji became very famous among the saints. A group of saints would always remain present at his place. He always served the saints at his residence with the utmost dedication and humanity. Bhagat Trilochan Ji always gave more importance to Bhakti (love & devotion) in preference to selfish interests. He said that he who is always occupied with problems relating to wealth and property will never become happy. As the

number of visiting saints kept on increasing it became difficult for Bhagat Trilochan Ji' and his wife to do the household work. So she asked Bhagat ji to have a servant who could help in the household work.



When Bhagat Ji was about to leave home to search a worker who could help in the household work a boy appeared at the door of his house. Upon inquiring the child told Bhagat Ji that his name was 'Antarjami' (also means the knower of all hearts) and he is looking for work.

Next day, After giving him instructions, Bhagat ji asked him about how much salary he wanted. The servant (God disguised Himself) said politely," What would I do with my salary because I have no relatives in this world. I will work without pay. What ever you give me to eat and wear, I will accept it. But I have one condition. If you try to slander or talk behind my back, I will not stay here. That is all my pay and the conditions."

Bhagat Ji introduced Antarjami to his wife and told her to explain him his work and also asked her to feed him to his satisfaction and do not talk bad about him and his habits with the people. Time went on and a year passed. Every body was happy by the service of Antarjami.

One day Trilochan Ji's wife was talking with her neighbor. Her neighbor asked her why she was looking pale and weak because she was a very radiant lady. She started telling her neighbor about the Antarjami, about his eating habit. She said, "I'm unable to cope up with his meals. He eats a lot. Her neighbor suggested her to replace the servant with someone else.

Antarjami was the manifestation of the God Himself. He came to know of the conversation between Bhagat Ji's wife and her neighbor. So he left the home as the wife had violated the condition on which Antarjami had agreed to work in Bhagat Ji's home. When Trilochan Ji's wife returned after having a nice chatting. She was shocked to find the house unattended and servant missing.

Trilochan Ji asked her wife about him but she wasn't able give any satisfactory reply.

One day Trilocan Ji were sleeping, voice cried, "Hey Trilochan your servant, Antarjami was indeed a 'antarjami', the Almightly himself. He came to you on the recommendations of Bhagat Namdev Ji."

On finding out Bhagat Trilochan jis wife felt sorry about what she had done. Bhagat Trilochan Ji's hymn in Sri Guru Granth Sahib Ji explains:-

"One Universal Creator God. By The Grace Of The True Guru:
Why do you slander the Lord? You are ignorant and deluded.
Pain and pleasure are the result of your own actions.||1|Pause||"

Upon hearing Bhagat Trilochan's sermons in the hymn above, his wife understood that life's joys and pains are brought about by man performing misdeeds instead of singing the praises of God. Thereafter, she was in bliss

SAKHI SERIES :- 130 (DELHI UNDER SIKH RAJ : SARDAR BAGHEL SINGH KAROR SINGHIA)

Sardar Baghel Singh Karor Singhia

In 1727 Nawab Kapur Singh took charge of the political affairs of the Sikhs. At that time the Sikh Nation was in disarray. The Mughal Governor, Zakria Khan's policy to annihilate the Sikhs had forced them to disperse towards the hills and jungles.

But it did not take long and the Sikhs once again started to reappear and consolidate their

forces. The credit to reorganize the Sikh Polity, and institutionalize it into specific units, goes to Nawab Kapur Singh. He realized that the support group was equally necessary to keep the supply-line open for the forces in combat. Consequently, he divided the Khalsa society into two groups. The name of Taruna Dal was designated to the armed forces and the combat troops. Mostly the people under the age of forty were taken in it.

The second, service group, was called Budha Dal. People over the age of fifty were accommodated there. Apart from providing facilities to the fighting forces, the Budha Dal's duties included the protection of the Sikh Religious places, provision of comfort to the sick and needy, and to take care of the women, children and old.

With overwhelming acceptance, people flocked to join both the ranks. Nawab Kapoor Singh divided them into five commands and with the passage of time they took the shape of twelve Missals. Initially, Sardar Jassa Singh Ahluwalia was the overall commander of these Missals. Each Missal was assigned various task.

Sardar Karor Singh was the commander of the Missal known as Karor Singhia, after his name. Sardar Baghel Singh, a resident of Gurdaspur District took over the command of this Missal at the death of Sardar Karor Singh.

The people of Saharanpur were maltreated by Najib-u-Daula, the Feudal Lord. Sardar Baghel Singh gave him a crushing defeat in the first encounter of his command of the Missal. One after the other he indulged in seventeen such confrontations with the scrupulous rulers.

The Mohammedan Chief of Jalalabad had forcibly abducted the daughter of a Brahmin and taken her into his Harem. The Singhs under the command of Baghel Singh crossed Jamuna, killed the Chief, Mir Hassan Khan, and got the girl liberated. The girl was duly returned to the parents, but her parents and the Hindu community refused to accept her back on the pretext that she had been defiled by living under Islamic environments. The Singhs, then, assigned her the title of `Daughter of the Khalsa' and admonished the Brahmins: all the property of any class conscience person, who treated the girl with disrespect, would be confiscated and handed over to the girl herself.

Sardar Baghel Singh's army invaded Delhi first time on January 18, 1774 and captured the area up to Shahdra. In the second invasion which took place on July 1775, they captured the area of Pahar Ganj and Jai Singh Pura. This battle was fought at the place where present New Delhi is situated. But the Khalsa Army faced acute shortage of supplies for life subsistence, and voluntarily withdrew. The Singhs continued their intrusions from time to time, which made Mughal King, Bahadur Shah, to concede to give the Singhs one eighth of the revenue collected from the area in between Rivers Ganga and Jamuna.

In 1783 the Maharatas abandoned Delhi. The Mughal Rulers foresaw the danger emanating from the progressing English power. To deter the English and to make them to go back, the Mughal King, Shah Alam, wished the Singh's to come back. Taking advantage of the situation, thirty thousand of Sikhs came and encamped at the place of Kashmiri Gate. They planned two pronged attack. One section invaded the Ajmeri Gate and the other one breached the wall of the Red Fort and entered the place, which is now known as the Mori Gate. After a fierce battle the Singhs captured Red Fort, hoisted the Kesri Flag, and put Panj Pyare, including Sardar Jassa Singh Ahluwalia, on the throne of the Delhi.

Shah Alam, through the aegis of his Ministers, Court Official Munshi Ram Dyal, and Begham (Queen) Samoor offered reconciliation with the Singhs and accepted their four conditions:

1. No Mughal Official would indulge in atrocities on the populace.

2. The Mughal King would pay three hundred thousand rupees as a gift.

3. The Kotwali Area would remain the property of the Khalsa Army

4. Sardar Baghel Singh would trace historically significant Sikh places in Delhi, and would establish Sikh Temples there. Till this work was completed he would stay in Delhi with a

constabulary of 4,000 horses. The Delhi Ruler would bear all their expenses.

Consequently, rest of the Khalsa Army returned.

Sardar Baghel Singh set up an octroi-post near Sabzi Mandi to collect the tax on the goods imported into the city to finance the search and the construction of the Sikh Temples. He did not want to use the cash received from the Government Treasury for this purpose, and most of that was handed out to the needy and poor. He often distributed sweetmeats, bought out of this Government gift, to the congregationalists at the place which, now, is know as the Pul Mithai.

With help of Hindu, Muslim and Sikh old residents of Delhi, Sardar Baghel Singh found and established seven historical places as the Sikh Temples:

1. Gurdwara Mata Sundri Ji at the place which was know as the Haveli Sardar Jawahar Singh.

2. Gurdwara Bangla Sahib. A Mansion belonging to Raja Jai Singh existed there once. Guru Harkrishan Dev, the Eighth Guru had stayed there.

3. Gurdwara Bala Sahib. Last rights of Guru Harkrishan, Mata Sundri and Mata Sahib Kaur were performed at this place.

4. Gurdwara Rakab Ganj. The torso of Guru Tegh Bahadur was cremated here.

5. Gurdwara Sees Ganj. Guru Tegh Bahadur was martyred at this place.

6. Gurdwara Moti Bagh. Guru Gobind Singh sent a message to the Mughal King, Bahadur Shah, by throwing an arrow from this place.

7.Gurdwara Majnu Tilla. It was established in the memory of a Sikh of Guru Nanak, named Majnu. Guru Hargobind stayed at this place on his way to Gwaliar.

On the completion of all the Gurdwaras, Baghel Singh appointed the Bhais (attendant priests) to look after the places and decided to return to Punjab, as well. He was persuaded by Munshi Ram Dyal not to abandoned Delhi once the Mughals had coneded to his authority and supermacy. But Baghel Singh replied, "We have been endowed with Kingdom and Destiny by our Guru. Whenever we wished, we could capture Delhi. It won't be difficult for the Khalsa."

Sardar Baghel Singh once again decided to invaded Delhi in 1785. Shah Alam, scared of Singh, signed a treaty with the Maharatas. The Maharatas initialed an agreement with the Singhs and consented to pay one million rupees as Gift.

The last days of the life of Baghel Singh are not very conspicuous. Some accounts mark 1800 and 1802 as the years of his demise.

SAKHI SERIES :- 131 (GURU HARGOBIND SAHIB JI : BATAN FAQUIRI, ZAHIR AMIRI)

Guru Hargobind Sahib Ji :

Guru Hargobind was not just a soldier but was primarily a saint, a Guru, the sixth in direct spiritual inheritance from Guru Nanak Sahib Ji. Guruji had taken to martial ways with a view to creating among his people a will to resistance and preparing them to stand up to the tyranny and oppression of the ruling race.

Once a Maratha saint, Samarth Ramdas During his rambles in Northern India, Samarth Ramdas met Guru Hargobind at Srinagar in about 1634. Fully armed and riding a horse, the Guru had just returned from an excursion.

"I had heard that you occupied the Gaddi of Guru Nanak", said Swami Ramdas.

"Guru Nanak was a Tyagi sadhu - a saint who had renounced the world. You are wearing arms and keeping an army and horses. You allow yourself to

be addressed as Sacha Patshah, the True King. What sort of a sadhu are you?" asked the Maratha saint.

Guru Hargobind replied, "Internally a hermit, and externally a prince. Arms mean protection to the poor and destruction of the tyrant. Baba Nanak had not renounced the world but had renounced Maya, i.e. self and ego:

"batan faquiri, zahir amiri

shastar garib ki rakhya, jarwan ki bhakhiya

Baba Nanak sansar nahi tyagya, Maya tyagi thi."

These words of Guru Hargobind found a ready response in the heart of Samartha Swami Ramdas who, as quoted in Pothi Panjak Sakhian, spontaneously said, "this appealeth to my mind - Yeh hamare man bhavti hai".

SAKHI SERIES :- 132 (KING AND HIS FOUR WIVES....)

King and his four wives.....

Once upon a time there was a King who had four wives. He loved the 4th wife the most and adorned her with rich robes and treated her to the finest of delicacies. He gave her nothing but the best.

He also loved the 3rd wife very much and was always showing her off to neighboring kingdoms. However, he feared that one day she would leave him for another.

He also loved his 2nd wife. She was his confident and was always kind, considerate and patient with him. Whenever the King faced a problem, he could confide in her, and she would help him get through the difficult times.

The King's 1st wife was a very loyal partner and had made great contributions in maintaining his wealth and kingdom. However, he did not love the first wife. Although she loved him deeply, he hardly took notice of her!

One day, the King fell ill and he knew his time was short. He thought of his luxurious life and wondered, "I now have four wives with me, but when I die, I'll be all alone."

Thus, he asked the 4th wife, "I have loved you the most, endowed you with the finest clothing and showered great care over you. Now that I'm dying, will you follow me and keep me company?" "No way!" replied the 4th wife and she walked away without another word. Her answer cut like a sharpknife right into his heart.

The sad King then asked the 3rd wife, "I have loved you all my life. Nowthat I'm dying, will you follow me and keep me company?" "No!", replied the 3rd wife. "Life is too good! When you die, I'm going to remarry!" Hisheart sank and turned cold.

He then asked the 2nd wife, "I have always turned to you for help and you've always been there for me. When I die, will you follow me and keep me company?" "I'm sorry, I can't help you out this time!", replied the 2nd wife. "At the very most, I can only walk with you to your grave." Her answer struck him like a bolt of lightning, and the King was devastated.

Then a voice called out: "I'll go with you. I'll follow you no matter where you go." The King looked up, and there was his first wife. She was very skinny as she suffered from malnutrition and neglect. Greatly grieved, the King said, "I should have taken much better care of you when I had the chance!"

In truth, we all have the 4 wives in our lives:
Our 4th wife is our body. No matter how much time and effort we lavish inmaking it look good,

it will leave us when we die.

Our 3rd wife is our possessions, status and wealth. When we die, it will all go to others.

Our 2nd wife is our family and friends. No matter how much they have been there for us, the furthest they can stay by us is up to the grave.

And our 1st wife is our Soul, often neglected in pursuit of wealth, power and pleasures of the world. However, our Soul is the only thing that will follow us wherever we go.Cultivate, strengthen and cherish it now, for it is the only part of us that will follow us to the throne of God and continue with us throughout Eternity.

Remember, when the world pushes you to your knees, you're in the perfect position to pray.

SAKHI SERIES :- 133 (1984 : THE POWER OF FIVE)

The Power of Five

(Source : http://www.gurmatps.org/index.html?other_books/naamnet/12_05_the_power_of_five)

(As told by a sevadar from Gurdrawa Nanaksar)

It was during the anti-sikh riots. I was at that time living in Gurudrawa Nanaksar in Haryana. There were 7 other sewadars in the gurudrawa. Trouble started brewing early in the morning. We noticed about 50 young men gathering outside a few hundred metres away from the gurudrawa sahib. We didn't really pay too much attention to them.
By noon, the group had turned into a rowdy crowd of about 300. We became quite concerned at that point. Our telephone wires had been cut, so there really was not much we could do. But we were still in chardi kala.

At about 3 pm, a truck driven by a Singh was driving by the crowd when the crowd attacked it. The Singh gave up the truck and ran to the gurudrawa. Some gundas overtook him and injured him but he, being a strong man, managed to escape. Still, he was quite bloody/injured when he came in. That increased our number to 9. The number outside had increased to about 500 by evening. They were very loud and obnoxious by now.

We tried to ignore them and began our evening diwan at 6 pm. But as the darkness approached, the rabble become more and more bold. In fact, soon they started stoning the gurdrawa. We stopped the evening programme and placed all the Guru Granth Sahib jees in the safest place possible.

At 7.30 pm it was very dark and the rabble became so bold that they put fire to the gurdrawa's gate. It hit us then how serious the situation was. We soon would be killed!
Our jathedar gathered us and said, "Khalsa jee, the Khalsa has faced worse situations then this. The Khalsa has gone through two holocasts but the Khalsa lives and will live in freedom forever! Khalsa jee, the Khalsa has never given up and will never give up. The enemy stands outside. There are 500 hundred, we are 9 but remember Guru Gobind Singh jee has made each of us equivalent to sava-lakh (125,000)! Khalsa jee, get prepared to fight!"

He said this with so much josh and bir ras that our body hair stood on their ends. Even though I had been seriously ill for the past 3 months, I too was ready to fight. The jathedar then told us that we must make two groups. The first group of five will go out first and fight the enemy. The the rest (4) can go later. Everybody agreed. Jathedar Sahib then chose 4 other pyares. I was not chosen, most probably due to my illness.

The five put on the uniform of the Khalsa. Then the jathedar sahib did ardas to Guru Gobind Singh jee saying, "Pita jee, dear father,, we are coming to your land. Please prepare for us!" Then five of them took out their kirpans and with BOLE SO NEHAAL! SAT SRI AKAL! BOLE SO NEHAAL! SAT SRI AKAL! filling the air, came out the face the enemy. You will not believe what happened then. Seeing 5 Khalsa in the uniform of Guru Gobind Singh jee, the rabble of 500 ran away It was as if 5 lions were chasing 500 hyenas away!

One of the Singhs managed to cut off a running man's ear. The Khalsa's victory was sweet." waheguru waheguru waheguru waheguru...

Just as an epilogue, some police officers had the gall to come a few days later to investigate the ear injury!!!! But this was so ridiculous and the Singhs were in such high spirits that the police had to leave without even a bribe.

SAKHI SERIES :- 134 (EVEN PAIN AND HUNGER ARE YOUR GIFTS)

Even Pain And Hunger Are Your Gifts

Source: http://www.sikhlink.com/hsl1.htm

"How did you get that black eye?" asked Guru-Father, GurDev-Pita Gobind Singh Jee. The teenager dressed in a long blue gown, wearing a sword looked at his Master's feet and responded with silence.

The King of this World and the next, radiated glory in all directions and the lovelight washed over the quiet young man, "Dear child of mine, your turban has been knocked, your nose is bleeding and you have a black eye. Now you don't get that from just cleaning the stables. So I order you to tell me who did this to you?"

The slender young warrior continued looking lovingly at the Master's feet and humbly replied, 'I was feeding the horses Guru jee when you suddenly slapped me.'

The Khalsa warrior who had brought the young Singh in to Guru Jee's royal court quickly interrupted, 'O Guru with the Royal Plume Kalgee-Dhar Patshah, True King and Cherisher of the Poor, Gareeb Nivaaj, this saintly boy will not tell you, but I saw that mighty Singh over there just walk across to the boy and without even uttering a word he swung his arm with full force landing his palm on the boy's right cheek. Guru Maharaj forgive my younger brother for his answer , he is not lying for he sees your face in every face, everywhere and all the time. He speaks little and is always engrossed in service and meditation, seva and simran. He was attacked for no reason that is why I dragged him here to get some justice. He did not want to complain.'

Some warrior Nihangs dressed in blue battle clothes grabbed the Singh accused of the attack and escorted him into Guru King Guru Gobind Singh Jee's divine presence.

'Explain your actions.' ordered the Helper from Waheguru, Nasaro Mansoor Guru Gobind Singh Jee.

The Singh was built like a mountain with an ego to match he replied in rough voice 'Guru Jee, this boy is half my age, everyday he does seva and simran, he speaks little and when he does its full of love and humility. I can't stand him. Everyday I do seva along side him, I see how much you love him and bless him, whereas I get no look of grace. He was getting too close to you and I hate him. I had to teach him a lesson!'

Guru Gobind Singh Jee reprimanded the Singh and gave him some community service to do, then he got up and hugged the young Singh who was still looking at the Master's feet, 'Dhan GurSikh, Great is the GurSikh who even in suffering accepts it as a divine gift.'

Ketia Dukh Bukh saad mar.

Eh Bhee Daat Teree Datar.
Countless many continously suffer pain and hunger.
O Giver, Even these are Your Gifts'
(Guru Nanak Dev Jee in Jap Jee Sahib)..

SAKHI SERIES :- 135 (AJAAMAL PAAPI)

AJAAMAL PAAPI JAG JAANAE, NIMAK MAAHE NISTAARA||
(The great sinner Ajaamal, whom was notorious in the whole world, was delivered by Vaheguru in one instance)

AJAAMAL, GAJJ, GANIKA, PATIT KARAM KEENAY||
TAYOO UTTAR PAAR PARAE, RAAM NAAM LEENAY||
(Ajaamal, the elephant and Ganika did many bad Karma but by taking Naam, they swam across this ocean of world)

AJAAMAL KO ANT KAAL MEH, NARAYAN SUDH AAYEE||
JA GATT KO JOGISUR BAANCHAE, SO GAT CHHIN MEH PAYEE||
(Ajaamal realised the Naam the greatness of Naam in his last moments. He received such honour in few moments that great Yogis attained in many years of penance)

When we do paath of Sri Guru Granth Sahib jee, we read about Ajaamal Paapi at quite a few places. Here is a brief story of his life. Hopefully this will help us understand baani better.

Ajaamal was born to a Raaj Purohit and a high caste within already high caste of Hindus i.e. Brahmins. Raaj Purohit means the main pujaari of a kingdom. A Raaj Purohit is like the head priest of a kingdom and the kings refer to their raaj purohits for any questions on religion.

Ajaamal was brought up in a very religious atmosphere and was provided with Sanskrit education from early age. By the time he reached the age of maturity, he became well-versed in all 4 Vedas, 18 Puraanas and other important religious books of those times. His father was a man of high probity and integrity. He used to admonish him against doing paap karams (sins). He further told him to never go in the southern part of the city because that part of the city was full of scoundrels and prostitutes. Innocent Ajaamal who had not been exposed to any evil in his life felt his curiosity getting aroused at the mention of the Southern part of the city but he continued abstain from going that route.

He got married to a beautiful and good-hearted woman. They had a couple of children and led an uneventful life till his father died. He was then appointed to the post of Raaj Purohit. His life continued in normal fashion until that fateful day when he had to go to the southern part of the city. It was probably his destiny to go to that part of the city.

He was on horseback and as he approached the inner city, he came off his horse and parked it by the tree. He started walking on foot and reached that part of the city where there are brothels and pubs. He had never been exposed to such scenes. There were women standing outside the brothels luring customers in. He was taken aback at such open display of Kaam.

Then one woman, who knew all the wiles of seduction, looked at Ajaamal with such a look that Ajaamal got stuck right there. His feet won't move any further. Then she without speaking, just with a hand gesture, asked him to follow her. She was a young and promiscuous woman in her early twenties. He resisted but could not resist for too long. Finally he gave in to the temptation and started walking behind her.

That day changed his life forever. He became a regular visitor to this Ganika (prostitute). Soon others found out about his double life. His wife pleaded with him to stop seeing the prostitute

but he would not listen. Everyone was wondering why he could not leave this prostitute and what wrong did he see in his beautiful, homely and good-natured wife.

When the king found out, he was quite upset at Ajaamal but wanted to give him a second chance out of his respect for Ajaamal's father. He tried to persuade Ajaamal but soon found out that Ajaamal was not going to stop seeing the new woman. Ajaamal was spending his money very recklessly and in order to protect his legitimate children and wife, the king decided to banish him from his kingdom. He confiscated all his property and gave it to his wife and children. Thereafter he banished Ajaamal and the prostitute from his kingdom.

Great calamities befell on both Ajaamal and the prostitute. They moved out of the kingdom and starting leading a very destitute life. Ajaamal was left with no money, and now had to work very hard to earn his living. He used to cut wood from jungle all day and sell it in the city. He started gambling, drinking and doing other bad things. He and his mistress used to fight endlessly.

The poverty took its toll on Ajaamal and he became old before his age. He got infected with many diseases and suffered a lot. He and his mistress had several children together. Ajaamal had to work very hard to feed his new family. When Ajaamal hit old-age, his body became very weak but he had to work to feed his family. He sometimes used to regret his decision but it was too late to go back now. He knew that no one would accept him back.

Anyway, later in his life he had a son and the day his son was born, some saadhu jan (holy men) came to his house to seek refuge from bad weather. Ajaamal out of his past good Karma, did sewa of those Sadhoos. The Saadhoos had ridhi-sidhi and sensed that Ajaamal had led a very terrible life and that in the next world he would suffer badly in the hands of Jammdoots.

Before leaving they had mercy on Ajaamal. They noticed that Ajaamal was totally entangled in the attachment of his family and because of his bad Karma, he could not do any bhagti. They knew that if he did not do bhagtee i.e. Naam jaap, he would suffer in the hands of Jammdoots. They finally came up with an idea. They told him to name his latest born son "Narayan". Obeying what the saadhoo said, Ajaamal named his son - Narayan. We should remember that Narayan is one of the qualitative names of God.

Ajaamal became very fond of his son and lovingly called him "Naraayan Naraayan" all day. By this time, his diseases overpowered him and he lay at deathbed. As he lay in his bed, waiting for death, he still had moh for his youngest son and kept calling him lovingly "Naraayan, Naraayan". Saying "Naraayan" seemed very good to him and said more and more of "Naraayan". He felt good saying "Narayan Narayan" and repeating the name of Narayan he went into a trance and remembered the one akaal purakh ….

Jammdoots could not get close to him for he was then meditating on one lord. In the end jammdoots could not reach him and he was saved.

SAKHI SERIES :- 136 (GURU NANAK DEV JI AND FAKE SAADHU)

Guru Nanak Dev ji and fake saadhu

Guru Nanak Dev Ji once came upon a holy man sitting with eyes closed, surrounded by many people. A pot sat in front of him containing money people had donated.

Guru Ji inquired as to what was going on and was told that the saadhu was a divine sage who could see the whole world and tell the future.

This was quite powerful stuff, and people were offering money to be blessed by this holy saint.

Guru Ji smiled His sly smile, went to the front, picked up the pot of money and put it behind the holy man. Then He waited.

A few moments later the holy man opened his eyes and a look of devastation came upon him. His pot of money was missing. Immediately, he started asking those standing around him, Guru Ji was right there, where his pot of money went.

Guru Ji wasn't going to let him off the hook that easily. He asked the holy man to use his powers to find the pot of money. This the man could not do. He was a fake!

Guru Ji then told him that the money was behind him. Guru Ji lovingly taught the man to be truthful, to be detached from material world and this would lead him to eternal bliss.

To those surrounding the man in hopes of blessings, Guru Ji said to practice true faith themselves and not be fooled by the holy look. It is the practice of Truth that is the ultimate of all human beings.

Totally exposed, the man was ashamed. He begged for Guru Ji's forgiveness. He spent the rest of his years truthfully sharing the message of Guru Nanak.

SAKHI SERIES :- 137 (BABA JAWALA SINGH HARKOWAHAL'S UPDESH ABOUT DYHAAN)

Baba Jawala Singh Harkowahal's updesh about dyhaan to janak singh ji.

Balee ji became amritdhari and was renamed Janak singh. He would do his seva diligently and recite gurbani and do simran. Unlike others, he didn't talk needlessly about gurmat, electing to keep in guruji's bhaana instead. One day he overheard Baba Jawala singh say "one's mind can't be controlled or stabilized without focusing on the guru". (Meaning one should focus on their guru when meditating).

From that day on, Janak singh started focusing on Baba Jawala singh as his gurdev. Once as he was doing this, he fell to the ground, and Baba Jawala singh came running out of his kutya and brought Janak Singh back to consciousness. As he brought him to consciousness he said "don't ever, for any reason, focus on my body".

Janak singh replied back humbly, "I overheard you discussing that one can't stabilize their mind unless they take their guru's body/form into their concentration, and that is why I started doing this".

At that point, Baba jawala singh harkowahal gathered all the other sevaks and singhs together and gave the following updesh:

"by focusing on dhyan, and going down that route alone, one will not achieve moksh (Salvation). There are 4 types that you will get to though. They are

1) salok muktee: the form (vyagtheegat) you focus on, you can get to their realm. ie. Shivji-shivlok, brahmaji-brahmlok

2) smeep muktee: that form that you focus on, you can get close to it, but never fully become part of it

3) saroop muktee: you will become like the form that you worship, but you won't be the form.

By following these routes you are not at a stable state (atal avastha), because a time will come that no form of maya whether it be asthool (tangible, body, gun) or sooksham (astral, spiritual) will remain. All will devour. That is why Guru Gobind Singh ji's singh doesn't want any of these muktee's. These muktee's will not allow one to dissolve into akal purakh.

The following question was then asked: How does one get to that point where we become one with god?

Baba jawala singh ji answered:

Hey pyaray gurmukho, **the shabad, which is the emanation and form of guruji's heart, that shabad is brahm**. Get absorbed in that shabad and you will find that you no longer exist

and that is the way that you will get muktee. Guruji has used the following lines in gurbani to explain this……

1) sabad gur peera, gaher gambeera, bin shabadai jag baugaanang.

2) Satgur bachan, bachan hai satgur paadhur mukat janavago

3) etc etc (more bani was said to reinforce the point)

It is for this reason that gurmat is focusing on god through shabad (gurmat hai shabad brahm dee upaashna) because shabad has 3 forms according to wise mahapurakhs:

1) asthool: when your eyes gaze on a granth and you read those letters out loud

2) misrat: when one's birti (focus/attention) becomes attuned to the shabad, the shabad is both suksham and asthool because the mind is made of the (tatta da sato ansh)….the sat (virtue/true/purest) form of the qualities.

3) Sukham= sookham (astral/spiritual)

When the shabad abhyaas (meditation on the shabad) surpasses the consciousness (surat) of the mind, and gets absorbed in the paar baani (the celestial emanations of the primal sound)..(this is also called, naabhi di baani (sounds of the naval chakra). That baani has the ability to take the jeev's surti (the consciousness of the being) to the pinnacle point of brahm (the point from which creation was started).

For this reason, you should all focus on the shabad.

SAKHI SERIES :- 138 (VILLAGE OF CHILDREN)

Village of children

This sakhi is an adaption of one of Baba Isher Singh jee's audio tape saakhis.

Something about the village graveyard set it apart. During my travels I had seen literally hundreds of graveyards. Usually graveyards are somber and somewhat resigned under the weight of death. But this one was different: besides been well-kept - which in itself was not unusual - it was designed more like a garden of life than a cradle of death. What set it truly apart was the cheerfulness of its structure. Its' shady trees and sunny flowers seductively invited me in. Graveyards were my favourite resting places. It seemed that as soon as one exited a womb, Maya (worldy attractions) became a human's sole companion until the gates of a graveyard. Perhaps it was the absence of Maya in such places that kept my hopes of enlightenment alive.

I had left home when I had turned twenty. Although I didn't know it then, I had set out to find a place free of illusions. I had travelled to majestic temples, sober ashrams, holy rivers, renowned sadhus and any other religious place I had been told about, yet my mind was as restless as it was when I had first started. The holy places and the holy people at these places were among the most devout followers of

Maya. After more than twelve years of searching, I had given up hope and had reluctantly decided to return home and begin a worldly life. It was on my journey home that I came upon this unusual village graveyard.

Although it was only mid-morning, I gave in to the cry of my aching muscles and entered the graveyard through a small wooden door. I put down my knapsack and looked at some of the tombstones. The tombstones entries always reminded me of my transitory place on earth. But this graveyard was full of surprises. There were three entries on each stone: name of the deceased person, the year of birth and instead of the usual 'death of year' the third entry was 'years of life'. Even more peculiar was that the 'years of life' entries were usually well under twenty. Although it took me all morning, I visited each and every tombstone; and to my utter astonishment, I could not find any 'years of life' over thirty. The most common entry was between ten and twelve. And there were quite a few with zero years of life. I was a curious person by nature (otherwise I would not have been here) and I had seen my share of amazing

places. But this place truly mystified me. I decided to look up this "village of children". I walked about a mile to the village gate. I was surprised to see people of all ages in the village courtyard. The villagers were extremely friendly. They came and not unlike children, touched and greeted me, and offered me all sorts of refreshments and foods. I was quite overwhelmed by their attention and love. Almost all of the villager's manners resembled the innocent nature of children. Even their faces were quite smooth and somewhat glowed with purity.

There was a group of elders sitting around an old banyan tree. I decided to ask them about this heavenly place. I approached the men. They greeted me warmly and at an appropriate time I asked: "Respected sirs, I have seen many places and many people. But even at the most holiest of these places I could not find the life and love that pervades this place. Perhaps I am in a dream...", I trailed off. They all smiled. I hurriedly continued, "I would very much like it if you would kindly explain this rather peculiar place. I was also very intrigued by the graveyard at the entrance of the village. Is it where you bury your young ones?"

After a short pause, the most elderly man spoke: "Traveller, you look like a man who would benefit much from the story I will tell you. Listen carefully and it will change your life." All the men around sat attentively. All the villagers within earshot came and sat to hear the old man speak. He began, "My grandfather was the Kazi of this village. Each morning, well before sunrise, he would call out to the people and to the heavens with his namaaz (muslim call to prayer). One such morning he was in midst of his prayer when he heard music from the outskirts of the village. He was a devout muslim and was quite horrified to hear music at such a holy hour. He immediately sent some of his followers to put an end to this paganism. But to his surprise, none of them came back. The music meanwhile continued. After a long wait he himself decided to put an end to this unholy activity. So, quite angrily, he strode towards the music. But the closer he got, the more he realized that it wasn't his anger that was responsible for his hurried strides, rather it was the exquisite beauty in the music.

Finally when he got close enough to see the music makers, not only did his body lose the ability to move, his mind too stopped the madman's dance it had been doing since his birth. He literally stood rooted to a spot for the duration of the recital. The music cast a spell on him. He travelled inwards to subtle places he had read about only in the scriptures. He would often look back at that moment and dreamily acclaimed, "I drank life to the fullest during those hours". There was a long pause during which the story teller and the story listeners let the stillness of the story enter the depths of their beings. The elderly man continued: "The music makers were the great Guru Nanak and his companion Mardana jee. I am sure you have heard of him." I meekly nodded and mumbled, "I have, but haven't had the grace of meeting any of his followers".

"That is perhaps why, my friend, you are here," the man prophetically said. "At the end of the recital, my grandfather and all the others present simply surrendered themselves to the Guru. This was largely just a symbolic act because the moment each of them had seen the Guru they had lost themselves to him. Guru Nanak graced this village for three days and three nights. My grandfather named those days the "stillness days" because he said it was during those days that he and others learnt about the One found only within the stillness of the mind. We observe those days like others observe their birthdays.

Indeed those days were the birthday of the village's inner life." He chuckled, "If you are impressed with the village now, you should see the love of the villagers in those fine days." "But, as is the nature of the human mind," the elder soberly continued, "it wasn't long after Guru Nanak's departure that the village started returning to its normal numb and dark existence. This greatly troubled my grandfather and others like him who become Guru Nanak's and Guru Nanak's only. They tried very hard, through teaching and preaching, to keep the message of the Guru alive. Finally, after all normal means failed they came up with the following village tradition: Each villager keeps a diary. It is mandatory that each night before sleep, each person make an entry in the diary. Even children and people who cannot read or write have to get this entry made. The entry is simply the amount of time during the day that was spent in simran or in seva. At the end of the person's life, the entries are accumulated and that, my dear traveller, is the 'years of life' entry you see on the tombstones." The story teller paused to let the magnitude of what he had told me to sink into me. He continued, "It is perhaps that which allows us to be free with our love. We are reminded each and every day what real life is. The time spent in simran or seva is the only life we consider as been worthy of

been called life."

I travelled and searched no more. This indeed was the illusion-less place I was seeking

SAKHI SERIES :- 139 (BABA MOTI RAM MEHRA)

Baba Moti Ram Mehra

Baba Moti Ram Mehra was a servant in the Hindu kitchen of the Faujdar. He used to serve food to the prisoners.

Jagat Mata Gujri Ji refused to accept the food of the Mughal kitchen as well as that which came from Diwan Sucha Nand's house. Baba Moti Ram Mehra was a great follower of Sikh Gurus. He used to serve the Sikhs on their way to Anandpur Sahib and back to their homes. The Sikhs took rest at his mud house, where the mother of Baba Moti Ram Mehra and Bibi Bholi Ji, wife of Mehra Ji, prepared food for these Sikhs. When Jagat Mata Gujri Ji refused to accept the food, Baba Moti Ram Mehra could not bear the Sahibzadas sleeping hungry. He came home and told his family that he would serve milk and fresh water to these great prisoners. His mother and wife were scared and tried to persuade him not to take such a step. Bibi Bholi, his wife, told him that the Wazir Khan had made an announcement in the town that whoever tried to help and serve any type of food to the sons of the tenth Guru, he along with his family would be crushed alive in a Kohlu, (the oil squeezer). This information could not change the resolve of Baba ji. His mother told him that there were so many followers of the Guru in the town; they could have dared to serve the Sahibzadas.

Baba Moti Ram Mehra humbly, but with determination, told his mother that those followers feared the ruler. "Aren't you scared, my son?" asked the mother. Baba Mehra ji humbly replied, "Dear mother our Guru is fighting against injustice of the Mughals. I will serve the great mother and the Sahibzadas. I don't fear the punishment of the Faujdar. The history will not forgive us if we do not serve the great prisoners." Sensing his determination, his wife gave him her silver jewellery and some coins and requested him," Please bribe the gate man of the Burj and request him to keep this act a secret." Baba ji praised his wife for participation in the great cause.

Baba Moti Ram served milk and water to the Sahibzadas and Mata Gujri Ji for three nights. On 27th December 1704, the Sahibzadas were martyred. Mata Gujri ji also breathed her last. Raja Todar Mall of Sirhind performed the cremation. He told Baba Mehra ji to arrange a cart of Chandan wood, which he brought from the forests of Atta Ali.

After some time, Pumma, the brother of Gangu, told the Faujdar that his servant (Cook) had served the prisoners with milk and water. Baba Moti Ram Mehra, his mother, wife and a little son were arrested. He did not conceal his act and boldly told the Faujdar that, it was his dharma to serve the young children and the aged mother of Guru Gobind Singh Ji. So, Baba Moti Ram Mehra along with his father was sentenced to death by being squeezed in a Kohlu (oil press). His sacrifice was first sermonized by Baba Banda Singh Bahadur ji.

Waheguru ! Waheguru !

SAKHI SERIES :- 140 (MITH BOLARRAA JEE HAR SAJAN SUAAMEE MORAA)

mith bolarraa jee har sajan suaamee moraa

Your mouth has not stopped slandering and gossiping about others. Your service is

useless and fruitless. ||1|| (Guru Granth Sahib ji – pg 1253)

Once Guru Gobind Singh was out camping and a man brought a bear and wanted to show the play, everybody got very excited to see what the bear could do. The man did so many acts with the bear that it pleased the Guru and the sangat.

Immediately after the show, Guruji asked the Sikhs to prepare karah prashad and did ardas. After which Guruji said to his chauria(the bear's caretaker), "Bhai, please give prashad to the bear also". But surprisingly after eating the Parshad the bear died on the spot. The bear's caretaker now started crying. Guruji then asked the 'Kazanchi' (the man who was in charge of the cash) to give him some money with which he can survive and start doing Kirt again.

The Sikhs were puzzeled and requested Guruji to explain the episode.

Guru said, "The Bear was a great Gursikh and sewadar. Once when he was serving prashad in the congregation when another sikh who was bringing the wood to the city, and to the langar, thought he can just go in the congregation and pay obeisance to the Guru, get the prashad and run. So he left his bullock cart working(un-attended), and ran over to the Gurdwara and asked the sewadar to please give him prashad first. On this the sewadar (bear) asked him to "Sit down and wait his turn"

But the Sikh just clamped on him. The sewadar got irritated and said, "Why are you clamping on me like a bear?" "Don't you understand, you sit down and I'll give it to you !!" Meanwhile a little prashad fell down and the Sikh quitely picked it up and left.

It was because the sewadar had caused distress and used foul language for a sikh (sangat) that he himself became a bear. And since he was a Sikh and had done sewa in Guru ghar he was redeemed now by giving prashad and doing Ardas.

ਮਿਠ ਬੋਲੜਾ ਜੀ ਹਰਿ ਸਜਣੁ ਸੁਆਮੀ ਮੋਰਾ ॥
m **i** t(h) b**o** larr**aa** j **ee** har sajan s**uaa** m**ee** m **o** r**aa** ||
My Dear Lord and Master, my Friend, speaks so sweetly.

ਹਉ ਸੰਮਲਿ ਥਕੀ ਜੀ ਓਹੁ ਕਦੇ ਨ ਬੋਲੈ ਕਉਰਾ ॥
ho sa(n)mal thhak **ee** j**ee** ouh **u** kadh **ae** n b**o** l **ai** ko **u** r**aa** ||
I have grown weary of testing Him, but still, He never speaks harshly to me.

ਕਉੜਾ ਬੋਲਿ ਨ ਜਾਨੈ ਪੂਰਨ ਭਗਵਾਨੈ ਅਉਗਣੁ ਕੋ ਨ ਚਿਤਾਰੇ ॥
ko **u** rr**aa** b **o** l n j **aa**n**ai** p **oo**ran bhagav **aa** n**ai** ao **u** gan k **o** n ch**i** th **aa**r **ae** ||
He does not know any bitter words; the Perfect Lord God does not even consider my faults and demerits.

ਪਤਿਤ ਪਾਵਨੁ ਹਰਿ ਬਿਰਦੁ ਸਦਾਏ ਇਕੁ ਤਿਲੁ ਨਹੀ ਭੰਨੈ ਘਾਲੇ ॥
path **i** th p**aa**van har b **i** radh sadh **aa**e**ae** e **i**k th **i** l neh**ee** bha(n)n**ai** gh **aa**l**ae** ||
It is the Lord's natural way to purify sinners; He does not overlook even an iota of service.

(Guru Granth Sahib ji – pg 784)

SAKHI SERIES :- 141 (S SUBEG SINGH JI)

S. Subeg Singh ji

(Source : http://www.allaboutsikhs.com/)

S. Subeg Singh, a resident of village JAMBAR near Lahore, was a Scholar of Persian language and man of high moral character. During the reign of Zakaria Khan, S. Subeg Singh was a government contractor.

Earlier to this, he had been a police officer (kotwal) in charge of police force of Lahore. During his tenure as police offices he ensured peace and security to the people. Because of his

conduct and human approach, residents of Lahore and Governor Zakaria Khan held him in high esteem. In view of this, he had faced no problem in spite of Zakaria Khan's intensive drive to completely finish the Sikh community. The Sikhs had vowed to free the country from the yoke of cruel rulers, and stop the invaders from North West once and for all. With God's name on their lips and Guru's grace, they were happily riding horses and living in jungles, river beds, ravines and desert, always lying in wait to strike and punish ruthless and cruel rulers. Who can finish such selfless warriors? Zakaria Khan miserably failed to achieve his objective of finishing the Sikh community, and was thus looking for a way out of this impasse. He wanted to enter into an agreement with the Sikh leadership to maintain peace in Punjab. He had got permission from Emperor of Delhi on this account.

Through the good offices of S. Subeg Singh and using him as an inter-mediatory, Zakaria Khan offered the Sikhs:

1. Rs. One Lakh of revenue from Kanganpur, Jhapal and Dayalpur areas.
2. 'A royal dress and title of Nawab to the Jathedar, as a mark of respect. In return, Zakaria Khan wanted Sikhs to cease hostilities against the government.

S. Subeg Singh approached the Sikhs with this offer. The Sikhs were not ready to accept this offer, but in order to give Peace a chance, the Khalsa accepted it. But when no Sikh leader came forward to accept govt.'s offer, the Khalsa nominated S Kapur Singh ji for the purpose. The robe of honour and the title of Nawab was thus bestowed on S. Kapur Singh, who was engaged in the act of operating the manual fan to provide some respite from the heat to the assembly of Sikhs present at that time. Thus S. Kapur Singh became Nawab KapurSingh. This showed how in Sikhism the humble worker was respected and rewarded for selfless service to the community.

Nawab Zakaria Khan expressed his happiness and gratitude to S. Subeg Singh on his return from this successful mission S, Subeg Singh had extended his helping hand to Zakaria Khan on some other occasions as well when Zakaria Khan had behaved well and in a reasonable manner.

The truce between the Sikhs and Zakaria Khan's government did not last long. However, the Sikhs utilised the truce period to improve upon their firepower and striking ability. Zakaria Khan started his old game of exterminating the Sikh community and the Sikhs once again moved to the places of their hideouts in jungles, ravines, deserts and riverbeds.

S. Shahbaz Singh, the brilliant son of S. Subeg Singh, was studying Persian language from a Muslim Kazi at a school. At the age of eighteen, he turned out to be very healthy and handsome youngman. His teacher was immensely impressed by the intelligence and conduct of this student. To serve his own self-interest, the Kazi planned to convert the boy into Islam and then make him his son in law by marrying him to his daughter. To achieve his objective, the Kazi started lecturing on the qualities and supremacy of Islam over other religions and tried to prepare Shahbaz Singh for conversion of religion. However, Shahbaz Singh was well informed about the virtues of his own Sikh religion, its philosophy and its practical approach as demonstrated by great Gurus.

Apart from his knowledge of his own religion, he was educated about Islam and Hinduism by his parents. He was proud of being a Sikh boy. When the Kazi persisted in his approach to fulfil his ambition, Shahbaz Singh started reacting actively by having a dialogue with the Qazi on the topic. Shahbaz Singh kept his parents informed about all that was happening between him and the Kazi, his teacher at school.

After failing to persuade Shahbaz Singh to get converted to Islam, the Kazi started using threats to achieve his objective. He told Shahbaz Singh that if he did not agree to conversion to Islam he would lodge a serious complaint against him with the Governor and get him executed.

When even threats proved futile, the Kazi registered a false complaint with the Governor Zakaria Khan charging Shahbaz Singh of insulting Prophet Mohammed by pointing out various deficiencies in the teaching of Islam and contained in the sacred book of Islam.

The Kazi also took the help of notorious anti Sikh Muslim magistrate of Lahore, to fulfil his nefarious designs. Together, they prepared and submitted a long list of baseless charges

against S. Subeg Singh and his son ShahbazSingh to the Governor, Zakaria Khan.

The ungrateful Zakaria Khan, forgetting the co-operation extended by S. Subeg Singh at difficult junctures ordered the arrest of both Shahbaz Singh and Subeg Singh. They were kept in separate jail cells. There was no chance of Sikhs getting justice by the judiciary of the time.

Shahbaz Singh was conveyed the false news that his father had been executed and that he could save his youthful life by adopting Islam as his religion. Both father and the son remained stead fast in sticking to their faith in spite of mischievous propaganda launched by government officials. They prepared themselves for the inevitable, by reciting hymns from Guru Granth Sahib, recalling the brave deeds of Gurus and devout Sikhs who had laid down their lives for upholding the cause of oppressed and defending their faith in the past. They prayed to the Almighty to give them strength to uphold their faith and principles dear to them.

Suddenly at that juncture Khan Bahadur Zakaria Khan died before he could execute the two stead-fast Sikhs, Shahbaz Singh and Subeg Singh. Zakaria Khan's son Yahia Khan, became the Governor of Lahore and proved to be more aggressive towards Sikhs. S. Subeg Singh and Shahbaz Singh were produced before Yahia Khan, who too offered them the choice between conversion to Islam or death by torture.

Both father and the son remained stead fast in their faith and preferred death to conversion as Muslims. The Kazi was asked to specify the punishment. He promptly specified death on wheels for the two brave Sikhs. Yahia Khan gave his approval without a moments thought to these brutal means of execution for the two Sikhs.

Both Bhai Subeg Singh and Shahbaz Singh were tied on separate set of wheels opposite each other. The wheels were operated and the steel blades started ripping the flesh of the two brave Sikhs of Guru Gobind Singh. Blood started flowing all over their bodies and wheels.

The wheels were halted for a while and the Kazi again told the two Sikhs that their lives could still be spared if they changed their minds but he got a stunning negative reply from the two brave Sikhs. The wheels were set rolling again.

Bhai Subeg Singh and Shahbaz Singh kept reciting Gurbani and laid down their lives in front of cruel rulers and wet eyes of some in the crowd of people who were watching the proceedings with dismay and disbelief.

The news of execution of these two peace loving Sikhs spread like wild fire throughout the city of Lahore and in the neighbouring jungles and sanctuaries of brave Sikhs. Bands of Sikh warriors came out of adjoining jungles and pounced upon the city of Lahore. They attacked the cruel ruling officials and after putting them to death disappeared again into the jungles. They thus took revenge of execution of Bhai Subeg Singh, Shahbaz Singh from the government officials.

Thus warriors Sikhs also proved that they would not allow the cruel rulers to have their way and that they would soon end the cruel rule and would take over the control of Punjab from rulers.

SAKHI SERIES :- 142 (THE GURU TEACHES ETIQUETTE)

THE GURU TEACHES ETIQUETTE

(Source : http://trilochankaur.blogspot.com)

Once a diwan of the emperor came to meet Guru Har Gobind Sahib Ji. He was a Turk, arrogant because of his position. The Guru was absorbed in some thing, and so did not take notice of him. This indifference enraged the diwan. The idea crossed his mind that he should strike the Guru with his sword and sever his head from the body. The Guru who was all knowing, saw what was going on in the diwan's mind.

The emperor had commissioned him for a particular expedition, in which he had been defeated and forced to flee. As he thought of using the sword, the Guru looked towards him, and said, "You did not strike when you should have done it. But at a saint's place, where you are supposed to pay obeisance, you want to use your sword. Whence did you buy this advice? Go and return it to whoever sold it to you. This is useless."

At this the diwan fell at the Guru's feet and said, "0 Guru, I made a grievous error. Forgive me for the ignoble thought. You are in reality, the "Sache Pathshah" (True Emperor). Nothing is hidden from you. You are rightly known as the True emperor. There is no exaggeration in this. I crave your forgiveness."

Guru ji remarked, "Listen, diwan, when you goto a saint, regard him as the image of the Creator. Do not take him to be a mere human being. If you approach him with wicked thoughts, your sword will clash with his far more powerful one, which will strike you dead, while your sword is in your hand. Such are the powers of the saints. They are not powerless. I forgive you. But do not forget the etiquette to be observed in the presence of masters. The more you respect them, the better it will be for you. The rest is up to you."

Waheguru ....

SAKHI SERIES :- 143 (DESTINY ACHIEVED THROUGH PRAYER)

DESTINY ACHIEVED THROUGH PRAYER

(Source : http://trilochankaur.blogspot.com)

One summer when the Guru was travelling, he reached a garden where he camped for the day. It so happened that the king's pir (spiritual advisor), was also camping at the same place. Thus the Pir had a chance to meet Guru Baba. The pir called on the Guru, who seated him with due courtesy by his side. There was a town nearby where a number of Sikhs of the Guru lived. When they heard of the Guru's arrival at the garden, they all flocked to see the Guru with offerings of clothes, arms and money, besides food. The offerings were formally dedicated to the Guru and prayed for blessings, success in temporal pursuits, protection from evil, and the boon of Naam.

The Pir watched the proceedings for the whole day, and then put this question the Guru, "In our scriptures it is said that whatever is destined is bound to happen. Something else can happen, only if what has been done previously is wrong. Since what has been done, cannot be wrong, there is no scope for anything else happening. So, when the Sikhs pray before you for success in their endeavours, what do they pray for, since nothing else can happen except what is destined?" After hearing the pir's question the Guru took out his seal. He applied ink to the seal and stamped it on a piece of paper.

"Pir ji, this is the answer to your question," replied the Guru. "Kindly explain this to me," said the pir. "The letters on the seal were already there. These have not been written now. But the writer knew that when the seal bows its head to touch the paper, the reverse letters will become straight and get stamped on it. Similarly, the Creator has made this provision in one's destiny, so that when one appear before the Guru / Sangat in humility and performs service / sewa, his adverse destiny is corrected. All his problems are solved. This reversal is as per destiny, and not otherwise. Thus, whatever has been said in your scriptures is correct. Nothing less and nothing more." At this answer the pir was very happy.

SAKHI SERIES :- 144 (BLESSING OF SANGAT)

BLESSING OF SANGAT

Once the State Governor (subedar) came to see the Guru with the question "O Guru, when you are pleased with a Sikh, what do you give him?"
"When I am pleased with a Sikh, I send to his house one who is dear to me", replied the Guru.

"Guruji, if you are very pleased with a Sikh, then what do you give him'!,'
"When I am more pleased with a Sikh, I send to his house, two of my dear ones."
"And if, Guruji, you are still more pleased, what would you give him?"
"In that case I would send three of my dear ones to his house."
The subedar continued to repeat his question, until the Guru had raised the number of dear ones to ten.

"When you send ten dear ones to a Sikh, what does the Sikh gain out of it?"
"The more the dear ones that visit a Sikh, the more is the praise and discussion of the Lord. In the company of saints, spiritual discussion automatically takes place. Whatever the Sikh hears will stay in his mind, and ultimately liberate him from the cycle of birth and death. At the same time his livelihood will flourish, and his family will also follow his example in serving the saintly persons, to become pure like him. Such are the benefits of a saint's visit." The reply pleased the subedur.

s**aa**dhh**oo** dhh**oo**r karo n**i**th majan sabh k**i**lab**i**kh p**aa**p gav**aa**e**i**n ||
I take my daily cleansing bath in the dust of the feet of the Holy, and I am rid of all my sins.

SAKHI SERIES :- 145 (BHAI ABDULLAH AND BHAI NATHA)

Bhai Abdullah and Bhai Natha

Bhai Abdullah and Bhai Natha were the famous dhadhis employed by Guru Hargobind to sing vars (heroic ballads) at the Akal Takht Sahib. Bhai Abdulla's full name was Mir Abdullah. He belonged to the village of Sursing, District Amritsar and was an expert rabab-player. His companion, Bhai Natha belonged to Sultanwind, District Amritsar. He played on the dhad. Bhai Abdullah and Bhai Natha were very popular in their time. They, it is said composed many heroic ballads.

Guru Arjan Dev ji had been brutally tortured and embraced martyrdom, becoming an example for the Panth. The Sikhs were grief-struck and felt a sense of despair. The small Panth of Guru Nanak had been targeted by the mighty power of the Mughals.

Guru Hargobind Sahib ji, became the next Guru. In front of all the gathered Sikhs, Baba Buddha jee put the two swords of meeri and peeri on Guru Hargobind Sahib ji. Guru Sahib was dressed like an emperor and there was a kalgi (aigrette) on his dastaar.

The Dhadis, Bhai Abdullah and Bhai Nath Mal, at the hukam of Guru Hargobind Sahib ji sang a vaar filled with bir ras.

Then, Guru Hargobind Sahib rose and gave his first sermon to the Sikhs:

Today the offerings that are beloved to me are good weapons and good youth. If you want my happiness, then exercise your bodies, wrestle, play gatka, learn to ride horses. Weakness is now a crime to the Nation that cannot be forgiven for anyone. You will take up the sword and I now wear the sword so that the swords of tyranny and oppression will stop forever.

You have all come from far and wide today. The cool tranquillity has been stolen from not just your heart and my heart, but from the entire world. Our swords will not rest until we bring this

oppression to an end.

Make day and night one. Go into the villages and light the inferno of revolution. Tell the people that we need their youth. Only that is a good youth that sacrifices itself for the cause of the Nation. We need sacred hearts and pure minds. We need Saint Soldiers. Enshrine waheguru in your hearts. We fear death because we have not experienced true life. We feel worry because we have not enjoyed a taste of life. We feel fear because our destination and goal seems so far off. But if you challenge death, death will flee from you. If you learn to walk with your heads held high then worry will depart. If you are determined to walk, the destination will not be so far away. Have faith in Waheguru and all fears will vanish. If fear has left you then even death will seem like bliss.

Guru jee continued,

Do not think that you are too few. You are all like springs. Oceans flow out of these very springs. There are hundreds of thousands of springs like you in our Nation. When you come together and flow forward, you will create a flood.

A small and insignificant piece of wood, when made into a match, can light the entire jungle on fire. But you are humans! And furthermore, those humans whose heart has just now been scorched on hot iron plates [reference to shahidi of Guru Arjan Dev jee].

Addressing the poets in the Sangat, Guru Sahib said,

See, God has given you the gift of poetry. When nations are built, you are the foundations. Stop all these other untimely songs and work to bring the Nation out of this deep dark pit. Tell those stories which will make the people willing to lose their skin like they would be willing to change their clothes. Fill the people of our Nation with the spirit and fervor to be like moths so they will sacrifice themselves in the flames of true cause.

Our blood has become cold. Tell us stories of Shahidi and become the furnaces that will boil our blood. Give us the passion to make the trampled Punjab and our crushed Nation rise to its feet once again.

Speaking to the Dhadis(Bhai Abdullah and Bhai Natha), Guru Sahib said,

Now is the time that your instruments should call out a challenge. Your notes should stir the Nation. The beat of your dhads should awaken the people and the bells on your bows should make hearts fill with the zeal of sacrifice

SAKHI SERIES :- 146 (HAM PAAPEE PAATHHAR NEER DUBATH KAR KIRAPAA PAAKHAN HAM THAAREE)

Ham Paapee Paathhar Neer Dubath Kar Kirapaa Paakhan Ham Thaaree

(Source : http://www.sikhsangat.com - Very loose translation from Giani Pritam Singh Ji's book Gian Kirnan)

gurasikhaa kae muh oujalae karae har piaaraa gur kaa jaikaar sa(n)saar sabhath karaeae ||
The Beloved Lord makes the faces of His GurSikhs radiant; He makes the whole world applaud and acclaim the Guru.

jan naanak har kaa dhaas hai har dhaasan kee har paij rakhaaeae ||2||
Servant Nanak is the slave of the Lord; the Lord Himself preserves the honor of His slave. ||2|| (Guru Granth Sahib ji, Ang 308)

In Ludhiana there is a village called Pakhowal. In this village there is a Gurudwara Sahib that is situated towards the place where the sun sets. Behind the Prakash Asthan of Satguru Sri Guru

Granth Sahib Ji Maharaj there was a wall which had neither a door nor a window. As a consequence of this no air or sunlight would come into the Gurudwara Sahib from this direction.

When Sant Gurbachan Singh Ji Khalsa saw this he immediately told the Singhs of the village that due to this wall the Prakash Asthan of Guru Sahib did not receive any wind. He then went on to request the Singhs to donate the land behind this wall to the Gurudwara Sahib so that a door could be built to allow air to come in towards the Prakash Asthan.

The Singh who owned this land listened to Sant Ji and immediately after doing an ardas to Guru Sahib donated the land. In this way the Singhs managed to build some windows and a door in this wall which allowed cool air to come in towards Guru Ji's Prakash Asthan. When Sant Ji saw this seva was completed he was very happy and said, "Brothers in the same way that you have opened Guru Sahib's door he will also open your doors".

In the house of the Singh who had donated the land to the Gurudwara Sahib there were no children. Sometime after he had done this seva the Singh and his wife were blessed by Satguru Sri Guru Granth Sahib Ji Maharaj with a baby boy.

May Dhan Dhan Dhan Dhan Dhan Dhan Satguru Sri Guru Granth Sahib Ji bless us with seva as well and open our doors.

SAKHI SERIES :- 147 (HAMRI KARO HATH DAI RACHHA)

Hamri Karo Hath Dai Rachha

(Source: http://www.sikhsangat.com - Taken from One of Bhai Balwinder Singh Ji's tapes)

One time an old Gursikh and his granddaughter were travelling to Sachkhand Sri Anandpur Sahib to be blessed with the holy darshan of Dhan Dhan Satguru Sri Guru Gobind Singh Ji Maharaj.

As they made their way through the jungles which surrounded Sachkhand Sri Anandpur Sahib they got lost in the darkness. They then began to look for some place to take shelter as it had also begun to rain. They walked for a while and noticed a fire burning in the distance. They decided to walk towards the fire and ask someone for directions and for shelter from the rain.

As they approached the fire they saw a pathan standing there. They greeted the pathan who stared at them. He looked at the granddaughter and bad thoughts began to go through his mind. Without a second thought he took out his sword out of its scabbard and began to wave it towards the old Gursikh.

The granddaughter who noticed this began to recite, "Hamri karo hath dai rachha."

As she uttered this pankti a bow was plucked and a golden tipped arrow began to cut through the jungle and the sky before piercing the neck of the pathan.

A few moments later the thud of horses galloping was heard. Soon an army clad in blue robes and iron weapons began to manifest with Satguru Sri Guru Gobind Singh Ji Maharaj at the front. As soon as the old Gursikh and his granddaughter caught a glimpse of Guru Sahib and his ladlee fauj they fell to the floor with tears of happiness in their eyes. Maharaj smiled, dismounted from his horse and held his two beloved Sikhs as he took them back home to Sachkhand Sri Anandpur Sahib with him.

SAKHI SERIES :- 148 (BHAGAT RAVIDAS JI IN CHITAUR)

Bhagat Ravidas ji in Chitaur

An important aspect of the universality of Guru Granth Sahib is its inclusion of verses of fifteen *Bhagats*, or mystics, belonging to different traditions, times and territories. The only yardstick for selection was their belief and practice based on the oneness of God and equality of humanity. Their philosophy of rejecting futile rituals and relying solely on devotional love, or *Nam Simran*, to merge with the formless, uncreated Creator was similar to that of the Gurus.

One of these Bhagats is Bhagat Ravidas ji,

Ravidas ji's selfless devotion and casteless love for humanity spread far and wide. In the course of his spiritual quest, he reached a stage when he discarded images and idols and turned to the worship of the one supreme being.

ਰਵਿਦਾਸੁ ਚਮਾਰੁ ਉਸਤਿਤ ਕਰੇ ਹਰਿ ਕੀਰਤਿ ਨਿਮਖ ਇਕ ਗਾਇ ॥ (733-9, ਸੂਹੀ, ਮਹਲਾ 4)

Ravi Das, the leather-worker, praised the Lord, and sang the Kirtan of His Praises each and every instant.

ਪਤਿਤ ਜਾਤਿ ਉਤਮੁ ਭਇਆ ਚਾਰਿ ਵਰਨ ਪਏ ਪਗਿ ਆਇ ॥2॥ (733-9, ਸੂਹੀ, ਮਹਲਾ 4)

Although he was of low social status, he was exalted and elevated, and people of all four castes came and bowed at his feet. ||2||

Maharani Jhally of Chitaur was a noble woman of benevolence and piety. Her ardency brought her to Benares on a pilgrimage. In spite of the disapproval of the Brahmin priests, she straight-away went to the Bhagat Ravidas ji. Ravidas ji was in his ecclesiastic benediction at the time, and was reciting hymns.

Maharani was captivated. Eventually she became his disciple and abandoned all her luxurious set up. Her husband, the Maharana, had been instigated against her adopting a cobble as her Guru. He was full of rage when she returned. He was pacified by listening to some of the hymns of Bhagat Ravidas ji but still wanted to put the Bhagat ji through a test to invalidate the allegations of the Brahmins. The Bhagat was invited to Chitaur and requested to participate in an oblation(an offering). The Brahmin priests refused to eat while a cobbler (person form lower caste) was seated in the same column of rows.

Bhagat Ravidas ji voluntarily moved away. But, miraculously every person distributing food looked like Bhagat Ravidas ji to the Brahmins (Another account states when the Brahmins sat down to eat, they saw Ravidas ji seated between every two of them). They complained to Maharaja. Maharaja comprehended the hidden meaning of this marvel, and himself became an ardent devotee.

"The milk has been contaminated by the suckling calf
The flower has been defiled by the bumblebee,
The fish have polluted the water
O mother, from where should I get clean offerings to worship God?"
"Let me offer my body and mind in worship
By the grace of Guru shall I attain immaculate God." *(GGS ji, Ang.525)*

SAKHI SERIES :- 149 (GANIKA PAAPAN SWAM ACROSS THE WORLDLY OCEAN)

Ganika Paapan Swam Across the Worldly Ocean

(Source :Panthic Weekly)

gank**aa** p**aa** pan h**o**ek **ai** p**aa** p**aa(n)** d **aa** gal h**aa** r par**o**t **aa**||
Gankaa was a sinful prostitute who wore the necklace of misdeeds around her neck.
(Vaaran Bhai Gurdaas Ji, page 10)

Ganika 'Paapan' (female gender for sinner) was a prostitute who indulged in worldly pleasure. Her whole life was spent doing many unsavory deeds. She never recited God's Name. She was a prostitute by profession but not necessarily because she needed the money to survive but did it out of pleasure and enjoyment.

ਮਹਾਂ ਪੁਰਖ ਅਚਾਣਚਕ ਗਣਕਾ ਵਾੜੇ ਆਇ ਖਲੋਤਾ॥

Mah**aa(n)** p**u** rakh ach**aa**nachak gank **aa** v**aa** rr**ae** **aa**e kal**o** t**aa**||
Once a great man was passing by who halted in her courtyard.

One day as it was raining heavily, a 'Saadhoo' (pious person seeking God) happened by chance to come by her house. He did not know who lived there. Ganika answered and saw that a Saadhoo had come to her doorstep. She danced to the kitchen and all the way back to the Saadhoo with a glass of milk in hand . From previous lives she had accumulated good Karma the fruits of which she would now receive. She would be blessed with an opportunity for salvation.

The Saadhoo asked Ganika, "O daughter, what do you do for a living?" Ganika became embarrassed and said, "Forgive me, my karma is low. I am unfortunate as I am a prostitute."

The Saadhoo refused to drink the milk. "I cannot drink milk given by someone who earns their livelihood through corrupt, immoral means."

Ganika was moved and saddened that the Saadhoo refused to drink the milk. She pleaded with the Saadhoo, "Please drink the glass of milk. I will feel bad if you won't drink it. What must I do for you to agree to drink it?"

Seeing her bad plight he became compassionate and offered her a special parrot.

r **aa**m n**aa** m **u**pd **e**s kar, kh**e** l g**iaa** d **e** vanaj so**u** t**aa**||
He told her to teach the parrot to repeat the name of Ram. Having made her understand this fruitful trade he then went away.

Then the Saadhoo said, "I will drink the milk, if you make one promise."

"Which is?" asked Ganika.

The Saadhoo answered, "I will give you my parrot. I want you to promise to teach the parrot how to repeat 'Raam' (He who pervades everything) " And with that, the Saadhoo departed from her house.

l**i** v l**aa** g**ee** th**i** s th**o** th**i**ah **u**(n) n**i** th parrh**aa**e **ae** kar**ai** as**o**th **aa**||
Each and every day, with full concentration, she would teach the parrot to say Ram.

Ganika began teaching the parrot as per the Saadhoo's instruction. The parrot was a slow learner. It required intense effort of repetition of 'Ram' for the parrot to learn. Day and night she persevered.

pat **i**t **u** dh**aa**ran r **aa**m n**aa** m, d**u**rmat p **aa**p kal**e**var dh **o**t**aa** ||
The name of Lord is the liberator of the fallen ones. It washed away her evil wisdom and deeds.

Repeating 'Raam' had a wonderful positive effect on Ganika. As she taught the parrot then

also her spirits were uplifted . In time, the parrot learned to say Raam perfectly. By then it had also become an ingrained practice for her to repeat 'Ram' and she did so all day.

antk**aa** l jam j**aa** l t**o**rr, narak **ai** v**i** ch na k**aa**dh **u**s g**o** t**aa**||
At the time of death, it cut away the noose of Yama - the messenger of death she did not have to drown in the ocean of hell.

g**e-ee** b**ai** k**u**nt b **i**b**aa** n charrh n**aa**o n **aa**r**aai** n chh**o**t achh **o**t**aa** ||
Due to the elixir of name (of the Lord) she became totally devoid of sins and was lifted to the heavens.

thh**aa** o**u** (n) n**i**thh **aa**v**ae** (n) m**aa**n man **o**th**aa** ||
The name (of the Lord) is the last refuge of the shelterless ones.

Repeating **"**Raam Raam Raam Raam Raam....**"**,Ganika's mind was purified and her past misdeeds were washed away. Her karmic account had cleared by the time of her death and thus she was freed from the cycle of reincarnation.

j**i**h s**i**mrat gank**aa** s**ee** **u**dhr**ee** t**aa** k**o** jas **u**r dh**aa**r**o** ||1|| reh**aa**o ||
Meditating on Him in remembrance, Ganika the prostitute was saved; enshrine His Praises within your heart. ||1||Pause||

(Sri Guru Granth Sahib Ji, ang 632)

Her dedicated repitition of 'Ram' became a deep meditation of God through which she attained her salvation despite her occupation and how she had spent her life. As she was cleansed then saved, enshrining His praises, so can anyone else be also blessed with salvation

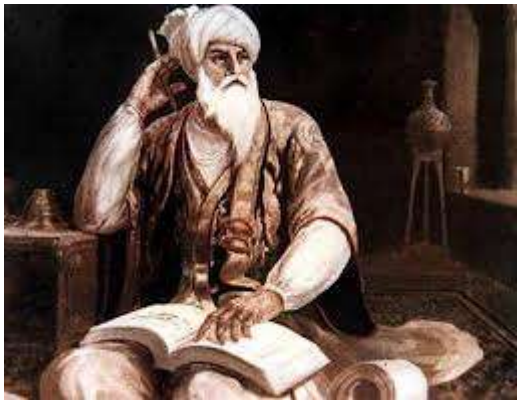
SAKHI SERIES :- 150 (STONE, NITNEM AND WORLD OCEAN)

Guru Gobind Singh ji Maharaj and Bhai Nand Lal ji

Guru Gobind Singh Jee was sitting in the congregation with Sangat. He had with him a stone and a bucket full of water. He threw the stone into the bucket and the stone sunk to the bottom. He then asked the Sangat why the stone sunk?

One person said that it sunk because it was a stone … a stone always sinks. But Guru Jee asked why is it that the stone sunk? Another Sangatee responded that it was going to sink because it is heavy … a heavy object will always sink in water. Guru Sahib Jee responded that this was not the right answer. He asked people to give the right answer. No-one had a clue - they could not overcome their scientific way of thinking.

Finally, Guru Gobind Singh Jee turned to Bhai Nand Lal Jee. Bhai Nand Lal Jee was sitting at the bottom of Guru Jee's Takhat, and as soon as Guru Jee asked him, Bhai Nand Lal Jee started crying. Guru Jee said "Nand Lal, why are you crying? Give an answer to my question."



Bhai Nand Lal Jee responded, "when the stone was with you, it was afloat in this world. When the stone left you, it sunk." Guru Gobind Singh Jee was very happy with Bhai Nand Lal Jee and gave him a tight embrace.

Guru Jee gave this as an example of what happens to us when we leave the Guru. When we leave the True Guru, we all sink. When we stay with the Guru,

Guru Sahib carries us across the Ocean to Waheguroo.

How can we stay with Guru Sahib so that we too are carried across the Ocean? We must submit ourselves to him by taking Khande-Battae-Da-Amrit. We must try and follow the Rehits provided to us by Guru Sahib … each and everyone is designed to be carried across.

We must follow the Nitnem routine provided to us by Guru Jee. Baba Nand Singh Jee used to say that when we do Nitnem, we offer our arm out to Guru Jee to carry us across. By doing Nitnem, Guru Nanak Dev Jee will never let go of our arm. But when we fail in our Nitnem, we take away our offering arm. How can Guru Jee carry us across then?

When we immerse ourselves in the Shabad, there is nothing that can cause us to sink, since the Shabad forms a protection barrier all around us to carry us across.

gur kaa sabadh rakhavaarae || choukee chougiradh hamaarae ||
The Word of the Guru's Shabad is my Saving Grace.
It is a guardian posted on all four sides around me.

SAKHI SERIES :- 151 (KING AMBARIS AND DURVASA)

King Ambaris and Durvasa
The Sakhi about King Ambaris and Durvasa is recorded by Bhai Gurdas Ji in his Waars:

This Shabad is by Bhai Gurdaas Ji in Vaars Bhai Gurdaas on Pannaa 10

a(n)bar**ee**k m**u**h**i** varath h**ai** r**aa**th p**ee** dh**u**rab**aa**s**aa** **aa**e**iaa**||
One evening while King Ambaris was fasting he was visited by sage Durvasa.

bh**ee**rr**aa** ous o**u**p**aa**ran**aa** ouah**u** o**u**t(h) nh**aa**van nadh**ee** s**i**dhh**aa**e**iaa**||
The King was to break his fast while serving Durvasa but the rishi went to the riverbank to take a bath.

charan**o**dhak l**ai** p**o**kh**iaa** ouh**u** sar**aa**p dh**ae**n n**o** dhh**aa**e**iaa**||
Fearing the change of date (which would deem his fast fruitless), the King broke his fast by drinking the water which he had poured on the feet of the rishi. When the rishi realised that the King had not served him first, he ran to curse the King.

chakr s**u**dharasan k**aa**l r**oo**p h**o**e bh**ee**h**aa**val garab gav**aa**e**iaa**||
On this, Vishnu ordered his death like disc to move towards Durvasa and thus the ego of Durvasa was removed.

br**aa**mhan bha(n)n**aa** j**ee**o l**ai** rakh n ha(n)ghan dh**ae**v sab**aa**e**iaa**||
Now Brahmin Durvasa ran for his life. Even the Gods and deities could not afford him shelter.

e**i**(n)dhr l**o**k s**i**v l**o**k thaj breham l**o**k b**ai**k**u**(n)t(h) thaj**aa**e**iaa**||
He was avoided in the abodes of Indra, Siva, Brahma and the heavens.

dh**ae**vath**i**a**a(n)** bhagav**aa**n san s**i**kh dh**ae**e sabhan**aa(n)** samajh**aa**e**iaa**||
Gods and God made him understand (that none except Ambaris could save him).

aae pae**iaa** saran**aa**gath**ee** m**aa**r**ee**dh**aa** a(n)bar**ee**k shhadd**aa**e**iaa**||
Then he surrendered before Ambaris and Ambaris saved the dying sage.

bhagath vashhal jag b**i**radh sadh**aa**e**iaa** ||4||
The Lord God came to be known in the world as benevolent to devotees.(4)

King Ambarish was an atmanivedi - a humble servant of the Lord. Both he and his queen were performing great austerities. For twelve months they had fasted on every ekadashi, not even drinking water. Their fast would end on Kartik sud 12. On the morning of the twelfth, Sage Durvasa and one hundred of his disciples arrived at King Ambarish's palace. Ambarish was overjoyed. He fell at their feet and welcomed them. He said, ''Today my ekadashi fast ends, and on this day you have also graced my palace. Indeed, I am very fortunate! Please dine here today.'' Durvasa replied, ''We'll first go to the river for a bath and then return.''

Durvasa and his disciples went to the river. Durvasa and his disciples bathed for a long time. But the sacred time for ending the fast was near. The king's Brahmins advised him, ''The muhurt is passing. It is best you eat and so end the fast.'' Ambarish said, ''I shall eat when Durvasa returns.'' The Brahmins replied, ''But it is getting late. Only a few moments are left now. If you eat afterwards you will not receive the fruits of your fast.'' Ambarish was troubled. But Brahmins are very clever.

They found an easy answer. They said, ''Eat a sanctified tulsi leaf. In this way it can be said you have ended your fast, and yet it can also be said that you haven't eaten a meal!'' On the Brahmins' advice Ambarish placed a tulsi leaf in his mouth. Just then Durvasa and his disciples arrived. They discovered that Ambarish had completed his fast in their absence. Durvasa never needs to search for anger.

It's always with him as his constant companion. He shouted. ''Ambarish, you are known as a great devotee, yet you have no idea of how to treat your guests! Why did you eat alone without us!'' Ambarish touched Durvasa's feet in apology. He said, ''Only to safeguard the muhurt have I placed a leaf of tulsi in my mouth. The banquet is ready. Come, let us dine together.''

But would Durvasa listen? No! He was the very incarnation of anger. Cursing Ambarish he cried, ''You shall have to suffer the fruits of insulting me.'' Saying this he plucked a hair from his head and transformed it into a demonness. He commanded her to beat Ambarish.

Now, Ambarish was truly a great devotee of the Lord. He stood with hands joined in humility. The Lord placed his special weapon the Sudarshan Chakra - in Ambarish's protection. The Sudarshan Chakra began to spin. Its bright light burnt the demonness to ashes. It then moved towards Durvasa to burn him as well. Durvasa saw this. He became frightened and clenched his fists and began to run for his dear life. The Chakra chased him everywhere.

Screaming Durvasa went to Lord Shiva and asked that he be saved from the Sudarshan Chakra. Shiva replied, ''I cannot turn the Chakra back. It belongs to Lord Vishnu. Go to him.'' For a whole year Durvasa ran. He finally went to Lord Vishnu crying. "Save me! Save me!'' He begged, ''Lord, I cannot suffer the light from your Sudarshan Chakra anymore. I'm burning. Please call the Chakra off.'' God said, ''Durvasa, once my Chakra has been thrown at a person it never returns without killing him. I have no solution.'' Durvasa began to weep.

God said to him, ''No good will be done by weeping. But yes, there is one way of saving yourself.''

''Lord! Quick tell me.''

''But will you be able to do it?''

''Lord, if my life can be saved anything and everything will be done!'' said Durvasa, in a humble voice.

God explained to Durvasa, ''You have insulted my devotee, Ambarish. Humbly go to him and fall at his feet. If he forgives you then the Chakra will return to Me.''

To live, Durvasa had no other option. And so after a year of battering, Durvasa went to

Ambarish. From the moment Durvasa had run away, with the Chakra chasing him King Ambarish had remained standing at the place he had been insulted. He had not eaten or drunk anything.

He fell at King Ambarish's feet. Ambarish pulled his feet away and raised Durvasa. He said, ''King of Sages, your falling at my feet is not right.''

Durvasa replied, ''Ambarish, you are a true devotee of the Lord. I have insulted you. Please forgive me. Save me from the Sudarshan Chakra.''

King Ambarish prayed to the Sudarshan Chakra and said, ''If the love and respect I have for Durvasa at this moment are the same as they were when he first came to my palace, then, Oh Sudarshan Chakra! Please return to the Lord.'' The Sudarshan Chakra returned to Lord Vishnu at once.

Durvasa was tremendously relieved. Then both he and Ambarish together went to the banquet hall.

The Lord cannot tolerate an insult thrown upon a great devotee of His. So never take fault with any devotee. Being humble before such a devotee pleases the Lord.

Waheguru Ji Ka Khalsa Waheguru Ji Ki Fateh

SAKHI SERIES :- 152 (BHAI SUTHRAA JI)

Bhai Suthraa Ji

One day Miri Piri De Malk Maharaj Sri Guru Hargobind Sahib Ji was walking with some sevadars, and heard a crying baby. Maharaj asked a sevadar to find where the crying was coming from. The sevadar came back, saying it was a baby crying, so maharaj told the sikh to bring the baby.

When they brought the baby, the sikhs said "maharaj, this baby is kuthraa (ugly)" for he was disformed. Maharaj took the baby in his lap, and said,
"No, he's not kuthraa, but Suthraa (handsome/beautiful)", and instantaneously, the child became quite a beautiful baby.

Bhai Suthraa served the gurus from Sri Guru Hargobind Sahib Ji up to Sri Guru Gobind Singh ji, and was renowned for his wise humor.

During divaan one day, kathaa was going on. Bhai Suthraa was also seated there, and began cussing at the sangat in a loud voices, so some Sikhs went to complain to guruji.

"Maharaj, Bhai Suthraa is being disruptive and cursing vulgarly"
"What did he say?"
So the Sikhs listed all the ways in which Suthraa was being disruptive, listing all the names he called them.
"hmm. Go call bhai Suthraa then,"
So Bhai Suthraa was brought in Maharaj's hajoori.
"Suthriaa! These Sikhs of mine have complaining about you"
"Maharaj, they are not your Sikhs, but mine"
"ROFL! What?!"
"They are my Sikhs, maharaj. Anyhow, ask them what i said to them"
"...oohh kiieee... So. Sikho, what exactly did Bhai Suthraa say to you?"
And the Sikhs once again listed all the insults they received from Bhai Suthraa.
"Now ask them, at the time that I was cursing them, what vichar was going on?"
"You heard him Sikho. What was being discussed during the divaan?"
The Sikhs had no clue

"Guru ji, we dont really recall..."

"Therefore maharaj, with all due respect, these people are my Sikhs, for during divaan they only remembered what i told them, and not what you were teaching"

The Sikhs relaised what Bhai Suthraa wanted to say

SAKHI SERIES :- 153 (BHAI BHARU AND GURU HAR GOBIND SAHIB JI)

Bhai Bharu and Guru Har Gobind Sahib ji

In the beautiful hills of the Punjab there was a fine temple of the goddess of power, in it stood a statue of the goddess. Every year thousands of people visited this temple and worshipped her. A fair was held every year to pay homage to the goddess. People from all over India came to this temple to worship during the fair. Even some Rajahs (Rulers) from the Hills attended the fair. The Rajahs usually brought money and rich offerings for the goddess. These offerings were collected by cunning priests who spent them lavishly for their personal enjoyment and not for the common good.

Sri Guru Har Gobind Sahib Ji Maharaj and his Sikhs went to one such fair to preach the Guru's way. The fair was in full swing. The Guru's Darbar (Holy Congregation) was on one side of the fair in an open space. The musicians were singing hymns in praise of God. They sang Shabads (Holy verses) from the Holy Granth. The soul-stirring hymns touched everybody's heart. People were attracted to the Guru's camp in such great numbers that only a few were left in the temple. Even the Rajahs came down to listen to the Guru's teachings.

Finding only a few people in the temple, a man named Bharu entered and pushed his way towards the idol. He struck the idol's nose with something hard and broke it off. Before the priests could catch him, the man ran out of the temple towards the Guru's Darbar. There was a sudden noise and people were running towards the Darbar after Bharu. A strong man from the Guru's Darbar stood up and caught him. People thought that he was a thief. In a few minutes, the priests also arrived and Bharu was presented to a Rajah sitting there in the Guru's court. The priest told the whole story to the Guru, the Rajah, and all the people who had gathered there. On hearing about the damage to the idol, the Rajah was so furious that he did not even listen to Bharu's side of the story and he ordered him to be stoned to death. The people took hold of the culprit and tried to drag him away but the Guru intervened and said, "It is better that we should listen to both sides of the story and then see if the man really deserves this punishment." The Guru thereupon asked both men to tell the truth. The priest spoke first :

Priest: This man is a great sinner; he has broken the nose of the goddess and he really deserves to be stoned to death.

Bhai Bharu: This is wrong. I haven't committed any Crime.

Priest: It is a crime to break the idol, isn't it?

Bhai Bharu: I don't know who you are and I haven't done any wrong to you. If I smashed the idol it is an affair between me and the idol. Let the idol say what it likes.

Priest: The idol is made of stone, how can it speak? If it were alive it would have caught and punished you there and then.

Bhai Bharu: If it cannot speak or defend itself, how can it speak to you and save the people or give them what

they want? My sin is no worse than breaking the handle of a tea cup.

At this the priest could not say anything. Bhai Bharu's words made the people laugh and they really understood the idea behind what he said. Sri Guru Har Gobind Sahib Ji Maharaj, however, did not like all this and spoke out kindly, "Listen my friends," he said, "It is really no good worshipping idols. Man should worship God who has made living idols like us all. But breaking an idol is not good. We must have respect and regard for other people's religion and way of worship. Breaking an idol with hatred is like breaking a heart, and the heart is the house of God. So by smashing the idol Bharu has commited a mistake. He must apologise for what he has done and repair the idol."

Bhai Bharu was convinced of the Guru's point of view and asked to be pardoned. The people agreed to forgive him on condition that he never broke an idol again. Bhai Bharu gave his word and also repaired the broken idol. Very soon afterwards he became the Sikh of Sri Guru Har Gobind Sahib Ji Maharaj.

SAKHI SERIES :- 154 (PAINDE KHAN : THE PATHTHAN OF THE GURU)

PAINDE-KHAN : THE PATTHAN OF THE GURU

(Source : http://www.panthic.org)

Painda Khan, was the son of Fateh Khan, an Afghan resident of the village of Alimpur, 7 km northeast of Kartarpur in the present Jalandhar district of the Punjab. His parents died while he was still very young, and he was brought up by his maternal uncle, Isma'ill Khan, of Vadda Mir, near Kartarpur.

According to Gurbilas Chhevin Patshahi, Isma'il Khan, along with his 16-year old nephew and some other Pathans of his village, once accompanied a Sikh sangat proceeding to Amritsar on the occasion of Divali to see Guru Hargobind. The Guru, pleased with the manly demeanour of Painda Khan, engaged him to be trained as a soldier.

Painda Khan grew up into a brave, hefty warrior and showed his mettle fighting against the imperial troops at Amritsar (1629). Guru Hargobind ji always treated him with special consideration. While at Kartarpur, he had Painda Khan married to an Afghan girl from Chhota Mir, and asked him to stay there with his bride. During his visits to Kartarpur, the Guru would take him out for the chase, and shower him with praise and gifts. Painda Khan was in Guru Hargobind ji's train during his visit to darauli Bhai in 1631.

After the death of Mata Damodari there in November that year, he was told to escort the family back to Kartarpur, while the Guru himself set out on a journey across the Malva tract to meet the sangats. As the Guru arrived at Kartarpur after the battle of Mehraj in December 1634, Painda Khan presented himself and, to quote Bhai Santokh Singh, Sri Gur Pratap Suraj Granth, spoke boastfully: "Had I been there I would not have let the Guru go forward and expose himself to danger, nor would have Bhai Jetha died." About this time Painda Khan married his daughter to asman Khan, an Afghan youth of the village of Chhota Mir itself.

On the occasion of the next Baisakhi, 29 March 1635, Sikhs from far and near came with presents to pay homage to the Guru. Chitra Sain, a rich merchant, presented a beautiful horse, a white hawk, a costly dress and a khande or dual-edged sword. Guru Hargobind gave the hawk to Baba Gurditta, his eldest son, and bestowed the horse, the dress and the sword upon Painda Khan. As the latter went home, elated at having been so honoured by the Guru, his son-in-law, asman Khan, claimed the gifts which Painda Khan reluctantly passed on to him. Asman Khan, donning the dress and sword, went out hunting the following day riding the horse. Baba

Gurditta, with his newly acquired white hawk, also happened to be sporting in the same area. The hawk fell into the hands of Asman Khan, who took it home.

Painda Khan who turned up without wearing the dress gifted to him, denied before the Guru that the gifts had changed hands or that the hawk was in the possession of his son-in-law. Guru Hargobind ji sent a Sikh, Bhai Bidhi Chand, to Chhota Mir, and the gifts along with the hawk were recovered from asman Khan. Annoyed at the exposure of his perjury, Painda Khan openly turned against his patron. With the help of the faujdar of Jalandhar, he attacked the Guru but was defeated in the battle which, according to Bhatt Vahi Multani Sindhi, raged for three days, from 26 to 28 April 1635.

Painda Khan fell to Guru Hargobind's sword on the final day. The Gurbilas Chhevin Patshahi records that, as Painda lay dying, the Guru told him to remember Allah(God), shading with his shield his face from the scorching sun.

SAKHI SERIES :- 155 (AIR MARSHAL SHIVDEV SINGH)

Air Marshal Shivdev Singh

(Source : www.sikhreview.org/)

Air Marshal Shivdev Singh, who died in January, 1994, was the last of the survivors of the batch of 24 Indian Air Force fighter pilots who were seconded to the Royal Air Force, as part of the reinforcement the British desparately needed in 1940 to fight the "Battle of Britain". Flying Sterlings over occupied France and Germany, he was decorated for gallantry in a campaign that had many casualties. He was rushed back home when the Japanese besieged the South-East Asian region and flew the Hurricanes in the Arakans within Burma.

One of the pioneers of the IAF, Shivdev Singh, was responsible for the evacuation of his squadron from Kohat to Chaklala at the time of Partition in 1947. He later moved to Agra to found the transport squadron. Besides flying the political leaders of the day, like Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, Shivdev and his men organised the massive airlift to Srinagar in time to save the Kashmir Valley from Pakistani raiders.

What makes his contribution to the IAF unique is that he was perhaps the most operationally experienced commander. He was in-charge of the IAF's role in "Operation Vijay" in the liberation of Goa. The IAF fighter pilots played no major role in 1962 Sino-Indian conflict. But the subsequent training for air defence operations named "Operation Shiksha", again had Shivdev Singh in command.

The crowning glory was his role as the Vice-Chief, when he master-minded the entire air operations in the 1971 war. Although, the Chief, P.C. Lal got the well-deserved credit, the man at the head of the operation table was Shivdev Singh.

The story going in the IAF circles is that Shivdev Singh almost made it to the top job as Lal's successor. The then Defence Minister, Babu Jagjivan Ram was even supposed to have telephoned him saying, "Let me be the first to congratulate you" - after the appointment had been cleared at the highest level.

But things changed overnight for reasons well beyond the reach of the high-flying IAF brass. Shivdev Singh retired - without any rancour - to his home in Chandigarh, contributing gracefully to public service in resurgent Punjab.

SAKHIS SERIES:- 156 (GURU NANAK SAHIB JI AND BHAI MARDANA JI)

Bhai Mardana Ji and the Rebabi Tradition

(Source : SikhHeritage.co.uk / tape)

The founder Guru Nanak Dev Ji (1469-1539) established the 'Rebabi' tradition in Sikhism. Bhai Mardana, the life long companion of the Guru belonged to a cline of BARDS known in those days as MIRASIS. They commanded a very high respect in all communities throughout the Northern India. A 'Mirasi' was supposed to be the custodian of 'MIRAS' i.e. The Heritage. They would orally recite long poems about the ancestral heritage of a particular family at the time of birth, marriage and death and indeed on all occasions of celebrations both locally and widespread. However the cultural degeneration of Indians, especially Punjabi heritage defamed the title 'Mirasi' and reduced its connotation to a beggar poet till Guru Nanak Sahib ji chose Mardana ji as his companion.

Bhai Kahn Singh Nabha, writes in his 'Mahan Kosh', that the Rebab was previously known as "Narad Veena" or "Ravan Veena". It is the favourite instrument of the sage Narad and Goddess Saraswati. Although this instrument may have divine background, it was Guru Nanak Dev ji and the Sufi Fakirs who have brought this instrument down to the level of the general public. For Guru Nanak Ji the divine singer with this divine instrument was Bhai Mardana. Bhai Mardana was the first person from his childhood who started playing the divine gurbani music with the Rebab, and accompanied Guru Nanak on all his travels with earnest devotion.

Mardana ji was born in 1459 at the village of Rai Bhoi di Talwandi, district Shekhupura (Pakistan). This makes him ten years older than Guru Nanak His father's name was 'Badra' and mother's name was 'Lakho'. It is said that Lakho had six (or some say five) children who had died during birth, and thus she named this seventh child as 'Marjana' (the one who dies), but Guru Nanak started calling him 'Mardana', meaning 'Marda - Na'(the one who wouldn't die).

It is said that one day when Guru ji was passing by he heard the sound of a women in a typical Punjabi slang
" Ve Marjania ve koi kum kar lae , sara din Allah Allah gavnda rahenga , Ve tenu koi kum Allah Allah nal nahi milna , teri kise nu lor nahin "
- O Marjania Go find some work , singing Allah Allah will get you nothing , No one needs you for any job , Now stop this noise and atleast stay quiet ",

On hearing this Satguru ji knocked the door and said , " Bibi , I need people who sing Allah, who can play, praise and stay with Allah" , Thereupon Mardana ji became Satguru ji best friend , life long companion whose duty was to stay with Baba ji , play with Baba ji and pray with Baba ji. Sharing the prayer was their goal.

Today we must learn from our teacher, our Guru ji. When Baba Nanak ji decided to travel there was only one follower. There was no Gurdwara, no Sikh Society, no Sikh king, no Sikh literature. There were no cars, no buses, no luggage, no motels and no restaurants, only two pious souls walking slowly and slowly day and night to share **Dhur ki Bani**. Let us continue the mission. Work goes on and on. Sikhi is not limited or made for Punjab. Gursikhi is an element, a diamond hidden in every human being. Let us break the barriers and identify the hidden Gursikhs around us. We may be surprised by our finds.

"kaljug meh keertan parDhaanaa" - SGGS ji ang 1075
In this Dark Age of Kali Yuga, the Kirtan of the Lord's Praises are most sublime and exalted

SAKHI SERIES :- 157 (BETTER TO DIE THAN TO LIVE ALONE)

Better To Die Than To Live Alone
(Source: Book - FROM THE HEART)

Tulsee Das was a Hindu Saint and was blessed to write the Ramayan scriptures. When he was young he was devoted to reaching God and he struggled slowly on this path. When he got married he was head over heels in love with his beautiful wife, she became the sole reason for his living, everything he did was to please her. One day he surprised her with a gift - she was overwhelmed by his love and said, 'If you were devoted to God half as much as you are to me, I'm sure you would have reached God by now.'

The words struck Tulsee Das to the core and his earlier life of devotion came flooding back to his mind, from that day on God became his sole focus once again.

Many years later when Tulsee Das was old and wise and respected by all in the village as a saint, a Brahmin pirest came to him. He said to Tulsee Das, 'All my life I've preached and read the scriptures, but I haven't met my Beloved Ram. Tell me what I should do?'. Tulsee Das said, 'It's very simple, all you have to do is climb that tall tree and jump off the branch with full faith that Ram will catch you.'

The Brahmin was inspired and climbed the tree, he sat on the branch and looked down at the hard ground below. No matter how hard he tried he couldn't make the leap. Many hours passed and the Village HeadMan (SarPanch) walked by with a bag of money. Noticing the Brahmin he enquired as to what he was doing. The Brahmin explained that Tulsee Das had said that by jumping off the tree Ram would catch him. The SarPanch who was not so religious but had faith quickly said, 'O Brahmin, if you like you may have this bag of money, but give me Tulsee Das's blessing in exchange.'

The Brahmin didn't take too long to think about the offer and was soon off on his way with the bag of money. The SarPanch climbed the tree went across the branch and with full faith in Ram he jumped off. Ram caught him like a baby in its mother's arms.

Sounds too unbelievable to be true? But look for the deeper meaning, there's a very, very important spiritual point to this story. I am like the Brahmin, I do my nitnem prayers and preach to people. I do Waheguru Waheguru meditation and I follow the bits of the Guru's Shabad that I like and ignore the bits that are difficult to apply. I follow half of the Hukam, God's Order, and my life trickles away like this then I wonder why I haven't met Waheguru ji. When my brother comes to me with a great business opportunity my focus becomes how I can make lots and lots of money and in the background I rush my nitnem and Waheguru Waheguru meditation. My life trickles away like this and I wonder why I haven't met Waheguru ji.

But one day with Guru Ji's great kirpa, I hear the story of Tulsee Das. Now I realise I am like the Brahmin, I have lots of things to live for and I am scared of dying. Guru Nanak Ji says *'I have no anxiety about dying, and no hope of living.'* (Ang20). Why is Guru Nanak Ji so brave? Because he has full faith that Waheguru ji is looking after *him*
'SIREE RAAG, FIRST MEHL: I have no anxiety about dying, and no hope of living. You are the Cherisher of all beings; You keep the account of our breaths and morsels of food. You abide within the Gurmukh. As it pleases You, You decide our allotment. || 1 ||'

So in my ardas, 'Guru Granth Sahib Jee you have given your blessing like Tulsee Das gave to the Brahmin. Give me full faith in your Gurbanee Words like the SarPanch had full faith in what Tulsee Das said. Baba Ji may I follow your words 100% and if it kills me then I have faith Waheguru ji You yourself will catch me.'

SAKHI SERIES :- 158 (TRUE LIVING)

True Living

(Source : http://sikhyouth.com)

Setha, Gobinda and Bhaga were three rich merchants. They lived at Chaniot - a small town in Pakistan. All the three brothers were Hindus and the offered Sharadhs every year. They gave corn, clothes and coins to the Brahmans as Dakshana (offering). Sometimes they wondered if all these things were really reached their forefathers in the next world. One day they came to Guru Arjan to find out his views about the Sharadhs and Dakshana.

"O Guru," said Gobinda "We give Dakshana to the Brahmans in the name of our dear forefathers every year. Tell us whether all this reaches our forefathers or not?" "No man can tell whether your forefathers are in heaven or hell." said the Guru smilingly. "No one can tell which Brahman will go to heaven and which to hell? Stop thinking about such things and stop offering Sharadhs. Work hard, tell the truth, help others and remember God."

The three brothers agreed to act upon the Guru's advice and were satisfied, but there was another man, named Chuhar, who couldn't understand the Guru's advice. He said "Sir, how can a merchant like myself and people like Gobinda always speak the truth? Merchants have to tell many lies between sunrise and sunset every day."

"Go back to your village, Chuhar," said the Guru. "Do your trading and try to act upon my advice. Everyday count your lies and good deeds, write them down on a piece of paper and show me that paper at the end of every month." Chuhar agreed to act upon the Guru's advice and went away.

From that day onwards Chuhar counted and wrote down his lies and good deeds on a piece of paper. At the end of a month he came with it and showed it to the Guru The Guru asked him to read it out to the Sikhs and Chuhar did so. He had done no good deeds and had told a number of lies. He felt small and thought that he should have done better. The Guru however smiled and said, "Chuhar, leave your paper here and keep on trying."

At the end of the second month, Chuhar had really done some good deeds and had told fewer lies. And so it went on. At the end of the eighth month, Chuhar's lies and good deeds were added up. This showed that although he had done only a few good deeds, he had told no lies. Everybody was surprised. Guru Arjan said, "All advice falls flat on those who never think of acting upon it. People have been listening to good advice for thousands of years. The important thing is to act upon it. Cart-loads of books and all the learning in the world are of no use if we do not care to follow them."

All the Sikhs understood the Guru's advice and promised to act upon it.

"As a child is satisfied by drinking milk;
As a poor man is happy on finding wealth;
As a thirsty man is refreshed by drinking water;
So is my soul happy with God." (Guru Arjan)

"To forget God is death;
To meditate on His Name is life.
*Nanak, God is found in the company of the saints."(*Guru Arjan)

SAKHI SERIES :- 159 (FILL IT AND FEEL THE DIFFERENCE)

Why Should We Read Guru Granth Sahib, Even if We Can't Understand A Single Word.

An old American Sikh lived on a farm in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky with his Young Grandson.

Each morning Grandpa was up early, sitting at the kitchen table,reading his Guru Granth Sahib.

His grandson wanted to be Just like him and tried to imitate him in every way he could.
One day the grandson asked, "Grandpa! I try to read The Guru Granth
Sahib just like you: but I don't understand it, and what
I dounderstand, I forget as soon as I close The Granth Sahib.

What good does reading the Granth Sahib do?"

The grandfather quietly turned from putting coal in the stove and replied,

"Take this coal basket down to the river and bring me back a basket
of water."

The boy did as he was told, but all the water leaked out before he got back to the house.

The grandfather laughed and said, "You'll have to move a little faster next time,"

And sent him back to the river with the basket to try again

This time the boy ran faster, but again the basket was empty before he returned home.

Out of breath, he told his grandfather that it was impossible to carry water in a basket, and he went to get a bucket instead.

The old man said, "I don't want a bucket of water; I want a basket of water.

You're just not trying hard enough," and he went out the door to watch the boy try again.

At this point, the boy knew it was impossible, but he wanted to show his grandfather that even if he ran as fast as he could, the water would leak out before he got back to the house.

The boy again dipped the basket into river and ran hard, but when he reached his grandfather, the basket was again empty.

Out of breath, he said, "See Grandpa, it's Useless!"

"So you Think it is Useless?" The old man said, "Look at the Basket."

"The boy looked at the BASKET and for the first time realized that the BASKET was different.

It had been transformed from a Dirty Old Coal Basket and was now clean, inside and out.

"Son, that's what happens when you read Guru Granth Sahib.

You Might Not Understand or Remember Everything, But When You Read it, you Will Be Changed, inside and out.

"That is the work of Waheguru in our lives"

SAKHI SERIES :- 160 (CASH AND TRASH)

Cash and Trash

(Source: www.sikhiwiki.com)

An Incident narrated to a close friend but a Professor at a Ludhiana university.

Professor: "You know, I contribute regularly for gurdwara (Sikh temple) functions. One year, special Gurpurb celebrations were arranged by the campus residents of the Panjab Agriculture University, Ludhiana.

The organisers as usual visited me for my contribution. I usually gave 25 rupees every time they came for collection. They told me, "This will be a special function, we want a bigger contributions from you this time, Professor. Mr. ABC (a clerk) paid 20 rupees."

I took this as a signal for me to double my contribution. However, keeping my recent promotion and position at the University in mind, I contributed one hundred rupees. The members were very pleased since they expected only 50 rupees.

When the organisers left, my ego overtook me, "Look! I am a great Sikh. This contribution will draw God's attention and He will give me special rewards for this donation."

On the day of the special Gurpurb, I regret and am embarrassed to tell you (I know you won't reveal my name to others) what went into my mind. When I went through the aisle to pay my respect to Guru Granth Sahib, I could not help looking at the Sangat already sitting there.

Drenched in my ego, I said to myself, "This person would have paid only five rupees; this teacher might have given ten rupees; this worker would not have paid anything, he has come only for langar (free food served at Sikh temples). Look! I paid one hundred rupees. I am really a great devotee. I was feeling very proud and inflated"

This thinking continued in my mind even after the function was over and I had returned to my house. At night I had a dream in which I telephoned God. The dialogue, which I had with His office, was like this:

God's office: "This is God's office. What can we do for you?"

Professor: "Do you know that I gave one hundred rupees for the Gurpurb? Did you credit this big money to my account? "

Response: "Please wait - let me look". The operator goes through her screen and then say, "No. We received no money from you. "

I was startled; how can they not have received my large amount of cash, I thought.

Professor: "How could you miss this big sum of money? I might be the only devotee to give such a big amount for the Gurpurb."

Response: "Oh! Yes, now I remember. We did receive the cash but threw it in the trash; where it belonged and should have gone in the first place."

I was puzzled and for a moment thought may they have a wrong connection, but the office staff continued..

Response: "You only gave the money to build your ego and not with love for God. There is no

place for ego here. So far as your account with us is concerned, it is totally blank."

I was really disappointed to hear that. I could not help crying like a child (in my dream). The office secretary at God's Office became concerned with my weeping. To console me she said, "Let me check with the other secretary, she maintains another kind of account. I am going to connect you with that desk, please continue to hold."

I could not believe my ears when the second secretary told me that I have a huge balance in my favour and that I should never feel any embarrassment or guilt for anything, anywhere. I was so very happy to hear this.

Although I was elated to hear about the huge balance in credit on my account but I was also a little apprehensive and puzzled. I asked her, "When did I deposited that money with you? I heard the secretary speaking to someone and then..

God's office: "A couple of months back in the month of November, you had an argument with your wife. She was proud of your promotion at becoming the head of the faculty, and therefore had purchased new shoes for your son. You didn't approve of the purchase because you thought that the old shoes were in good shape. When you questioned her she replied that she didn't want her son to get sick in the cold wearing old worn-out shoes. You were disgusted and upset and left the house for your office."

God's office continued: "When you got out of the house, you saw some poor students going to their primary school. One of them was without shoes. Your heart was moved with sympathy for the boy going to school barefoot. You told the boy to wait there. You went inside, picked up those old shoes and gave them to the boy. The boy put on the shoes, smiled a little and without saying anything walked away to his school. The sympathy for the poor has turned the old shoes into an unlimited amount of cash and you will never be short of anything. Do you remember this?"

She hung up even before I could say, "thank you."

Dear friend, I know you practice a religious life and that is why I have shared my dream with you. It has given me a great lesson, "Ego turns our cash into trash. Sympathetic feeling for the poor turns trash into cash. This episode I have remembered many times and I felt pressured inside to share it with somebody. I chose you. You give lectures to the youth and talk to the Sangat in the gurdwaras. Maybe you can share this lesson with them, of course, without revealing my identity."

SAKHI SERIES :- 161 (BHAI GURBAKSH SINGH JI)

Bhai Gurbaksh Singh

Baba Deep Singh ji Shaheed martyrdom in 1757 at Amritsar Sahib was not the last one, in fact it inspired thousands more. In 1757, Baba Dip Singh ji took a vow to evacuate Amritsar Sahib which was in control of Afghani Durrani (abdali) forces and started his march along with about 500 or so disciples an fulfilled his vow by breathing last at Parikarma periphery of Golden Temple. His martyrdom inspired countless others; one of them was Bhai Gurbax Singh.

Gurbaksh Singh (1688-1764), also known as Gurbaksh Singh Nihang or Shaheed, hailed from the village of Lil, in Amritsar District. According to an old manuscript which was preserved in the Sikh reference library, Amritsar, until it perished in the Government of India's Army action in 1984, and which is quoted by Singh Sahib Giani Kirpal Singh, he was born on Baisakh Vadi 5, 1745 Bk i.e. 10th April 1688 (father Dasaundha Singh, Mother Mai

Lachchami). In 1698, the family shifted to Anandpur where Gurbaksh Singh took pahul of the Khalsa on the historic Baisakhi day of 1699. He completed his religious education under Bhai Mani Singh. He later joined the Shahid Misl under Baba Deep Singh and after the latter's martyrdom in 1757 at Amritsar, organized his own Jatha or fighting band. In battles against Durranis (Afghanis) and Mughals his dera usually formed the vanguard carrying the banner, and won renown of its acts of gallantry.

In November 1764, Ahmad Shah Abdali at the head of 30,000 afghanis invaded India for 7th time, Bhai Gurbaksh Singh happened to be stationed at holy Shrine at Amritsar. The Durrani (abdali) advanced up to the town virtually unopposed and entered the partially reconstructed Harmandar Sahib, which he had demolished two years earlier. Bhai Gurbaksh Singh, who had already evacuated from the precints women, children, and the aged, had with him only thirty men. According to Ratan Singh Bhangu, prachin Panth Prakash "Bhai Gurbaksh Singh with garlands around his neck and sword on his shoulder, dressed himself as a bridegroom, his men forming the marriage party, waiting eagerly to court the bride-death." As soon as they saw the Afghan king and his hordes, they swooped down upon them. This was an unequal fight - thirty pitted against thirty thousand. All thirty Sikhs were killed before Gurbaksh Singh, though throughout in the forefront, also fell. Giving an eyewitness account of the action, Qazi Nur Muhammad, the chronicler who was in the train of the invader, writes in his jangnamah when the king and his army reached the chakk (Amritsar Sahib), they did not see any infidel kafir there. But a few men stayed in a fortress were bent upon spilling their blood and they sacrificed themselves for their Guru. They were only thirty in number.

They did not have the least fear of death. They engaged the Ghazis (i.e. in Islamic terminology, a Ghazi is a Muslim person who had killed an Infidel or a kafir) and spilled their blood in the process. Thus all of them were slaughtered and consigned to the seventh [hell]. This happened on 1 December 1764. Bhai Gurbaksh Singh was cremated behind Takht Akal bunga. The place is today known as Shahid Ganj.

Salute to Great Sikh Warrior Bhai Gurbax Singh ji

SAKHI SERIES :- 162 (SRI GURU NANAK DEV JI AND DUNI CHAND)

Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji and Duni Chand
(Source: kanwaljit singh)

Guru Nanak was the first Guru of the Sikhs. He was also the founder of the Sikh religion. He travelled far and wide. Once he visited Lahore.Lahore is a big town in Pakistan. A very rich man named Duni Chand lived there. He was so rich that he had seven million rupees. To show his riches, he had put seven flags on his house. On the day when the Guru arrived, he was giving a sharadh. A sharadh is a big feast which the Hindus offer to the Brahmans.

They think that whatever they give to the Brahmans after the feast, reaches their dead forefathers in the next world. They prepare the best food and give away fine clothes and money to the Brahmans on this day. They call it Dakshana. Duni Chand had invited many Brahmans and saints on the Sharadh of his father. He invited Guru Nanak too.

Guru Nanak sat down on one side. He told Duni Chand that he would like to wait till the Brahmans had eaten their food. Duni Chand agreed to this and gave a very fine feast, offering money and clothes to the Brahmans as Dakshana. He believed that all this would reach his dead father. When the Brahmans had gone, Duni Chand asked the Guru to have some food. The Gum gave a smile.

"Duni Chand," he said, "Do you think that your father is no longer hungry? Have your gifts reached him?"

"Yes, sir," said Duni Chand. "The Brahmans have eaten so much that my father needs no more

food for at least a year He also has enough money and clothes to last for one year."

"Duni Chand," said the Guru laughing, "The Brahmans ate food; they will sell the clothes and spend all the money. I cannot understand how it can reach your dead father."

"You are right, sir," said Duni Chand, "You cannot understand it, neither can I. But it's God's will. The Brahman tells us so and we all believe it. I thought you were a Brahman and knew about it, but I am glad I didnt, waste my food on you."

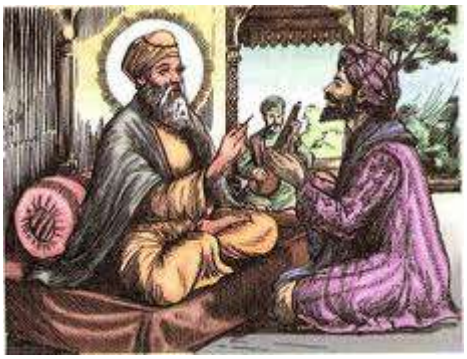
You did the right thing, Duni Chand said the Guru, "I not carry your food to your father and that's why I did like to let your food go to waste. You may feast the Brahmans in any way you like. I myself don't need any food I would be pleased if you would do me another favour instead."

"Yes, gladly," replied Duni Chand.

"Here is a sewing needle," said the Guru. "Keep it with you- use it if you like. I would like you to give my needle back to me in the next world when we meet after death."

Duni Chand did not quite understand the Guru and said, "How can I carry this needle with me when I die?"

"If an old Brahman can carry enough clothes, food and money to last for a whole year, not only for your father but also for many others," said the Guru, "I wonder why this small needle should seem too heavy for you to carry! If the Brahmans refuse to do this work, how will you take all your money, horses, gold and other costly things into the next world?"



The idea went home to Duni Chand. He asked for the Guru's advice. "Duni Chand," said the Guru, "Work hard, share your earnings with the needy and remember God. Don t worry about your dead forefathers."

"That's what I already do Sir" , said Duni Chand. "I have hundreds of servants who work for me. I give alot of money and clothes to Brahmans and holy men who come and sing hymns in my house".

"This is not the way to do it, Duni Chand" said the Guru.

"Give away all your money to the poor and the needy. You haven't earned it by honest labour. Start going to your farm. Work hard among your servants. Whatever you eam in this way, share equally among all the workers. Then from your own share give away as much as you can in charity. Look upon your servants as brothers and love everybody. Sit among them when you find time and sing God's praises. This is the true way. Duni Chand. One can expect to receive in the next world only that, which one earns by honest labour and gives away in charity to the needy in this world."

Duni Chand understood the Guru's advice. He gave up his princely life and started working with his own hands. His wife also did the same. Duni Chand's house became a temple where rich and poor, black and white, high and low, all sang songs of God. Duni Chand and his wife became the Guru's followers and helped many others to follow the Guru's Way.

"Work hard and share your earnings with the needy Nanak; thus shall you find the way to God's grace."
(Satguru Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji, the king of kings and the saint of saints)

SAKHI SERIES :- 163 (THE SAKHI OF BHAGAT PRAHLAAD JI)

Sakhi of Bhagat Prahlaad Ji

(Source : http://www.sikhsangat.com)

Bhagat Prahlaad Ji was the son of a egoistic king, Hiranyakashipu (Harnaakash). Harnaakash, through performing severe penances and meditation had been granted a boon that he neither be killed by man or beast, with a weapon or without a weapon, during day or night, indoors or outdoors, on earth or in the sky. It is through this boon that he sought undisputed lordship over the material world. He declared "There is non stronger than I. I am the lord of the three worlds. I shall be worshipped as such".

It is believed that while he was meditating, his wife, who was expecting a child was sent to Sage Narada's hermitage. She lived in the Ashram of the great sage and learned about religion and the glory of God from him. The child within her, Prahlad, too, absorbed all this knowledge.

Harnaakash brought his wife back to his city where Prahlad was born.

Prahlad in the meanwhile was growing up and was Harnaakhash's delight. He asked Prahlad: "Son, tell me what do you think is the best thing in life"?

Prahlad replied: "To renounce the world and seek refuge in God".

Harnaakhash laughed. Then he called his Son's teacher to him, saying: "Guard him closely. Don't let him out of your sight!

After many months, his teacher said: "Prahlad, I think you are now ready to meet your father."

His father asked him: "You have been with your Guru a long time! What have you learnt?

Prahlad said: "I have leant that the most worthwhile occupation for anyone is the worship of the Lord".

Harnaakhash was very angry: "O cursed child! Who taught you such perverse things?"

Prahlad remained calm and said: "He reveals himself to all who are devoted to Him."

Harnaakhash shouted angrily: "This boy must not live! Take him away and kill him!"

The soldiers started attacking Prahlad when Prahlad was meditating, but their weapons could not touch Prahlad. Most deadly snakes were let loose on Prahlad, but their fangs turned impotent. Mighty elephants could not trample him. He was pushed off a cliff but Prahlad was unharmed. The wicked aunt of Prahlad Holika who had a boon to brave fire without hurt, sat with Prahlad in fire but Prahlad was unharmed. In desperation, Harnaakhash had him fed with deadly poison but it turned into nectar.

Prahlad was sent to his teacher to try again. This time the teacher tried to get Prahlad interested in means for acquiring wealth and physical pleasures. But Prahlad thought to himself: "How can the pursuit of physical pleasures and wealth bring happiness? It will only lead to envy and anger."

The teacher eventually gave up, when Prahlad told his father that God is the soul of all created beings and is present everywhere. Harnaakhash roared: "Where is He? If He is everywhere why is He not in this Pillar? If He is not there then I shall cut off your head with my sword. Let your Lord protect you."

As Harnaakhash was striking the pillar with his sword, a Nara-simha (man lion) emerged from

the Pillar. His look was neither beast nor man. Narsimha caught Harnaakhash and it was the twilight hour, carried him to the threshold of the court- room which was neither indoors nor outdoors and while holding him on his lap, tore him apart with his nails.

Apnay Sevak Kaa Sadaa Rakhvaalaa.
"He is forever the Saviour of His slaves."

SAKHI SERIES :- 164 (MERE RITUALS ARE OF NO AVAIL)

Sakhi : Mere Rituals are of No Avail

Once Guru Nanak Dev ji happened to visit Hardwar town.
There he saw some people throwing handfuls of water from river Ganges, towards the sun in the east. They believed that by this ritual they could offer water to their dead elders in the next world.

Guru Nanak Dev ji went into the river and started throwing water towards the west.
As those people saw the Guru acting strange, they forgot their ritual.
They flocked to the Guru and laughed at his funny action. They asked him,
"Why are you throwing the holy water to the wrong side?"
The Guru calmly replied, "I am watering my withering crops in Punjab."

"Are you crazy? How can your water reach hundreds of miles away from here?" asked the curious spectators.
"The very same way as yours reaches your ancestors in the other world. In fact, my farm is quite closer on this very earth." Nanak replied.

This made those people think about the uselessness of their ritual.
How effective and rational a way to get people's attention and remove their ignorance!

SAKHI SERIES :- 165 (DO GOOD)

Do Good

A woman baked chapati for members of her family and an extra one for a hungry passerby. She kept the extra chapati on the Window-sill, for whosoever would take it away. Everyday, a hunchback came and took away the chapati. Instead of expressing gratitude, he muttered the following words as he went his way: "The evil you do remains with you: The good you do, comes back to you!" This went on, day after day. Everyday, the hunch-back came, picked up the chapati and uttered the words: "The evil you do, remains with you: The good you do, comes back to you!" The woman felt irritated. "Not a word of gratitude," she said to herself...

"Everyday this hunchback utters this jingle! What does he mean? "One day, exasperated, she decided to do away with him. "I shall get rid of this hunchback," she said. And what did she do? She added poison to the Chapatti she prepared for him! As she was about to keep it on the window sill, her hands trembled. "What is this I am doing?" she said Immediately, she threw the chapati into the fire, prepared another one and kept it on the window- sill. As usual, the hunchback came, picked up the chapati and muttered the words: "The evil you do, remains with you: The good you do, comes back to you!" The hunchback proceeded on his way, blissfully unaware of the war raging in the mind of the woman.

Everyday, as the woman placed the chapati on the window-sill, she offered a prayer for her son who had gone to a distant place to seek his fortune. For many months, she had no news of him.. She prayed for his safe return. That evening, there was a knock on the door. As she opened it, she was surprised to find her son standing in the doorway.. He had grown thin and lean. His garments were tattered and torn. He was hungry, starved and weak. As he saw his mother, he said, "Mom, it's a miracle I'm here. While I was but a mile away, I was so famished that I collapsed. I would have died, but just then an old hunchback passed by. I begged of him for a morsel of food, and he was kind enough to give me a whole chapati."As he gave it to me,

he said, "This is what I eat everyday: today, I shall give it to you, for your need is greater than mine!" " As the mother heard those words, her face turned pale.

She leaned against the door for support. She remembered the poisoned chapati that she had made that morning. Had she not burnt it in the fire, it would have been eaten by her own son, and he would have lost his life! It was then that she realized the significance of the words:"The evil you do remains with you: The good you do, comes back to you!

"Do good and; Don't ever stop doing good, even if it's not appreciated at that time!

SAKHI SERIES :- 166 (BHAGAT DHANNA JI)

Bhagat Dhanna Ji

Bhagat Dhanna Ji was a Sikh Bhagat born in Dhuan village in Tantr state, Rajasthan, present day North West India in about 1415. He was a simple Indian farmer. He worked hard on his farm all day tending his crops. He used to go past the house of this Clever Pundit everyday on the way to his work on the farm. Dhanna Ji used to listen to the Pundit singing religions verses and carry out various ritualistic acts, which were beyond the understanding of this simple Jatt (farmer). He found these acts intriguing but never asked the religious man about any of the things that he had observed in the many years that he had gone past the Pundit's house.

One day, Bhai Dhanna ji was passing the pundit's house and noticed that the religious man was feeding his Thakur - a stone idol. Bhai Dhanna ji was quite puzzled by what he was observing. On this occasion as he had some free time, he went and asked the Pundit. Dhanna Ji asked "Pundit Ji, What are you doing?"

The Pundit was very hungry and wanted to get this feeding over as soon as possible and really wasn't in a mood for Bhai Dhanna ji's simple inquiries. He replied, "Oh, nothing, I just feeding my Thakur. Now if you will excuse me..."

Bhai Dhanna ji found that incredibly funny, "What is the use of feeding a stone?"

Pundit, "That is not a stone, it is God. It's Thakur!"

Dhanna, "Really? What happens if you feed the Stone.... I mean, what happens when you feed the Thakur?"

Pundit: "The Thakur gives you everything!! If you can please God, you will get everything. Now, I really must ask you to leave...I have a lot to do"

Bhai Dhanna ji liked this idea of giving a little food to this small God and getting back everything. So Bhai Dhanna ji asked the pundit if he could also have a Thakur.

At this time, the pundit's stomach was audibly complaining about lack of food. So he hastily picked up the nearest stone off the ground and said, "Here. First feed Thakur, then you eat. Understood! Goodbye." Saying that the pundit dived into the food left over by Thakur. "Lovely I really could not have waited any longer!"

Bhai Dhanna ji held the stone closely to his chest and hurried home. As soon as Bhai Dhanna ji got home, he first carefully and loving washed the stone. Having bathe the Thakur, Dhanna then cooked the best meal he knew for dinner. He placed it in front of Thakur and said, "Here Thakur ji, please eat this food, I have made it lovingly for you. Afterwards, I want to discuss many things with you. I need a new cow for example, and a few other simple request - but for now, please eat."

Saying this Bhai Dhanna ji sat in front of Thakur and waited, and waited, and waited. After a while, Bhai Dhanna ji said, "Look Thakur, I really have no time for your play. Come and eat at once! I have many things to do."

After several hours, Bhai Dhanna ji thought perhaps Thakur ji was annoyed at him – May be he has done something wrong. So Bhai Dhanna ji tried to persuade Thakur ji to forgive him: "Look here Thakur, I haven't eaten in a while. Now it is entirely possible that I have done something to annoy you but believe you me, we can discuss this much better after this Roti is in our stomachs." Still nothing happened. Slowly the night deepened. It was now pitch dark outside and the Thakur was showing no signs of eating the delicious food.

Bhai Dhanna ji was now getting angry and said, "Look Thakur, I have one nerve left and you are dancing on it. Either eat your food or I will....", Bhai Dhanna ji couldn't really think of anything else to say so he bust out in anger. Still nothing happened! The angry outburst had no effect on the Thakur.

Pretty soon, Danna ji could see light skies in the East and soon it was going to became daylight. Bhai Dhanna ji felt quite disoriented and confused. Sometimes Bhai Dhanna ji would curse the Thakur, sometimes Bhai Dhanna ji would hug the Thakur and sometimes Bhai Dhanna ji would start crying.

Two long and hungry nights and days passed in this manner. Dhanna ji tried every way to convince the Thakur to take the food. He tried with all the tricks that he knew, with all the love that he could muster, with all the pleadings that he knew, with all the anger – But nothing appeared to work. Dhanna Ji was a stubborn farmer but he was failing miserably here. However, his conviction had not faltered. He kept working on his begging and pleadings.

Then at amrit vela (early dawn) on the third day, when Dhanna ji was too weak to curse any more, Waheguru decided to intervene. To stop Dhanna from going mad, Waheguru gave Bhai Danna a vision in form of a young man. It was the most beautiful body of a young man. Dhanna ji lost all his anger and just stared at the young man.

Speaking through the young man Waheguru said, "Dhanna ji, Sorry, I am late…" Dhanna ji interrupted and said, "I will warm up the food. Thakur Ji you must eat the food – You must also be very hungry" Dhanna Ji feed the young man and eats food himself after staying hungry for over 2 days.

After, eating the food, Dhanna Ji say to Waheguru, "As I said to you two days ago, I have a few things to discuss with you. First there is the work on the farm and then…."

Bhai Dhanna ji fell head over heels in love with the young man (through whom God spoke to him). He couldn't resist being with the young man. They spent the next few days literally arm in arm. Even at night, Bhai Dhanna ji would listen to Waheguru songs - Waheguru sang a lot - and would drift off to sleep. A week later, the Pundit was passing Bhai Dhanna ji's hut. Bhai Dhanna ji saw him and ran to him and said, "Oh, Pundit ji, you are the most wonderful man. I can never thank you enough for giving me that marvellous Thakur..."

Pundit, "What you on about??? OK, Oh, yeah, sure, anytime. Look, I am in a hurry. I am going to the big Pundit gathering..."

Bhai Dhanna ji: "But please come and drink some lassi (Milk Shake). Thakur ji makes the best lassi."

Pundit: "What now? What are you saying? Thakur makes something?"

Bhai Dhanna ji: "Oh yes! It's the best in the world. Just look at him, how handsome he is!"

Pundit ji looked and indeed he could see that someone was pushing the cows on the farm. And yet there was nobody to be seen.

Pundit ji: "Who is controlling the cows. Who is that?"

Bhai Dhanna ji: "Why, that is Thakur ji, of course. Can't you recognise him. Oh, you should

hear him sing...It's out of this world!"

Pundit ji was quite intrigued by now. And kept repeatedly asking Bhai Dhanna ji about Thakur. After a while Bhai Dhanna ji realized that Pundit could not see Thakur ji. Dhanna ji promised that he would talk to Thakur about this.

The Pundit left. Bhai Dhanna ji went to Waheguru and said, "Thakur ji, how come Pundit ji can't see you?"

Waheguru: "The Pundit really doesn't want to see me. He is more interested in my maid – Maya and he is captivated in it entanglement. He has no real interest in me only in my creation"

Dhanna ji: "But I don't understand. Why can I see you and others cannot? How can one begin to see you?"

Waheguru: "One has to become pure. And in this age, Dhanna ji, the only way to become pure is by reciting Naam."

Dhanna ji: "Naam?"

Waheguru: "Naam is the magic of this age. Even a few minutes of Naam Simran will bring the magic that is needed to see me."

Dhanna ji: "But, I haven't recited Naam. How come I can see you?"

The young man, touched Bhai Dhanna ji 's forehead. Bhai Dhanna ji's surat went inside. Inside he saw that he, Bhai Dhanna ji, had done heavy tapasaya for over many lifetimes. He had stood in water all night and in the hot sun all day. He had hung upside down for several lifetimes. He had been a celibate in one lifetime and a moni (ones who don't talk) in another. But he had progressed spiritually very little.

Then in his previous life, he had met the holy saints (sangat) who had given him Naam. And by doing Naam Simran for just one lifetime, Bhai Dhanna ji had become pure. Seeing Waheguru ji was the reward for his Naam from previous life.

Bhai Dhanna ji fell at the young man's feet and cried. Saying, "Please forgive this fool, I treated you as an equal..."

The young man ji picked him and held him close, singing songs of comfort, "Bhai Dhanna ji, now the time is right to leave. The way you see me now is the superficial way of meeting me. The real way is inside. Now you must start Naam Simran again and then I will meet you inside."

Saying that the young man vanished into thin air. Bhai Dhanna ji was enlightened now. He restarted his Naam Simran with each breath. Within days, Bhai Dhanna ji had parkash (sighting) of Waheguru ji within his mind and through this enlightenment; we today have the benefit of Dhanna Bani in the Sri Guru Granth Sahib.

When we bow to Sri Guru Granth Sahib, we are not just acknowledging the advice and lives of our ten Gurus but also the lives and Bani of 15 Sikh Bhagats.

God is within us all and pervades throughout his creation (there is universe beyond universe...Japji Sahib). So if we want vision of God then we need to meditate on his name (he has innumerable names, as told to us by Guru Gobind Singh Ji). It is important to note that

God DOES NOT take any form, but for our purpose he can give us a vision in any form. For example, Waheguru was inside the young man as much as he was inside bhai Dhanna but for Bhai Dhanna's experience, God spoke through the young man. Guru Granth Sahib tells us that in Sach Khand, where the light of God dwells, blessed saints merge with God (as Guru Gobind Singh Ji did in his previous incarnation). Therefore when a christian wants to "see God" he may get vision of Jesus, a Muslim that of Mohammed and so on. If you vision God as a radiant light which pervades throughout the universe, then if you are blessed this may be the vision you will see. An important concept in Sikhism is that God does not take form (Guru Grnath Sahib and Dasam Granth), he is formless and pervades throught his creation.

SAKHI SERIES :- 167 (MUSLIM PIR REDEEMED)

Muslim Peer Redeemed

After turning Sajjan the deceiver into a devotee of the Lord, Guru Nanak Dev Ji set on his journey once again. Guru ji travelled for three days and reached a village. A Pir (Muslim holy man) was harassing the people of that village. He did not allow them to build rooms on their first floors. The Guru camped under a tree outside the village. When the Guru sang hymns the people of the village were fascinated and came to listen to the divine music. They felt that they had been blessed. The presence of Guru ji in the village irritated the Pir. His sense of pride was injured. He came to the Guru and said, "The wind blows from one direction and moves to the other. God has ordained that I should roam like the wind". The Pir again said, " I hear, you intend to build a room on the first floor? Do you?" "A wandering hermit" the Guru said, "Lives in the mansion of God. I do not know whether I shall build a room or demolish one". The Guru told the Pir, "Man is made of clay. Therefore he loves it. Soul resides in human body. This is why our body has some worth. But we neither love our soul nor value it. We love that which does not last".

Guru ji continued, "Why are you proud of your attic? When you breathe your last and the soul leaves your body and none shall allow you to reside in it. They won't even allow you to live on the earth. A deep grave shall be dug to bury your dead body. You have never tried to know how shall your soul enter the presence of God ? Of what value shall your pride be to you after your death ? Those who love clay are claimed by it".

Guru Nanak Dev ji's words were full of love, wisdom and truth. The Pir felt enlightened. He felt that the light of true knowledge had illumined his mind. He realised that he had been following a wrong path. He requested the Guru to stay in the village for a few days. In fact he had come to turn the Guru out of the village. But he became his devotee. Guru Nanak stayed there for some more days. The Pir was a haughty man. By the grace of Guru Nanak he gave up his pride. He understood the real meanings of life. In the company of the Guru he realised, "All men are created by God. All human beings are His children. He who loves God can never trouble his fellow men. God can never be happy with those who make human beings unhappy".

Just as Sajjan Thug (the deceiver), had become a true devotee of God and a servant of mankind, this Pir who used to frighten and harass other people, became a true Pir.

SAKHI SERIES :- 168 (SOLAR EXLIPSE AT KURUKSHETRA)

After leaving Hardwar Guru Nanak Dev ji went to Kurukshetra. It was the day of solar eclipse. People in large numbers had gathered there. In those days people had wrong ideas about Solar and Lunar eclipse. They believed that on such occasions Moon and Sun are attacked by demons and this attack can be averted if people take bath in the holy rivers and give money in charity. In order to enlighten the people that these ideas are not true, the Guru went to Kurukshetra when a fair on the day of Solar eclipse was being held there. The Guru set up a

camp at an open space outside the city and started singing hymns (Kirtan). Mardana played at the rebeck (rubab) and accompanied the Guru in singing.

It so happened that the Ruler of Hansi and his queen passed that way. He had been driven out of his kingdom by his opponents. He had come to Kurukshetra to get the blessings of some holy man. He sat near the guru and listened to the kirtan. As he sat there and looked at the divine face of Guru and listened to to the kirtan he was convinced that the Guru was a holy man with great spiritual power. On his way to Kurukshetra, the ruler had hunted a dear and asked his attendants to cook its meat.

People consider it a sin to cook on day of eclipse and cooking meat at pilgrim centres was considered to be an unpardonable sin. When the priests saw the smoke rising from the cooking fire they raised a hue and cry and on when they learnt that meat was being cooked they were even more angry. They gathered large number of people and led them to attack and kill such a sinner. As the cooking was being done near the place where the Guru was singing they thought that he was the culprit. They abused the Guru and threatened to kill him. The Guru spoke to them gently and said, "If it is a sin to cook the flesh of a dear during Solar eclipse how can killing a man be an act of piety? If killing an animal is a sin, killing a man cannot be a virtue". Guru's answer silenced them.

The Guru said, "If you want to discuss the issue, ask Pandits, Scholars and Sanyasis to come here". Many Pandits were called. One of them was pandit Nanoo. He called himself Nanak. The debate of eating non-vegetarian food started. Large number of people stood there, listening to the debate. It was argued that the scriptures forbade meat eating. Our ancestors took only vegetarian food.

The Guru said, "Your holy books say the animals were killed and their flesh offered as sacrifice to fire. Aryans ate flesh. When marriage feasts are held at Kshatri houses, goats are slaughtered and non-vegetarian food is served. Why do you accept charity from those who are meat eaters?"

The Guru did not say whether one should eat non-vegetarian food. He simply opposed hypocrisy. We should not do one thing and say the other. There should be no difference between our words and deeds. The guru made his point of view very clear. He said, "We should not eat the food which harms the body, makes it sick and leads mind astray. Only that food is good which keeps the body healthy and the mind pure".

The principle laid down by the Guru in this respect is such as can be adopted by people in any country. By following this principle all can lead a happy life.

SAKHI SERIES :- 169 (THIS FAUJI IS READY NOW)

Nihang Singh ji
(source: www.sikhroots.com)

Gyani Udham Singh Ji wrote a book many years ago about Ikonkaar and the power of Satguru Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji Maharaj's bani. Within this book Gyani Ji wrote the following sakhi which he experienced with his own eyes:

One time there was a Nihang Singh who used to live at a Gurudwara Sahib in a village in India. Gyani Udham Singh Ji visited this Gurudwara Sahib and saw the Nihang Singh Ji rush outside through the doors of the Gurudwara Sahib as if his very life depended on it.

After a while the Nihang Singh would return to the darbar of Dhan Dhan Dhan Dhan Dhan Satguru Sri Guru Granth Sahib Ji Maharaj and take his place within the sangat. After a certain time had elapsed the Nihang Singh Ji would rush outside once

again.

Gyani Udham Singh Ji began to wonder what the Nihang Singh Ji was doing and decided to follow him outside the next time he rushed out. When the Nihang Singh Ji did so Gyani Udham Singh Ji saw him run into a field behind the Gurudwara Sahib (facing Guru Granth Sahib Ji) and stand with his hands together before matha teking. After remaining like this for a while the Nihang Singh Ji would then get up and walk back towards the Gurudwara Sahib.

When Gyani Udham Singh Ji saw this he thought in his mind that the Nihang Singh has probably taken some bhang and does not know what he is doing. But then he thought that he should ask the Nihang Singh Ji why he does what he does.

The next time the Nihang Singh Ji rushed out Gyani Udham Singh Ji quickly stopped him and said, "Where are you going?" The Nihang Singh Ji quickly replied, "Satguru Sri Guru Gobind Singh Ji Maharaj and the fauj are waiting, I have to get ready!"

Gyani Udham Singh Ji still thought that the Nihang Singh Ji was under the influence of nasha. However when he sat near to the Nihang Singh Ji in the darbar of Guru Sahib all he could hear vibrating from the Nihang Singh was, "Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru, Dhan Guru Gobind Singh Ji Maharaj, Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru, Dhan Guru Gobind Singh Ji Maharaj".

As Gyani Udham Singh Ji heard this he saw the Nihang Singh Ji bow before Maharaj and say, "This Fauji is ready now" as he ran through the Gurudwara Sahib doors and into the field where he placed his head. Only this time the Nihang Singh Ji didn't get up.

When the Sangat saw this they gathered around and were left in a state of shock. One of the old sevadaars of the Gurudwara Sahib stepped outside of the crowd and said that this Nihang Singh Ji was no ordinary Singh but a Bandagiwala Mahapursh who choose to remain Gupt.

The sevadaar said that he used to see the Nihang Singh Ji daily but the Singh would remain absorbed in Sri Mool Mantar Sahib Ji, Sri Gurmantar Sahib Ji and Seva.

Dhan Sri Guru Gobind Singh Ji Maharaj.

SAKHI SERIES :- 170 (GURU NANAK DEV JI AND BHAI MARDANA JI)

Healthy Living

From Delhi Guru Nanak and Mardana started travelling towards the East. After walking for a few days they broke their journey in a grove of trees. Next day at noon they saw a planquin. It was being carried by six persons. They stopped and put the planquin under a tree. A Pir alighted from it. His attendants spread a sheet over the grass. The Pir lay down. All of them started pressing his arms and legs to remove his tiredness.

Mardana was surprised. He said to the Guru, "What is all this? The one who had been sitting in the planquin is tired and the men who carried the planqin are not tired. They are pressing the Pir's body to take away the tiredness".

Guru Nanak smiled and said, "Those who remain active have good appetite. They are able to digest what they eat. They have strong and healthy bodies. Those who do not work and just keep on sitting lose their appetite. If they over eat they are not able to digest. They get tired soon".

Mardana could not understand what the Guru had said. He said again, "The Pir does not appear to be sick. He has not even walked. I cannot understand why does he feel tired?" The Guru laughed and said, "The Pir is tired for two reasons. In his previous life he has been practising penace and austerities to get the power to perform miracles. Owing to the good

deeds of his previous life he has become a Pir during this life. People know him as a Pir. He has become lazy and does nothing. He does not even walk. As he had given up work, his body has become feeble. He gets tired even while sitting in the planquin.

This is the plight of a man who has gone astray. If he loves God and works for the welfare of the people both his body and mind will remain healthy. He will be successful in his life and after his death go to the land of Bliss"

SAKHI SERIES :- 171 (TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD)

Truth and Falsehood

Life is merely a temporary charm.
Be good to all and do no harm.

Guru Nanak Dev ji reached Sialkot, now in Pakistan, on one of the Udasis (preaching missions). The people, who came to see him, told him that they were greatly worried about themselves and their city. Guru ji asked the reason for that. They said that a Muslim mystic named Hamza Gaus had gone on a 40 days meditation to destroy the city and its residents. This was because he was angry at the behaviour of one person. He made a decision to use his powers to make the whole city sink into the earth and make it vanish forever. Guru Nanak Dev assured them that no harm would come to them. They should go and get busy with their jobs and always keep God in their mind.

The Guru went to the place where the Pir had locked himself in a chamber in which he sat meditating to destroy the city. Bhai Mardana was asked to play on the rebeck while the Guru started singing a shabad. The Pir heard the music and virtues of God sung outside his chamber. He was so tempted by the celestial music/shabads that he broke his 40 day continuous meditation, opened the door and came out. He was surprised to see the Guru and his associates. He asked them, "Who are you"? Why have you come here and interrupted my meditation?"

The Guru told him to calm down and reminded him that holy men are expected to serve and help the people with the power and virtues God bestows on them. It is sin to use the holy powers to harm people. Pir insisted that all the people of the city were evil. None possessed any goodness. They all deserved to be destroyed. The Guru decided to reveal the truth to him. He gave some money to his associate and sent him to the city to purchase a packet each of "truth" and "falsehood."

The person went to the city and moved from shop to shop in search of truth and falsehood. He always got a negative answer to his query. Finally, he contacted Bhai Moola. He took the money and wrote on a piece of paper, Marna Sach, Jeona Jhuth. "Death is a truth and life is a falsehood."

The Guru showed this to the Pir and warned him that he was totally wrong to think of doing any harm to such people. There were people who knew and understood that life is temporary, hence, a falsehood. Death is sure to come to everyone. While after death, our soul lives forever hence, death is a truth.

Pir confessed that he was wrong to believe that everybody was bad and needed to be destroyed. He decided to serve the people and not harm them with the knowledge and virtues that God had given him.

Powers given by God should be used to help people and not harm them. Life is a temporary phase, death is inevitable.

SAKHI SERIES :- 172 (BABA TERIAN TU HE JANNE)

Baba terian tu he jane !

Bhai Mardana ji was amongst first Sikhs of Guru Nanak . He travelled far and wide with Baba ji and on Babaji's order would start playing his Rabab . He played and Baba ji prayed .

In the deep forests , on the high mountains , crossing deserts , crossing pleatues , Baba ji walked and like his shadow Mardana ji walked , quietly following the footsteps of Baba ji . Dhur ki bani came to pious ' rasna ' of Baba ji, who sang in melodious voice of undescribable depth ,sweet , deep , intense resonating with the tone tunkar of Rabab . They walked while Baba ji delivered message of Sachkhand to mankind . Many a times Mardana ji would ask many questions which were later compiled and formed the core of Sikh thesis .

Mardana ji who inspite of, being 9 years older in age than Satguru ji called Satguru , Baba ji whom he considered older than him , for Spiritual wisdom of Satguru ji and said , " Baba ji we travel far and wide and whereever we go you ask people to do Simran , listen , learn hear / do keertan and you tell Simran is the most important thing in life but Baba ji , people seem to forget what you teach and do not obey, and do not do keertan or simran except very few Why is it so ?".

Guru Baba ji replied , " Aho Mardania , you are right but look around you , there are people who are land owners , who deal with buisness of land . Ask them anything about owning houses , buying land for farming , selling it , in a minute you will get an answer like how much is this land worth of , that land worth of , when is it a good time to buy a home or homes and when is it time to sell they will tell you in very short time .
That then becomes the main focus of their minds and every moment they live into it .

Then there are people who make profits out of selling and buying groceries , Ask them a question and quickly one will get an answer whether profit can be made out of buisness of oil or flour or pulses or sugar .
That then becomes the main focus of their minds and every moment they live into it .

This is the way creator Waheguru ji created his creation .Every human being is involved in weaving his thoughts and mind controls them . These are the laws of nature , rules of cosmos , the way human behaviour comes forth in life

But land buisness dealers know nothing of pulses, oils or grocery buisness and groceries donot sell property in their shelves .

Similarly out of thousands few have realized folly and uselessness of wealth , diamonds , gold , houses , luxurious lifestyles and they realize that goal of life is beyond wealth and material and that only one breath seprates them and everything they have from death , They then become ateet , udasi , bairagi (detached) and run to come and listen to dhur ki bani and earn the profit of life .So Gurbani becomes the main focus of their mind.These human beings are called Gurmukhs and my keertan is meant for them and they are very few . My work is to find them and give this precious jewel of Nam Keertan .

Once they realize that this was their goal ,they then donot live a moment without Nam Keertan .

Others know nothing about it.

Mardana ji said , " Baba terian tu he jane "

SAKHI SERIES :- 173 (GURU GOBIND SINGH JI AND NAINA DEVI YAGNA ?)

Guru Gobind Singh ji and Naina Devi Yagna ?

After the battle of Bhangani where Guru Ji defeated the forces of the hill rajas under the command of Raja Bhim Chand, Guru ji returned to Anandpur Sahib. Due to the threat of the hill chieftains martial preparations began in earnest - recruitment and training of Sikh solders, building of forts, collection of arms and materials.

Some devious brahmins thought of blackmailing Guru Ji by suggesting that he should go for worship of the goddess Durga in order to invoke her blessings for future battles. After hearing them patiently, Guru Ji told them that he relied for his protection only on Akal Purkh, the Great Time spirit and Primeval Energy which he also called *'Maha Kal', 'Pritham Bhagauti'* and *'Kalka-Chandika'* in his writings, but very much in line with Guru Nanak Dev ji's method of exposing myths, rituals and hypocrisy, the Guru allowed the Pandits to conduct a ceremony on the near by hill top of Naina Devi and said if they could produce that Primeval Energy in any other visible form, then he would consider their request. Guru Ji offered to provide them with the necessary materials and also pay them the money, for which they were actually making the proposal. Their leader, Kashav Das, promised that he would reveal the goddess by reciting the 'Chandi mantra' one lakh times. It is recorded that Pandit Kashev Das experimented with the sacrificial fire for many days/weeks on top of the Naina Devi hill near Anandpur Sahib. Guru Ji would occasionally climb the hill to watch what was going on.

One day Guru Ji went to see the Pandit and asked him why the goddess had not appeared. Pandit Kashav replied that the time was fast approaching but what was needed was a celebatarian of high caste to be offered as a sacrifice. Guru Ji was amused by this request and promptly told the Pandit that since he had observed celibacy during this period there would be no better person then him for the sacrifice. Sensing danger he had unwittingly invited, he made his escape in the early hours of the morning. Guru Ji anticipated the result of Kashev Das' experiment, he thought it futile to be associated with it any longer and dumped the remaining material into the fire and hastened down the hill with a glistening sword in hand and resplendent glory on his face. When in the early hours of the morning the people saw the flames going up in the sky some thought that the goddess had appeared. At this point Guru ji came forward drawing his sword which flashed in the light of the roaring flames and declared: 'This is the real Durga, the destroyer of evil! This is the true Goddess of power today which will raise the suffering humanity from its degrading condition.' He also called it by another name BHAGAUTI.

Guru Ji associated himself with the ceremony only for the sake of exposing the brahminical faith is such ceremonies and confirming the conviction of the Sikhs to worship the one Timeless Lord

SAKHI SERIES :- 174 (SHESHNAG COVERED SRI GURU NANAK DEB JI'S FACE FROM THE SUN)

Sheshnag covered Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji's face from the sun

(Source: Sri Nanak Prakash - http://sikhscriptures2english.blogspot.com)

Couplet - The beautiful life story of the Lord manifest as Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji is being beautifully expounded while he grows like a blossoming flower showing its glory during the rainy season. 2.

Quatrain - The beautiful soft leaved trees are showing their glory and the multi coloured plants continued to show their beauty. In this season the victorious Basant king returns with his army and the females prepare for the arrival of their partners by decorating themselves with make up longing to eradicate the strain of separation. 3.

The leaves from the forest trees fall off and the red flowers are blooming everywhere. The

warriors wearing red coloured clothing are ready to go into battle. 4.

Seeing the mango's growing in the groves the king is becoming pleased so that the nightingale chirps with its beautiful voice. The mind is crying out the details of the Basant (rainy season) king. The females seeing the anger that the males have in them are kicking them out of their land. 5.

Seeing the colour of the flowers the bees collect their sustenance from them. It seemed as if there was an orchestra and singers in front of the metaphorical king Basant. 6.

The birds are singing beautifully as if they were bards singing the praise of the metaphorical king Basant. The air blows the fragrance on the females to the men to assist in ending their separation. 7.

New flowers coloured white, black, red and yellow are standing and are blooming giving great glory. Small branches are sprouting on the trees as if they are the aigrette on the crown of the King of Basant. 8.

In this way the jungle looks beautiful and is where Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji walks through daily. The residence of virtues Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji in the month of Vaisakh is grazing his cattle there. 9.

By seeing the new green grass Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji grazes the cattle there. When the day had come to midday and the sun was shining very bright. 10.

Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji was tired and whilst grazing the cattel found a place to rest. Seeing such a lovely tree and its shade Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji decided to rest. 11.

A cool fragrant breeze was blowing and Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji collected some soft leaves and spread a white sheet over them. On top of this Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji the granter of mercy lay to rest. 12.

Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji closed his eyes and went to sleep. Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji is the eradicator of conscious problems and had fallen asleep at this location. When six gharis had passed through sleep the shade of the tree moved. 13.

The Sun had gone in a western direction and the sun was shining on the face of Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji. The sharp sun rays were going on the face of Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji causing sweat which shined like the water on the flowering lotus blossom. 14.

It was like the moon was the face of Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji out of which drops of ambrosial nectar where dripping. It was as if Sheshnag had realised in his heart that he should shield the sun from the Guru. 15.

Sheshnag is white like the milk of a cow and adopted the form of a snake to come to the location. Seeing the blissful face of Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji he prostrated with love. 16.

He then circumbulated Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji three times (this was done to give his mind body and soul to the Guru). He stood close to the face of Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji and spread his hood which looked like a stream from the Ganges river. 17.

In this way the white hood of Sheshnag was getting great glory as if it was like the ocean. The shadow of the hood covers the face of Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji and he does not move as if he was insentient. 18.

In this way some time elapsed and h gave shade to Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji with great pleasure.

At this time Rai Bular was returning with soldiers to Talwandi. 19.

He arrived close to the location where Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji was asleep, here his fortune blossomed as well as the return of his great deeds. He was escorted by an army on beautiful horses and had great desire to return home. 20.

When he saw this snake he assumed that someone was using a sheet to cover themselves from the sun. He wondered why they had given up the shade of the tree for the shade of the sheet? 21.

He continued to think in this manner until he got closer to Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji he heard the hissing of the Snake and realised it wasn't a sheet but a snake. He Saw that it was a snake with a big hood which was spread very wide. 22.

Thinking about what to do the mind of Rai Bular became encompassed with mercy. he thought 'If this child is to die the snake will eat it. If this person is to live then he is a divine manifestation and the white snake is serving them.' 23.

He sent his servant to go and inspect further, when he did this the snake slid away into a hole in the ground. Rai Bular stopped his horse and got off to see further, what amazing feat he has just witnessed. 24.

When he went close he heard the noise of the horses which woke Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji. The eyes of Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji opened as if they were the blooming of two lotus blossoms. The eyes are like the bee which stays close to the blossom. 25.

When Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji realised that Rai Balar was on horseback close to him. He was closely followed by his army. Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji got up and bowed his head to Rai Bular due to him being his elder. Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji is the being who destroys the sins in the age of Kaljug. 26.

Rai Bular who was the carer of the village got off his horseback and hugged Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji. With great love he embraced Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji and kissed his forehead. 27.

In his mind was great love for Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji and realised that he was some divine manifestation. After this day he kept firm faith in this conviction and never wavered. 28.

He understood that Guru Nanak Dev Ji was God and with his mind bowed to the feet of Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji. He became so imbued with love in that moment that he was unable to speak. He realised that the Guru was the divine liberator. 29.

Rai Bular got on his horse and left but found all his hair was standing on end. He went back to his house very pleased and sat down. In his mind he is deliberating that this child (Sri Guru Nanak Dev Ji) will be able to cut the cycle of transmigration for everyone. 30.

SAKHI SERIES :- 175 (BANDI-CHHOR DEVAS - DIWALI)

Bandi-Chhor Divas (Diwali)
(Source: S Varinderpal Singh)

The Sikhs celebrate Diwali in memory of the return of the sixth Nanak (Guru Hargobind Sahib Ji) from detention in the Gwalior Fort.

When Murtaja Khan, Nawab of Lahore, noticed that Guru Ji had constructed Sri Akaal Takht Sahib, 'The Throne of the Almighty', at Amritsar, and was also strengthening his army, he informed about it to the Mughal Emperor Jahangeer. He emphasized that he is making preparations to take revenge for his father's torture and martyrdom. Jahangeer at once sent Wazir Khan and Guncha Beg to Amritsar to arrest Guru Hargobind Sahib Ji..

But Wazir Khan who was a devotee of the Sikh Guru's requested the Guru to accompany them to Delhi as Emperor Jahangeer wanted to meet him. Guru Sahib accepted the invitation and reached Delhi.

On their first meeting when Jahangeer saw the Guru, he was completely won over by his youthful charm and holiness. The Emperor gave a royal welcome to the Guru. But Chandu Shah could not bear it. His daughter was still unmarried and thus the rotten sore was still bleeding (that Guru Arjan Dev Ji and the Sikh Sangat had refused the offer to marry his daughter with his son Guru Hargobind Sahib Ji). At Agra, the Emperor fell seriously ill. The physicians tried their best but they failed to care him. Then Chandu Shah conspired with the astrologers, who were asked to tell the Emperor that his sickness was due to wrong track of stars and it could, be cared only if some holy man goes to Gwallior Fort to offer prayers to the deity. He also pointed out that Guru Hargobind Ji was such a holy man and he should be asked go to Gwallior Fort. At the Emperor's request Guru Ji agreed and left for the Gawalior Fort.

In the fort Guru Ji met many princes who were detained there due to political reasons. They were leading a very deplorable life. With the help of Hari Dass (the governor of fort) Guru Ji improved their condition. Hari Daas was a Sikh of Guru Nanak and he become ardent devotee of Guru Hargobind. Once when Chandu wrote to Hari Daas to poison Guru Sahib, he at once placed that letter before Guru Ji.

When several months passed and Guru Ji was not released then Baba Buddha Ji and other devotees sikhs met the Guru. They informed him about the despicable condition of the Sikhs, who were waiting for him with great eagerness. The Guru assured them that they should not worry, he would join them soon. In the meantime Sai Mian Meer Ji met Jahangeer and asked him to release the Guru. Jahangeer, who had fully recovered ordered Wazir Khan to release Guru Sahib. But Guru Ji declined to leave the fort unless the princes confined in the fort were also released.

When Wazir Khan informed the Emperor about the desire of the Guru Ji, the Emperor was forced to agree, though he didn't want to free the prisoners. But the Emperor put down the condition that "whoever can hold on to the Guru's cloak can be released." Having compassion for others, Guru Sahib was determined to get the fifty–two Hindhu princes prisoners freed. He had a cloak made with 52 corners, for each King to hold on to and Guru Ji finally left the fort with all fifty-two princes. As the Guru liberated all the prisioners he is known as Bandi-Chhor (Liberator). Jahangeer was very much pleased with his Goodness. He ordered Wazir Khan to bring Guru Hargobind Sahib in his court at Delhi with great honour. Jahangeer had realised that he was wrong for torturing and killing His father (Guru Arjan Dev Ji), who had not committed any crime or offense. He exonerate himself by indicting the crime on Chandu Shah and other officers.

A Gurudwara known as Bandi-Chhor is built at the place where Guru Ji stayed during his detention. The Sikhs celebrate this day as Bandi Chhorr Divas i.e., "the day of release of detainees" and illuminations are made in the Gurdwaras and in homes.

What do we learn from Bandi-Chhor Diwas?

52 Hindu Kings were freed with Guru Sahib. Guru Sahib could have left the Fort alone, however, Guru Ji thought of others before himself. For him the ohers freedom and rights were more important than his own. Guru Ji never thought only of his emancipation but was concerned about everyone's emancipation (SARBAT DA BHALLA). This is the attitude and virtue which Guru Ji wanted to fill within his Sikhs. We should pray for His mercy. May WAHEGURU emancipate our soul from five dreaded vices and help us to enjoy real essence of light within.

MAY THE LIGHT THAT WE CELEBRATE AT DIWALI SHOW US THE WAY AND LEAD US TOGETHER ON THE PATH OF PEACE AND SOCIAL HARMONY.

SAKHI SERIES :- 176 (PRAYER OF A SIKH)

Prayer of a Sikh

(Source : Book - The spirit born People by Puran Singh)

A poor Sikh retailer was once arrested in that wild savage Kabul, in those old days of Guru Har Rai ji, the Master of Amritsar. The charge against him, the shopkeeper, was that he weighed less. His particular weight was not up to the right legal standard. The law makers of Kabul were bent upon throwing the Sikh, the disciple of the Master, into the burning oven, for he was weighing less than the material needed for making bread. The law of Kabul had neither pity nor sympathy for him. But whatever his fault, his wife and daughter and children were all dependent upon him and they cried. He, if alone, could have endured any punishment, but seeing the piteous condition of his family, he too cried out to the Master. With all his faults, he had the unique distinction of being His disciple. The cry reaches the throne of Amritsar, for the Master is so close to his disciples. He hears the soft moaning of his children that went crying to sleep in the street dust of Kabul. He hears the soft sobs of a wife that lay fainting on the floor of her house at Kabul, crying to the Master, "Save him, pray, save him!" and so intensely that her cry stabbed her dead on the floor.

The Master sat at Amritsar. It is written that a devotee had just then come and offered five copper pice to Him. The Master did not notice the corner, but took his five pice and began, in a meaningless way, putting them now in his right, then in his left hand and went on doing this wayward act for a couple of hours or so. As he threw the pice down he said, "Thank God, My Sikh is saved."

And there in Kabul, at that very time, the balance was trembling in favour of the disciple. His weight was being tested, now on the right pan, then on the left. They found at last that the weight was quite accurate. It was certainly immaterial whether the man or his family was destroyed or not, but when the Man of Prayer chose to throw the weight of his faith into the balance for being weighed along with the disciple as a reality of the soul, and not as a mere illusion, like many things of the earth earthly, he was saved. The Response of the Guru is varied and, at all times, living. The mother covers all the faults of her child. As justice is tempered with mercy, so it is with the Guru, the Personal God of men. A thief no more remains a thief after having obtained faith and a thief, too, is bound to be saved when he, in some unknown strange kind of distress, calls upon Him for His Mercy in such an undetermined way that he himself does not know to repeat it in that way at another time. Prayers like this, too, are forms of inspiration.

SAKHI SERIES :- 177 (MANMUKH AND GURMUKH)

Manmukh and Gurmukh

Once there were two friends, one was a Gurmukh and the other was a Manmukh. Their friendship was deep but Gurmukh
believed in God while Manmukh did not. Gurmukh would wake up early in the morning, take a bath and recite the holy
hymns while Manmukh would still be in bed sound asleep.

Once they were traveling through a forest. As they were passing through the forest, Manmukh found a bag of coal.
He was very happy because he could sell it and make some money. As they further walked while talking about how lucky
Manmukh was to find the bag of coal, Gurmukh screamed with pain. It appeared that a splinter went in Gurmukh's foot.
While Gurmukh was in pain, Manmukh started laughing. Gurmukh was surprised and asked him why was he laughing?
Manmukh said, "You have been worshipping God everyday and what you got as a result is a splinter in your foot.
I have never worshipped God and I still got a bag full of coal."

An old wise man happened to be passing by when he heard Manmukh's comments. The old man had a big ironic smile on his face.
Manmukh was astonished when he saw the old man smile. Manmukh asked the old man about the reason for his smile.
The old man replied, "You are naïve. You do not worship God. You were destined to find a bag of diamonds today if you
have been worshipping God. And Gurmukh, you were destined to die at the moment you got the splinter in your foot.
Because you have been worshipping God, the pain of death simply turned into a splinter." whereas Manmukh's bag of gold/diamond turned into coal !!

SAKHI SERIES :- 178 (THE GOLD WATCH AND A GURSIKH'S AMRITVELA)

The Gold Watch and a Gursikh's Amritvela

(Source : http://www.gurmatbibek.com/contents.php?id=59)

This incident is from 1950s. There was once a gursikh who decided to go out for darshan of Siri Anandpur Sahib and celebrate Holla Mahalla there. After getting darshan, as he was travelling back, he decided to rest for night at Siri Kiratpur Sahib. He found a good spot near a creek and parked his chariot there.

This person was a good gursikh, who used to do regular Naam simran. One's who do Naam simran know that most of the time, worldly thoughts become a big hindrance to concentration on Naam. Only fortunate ones are able to break the bonds of maaiya and other thoughts of this world and concentrate on Naam. Normally, we feel lucky if we can concentrate even for few moments.

As he was about to rest, he was accosted by a simple looking gursikh who seemed uneducated. This gursikh had a cow with him and requested the Gursikh with chariot to allow him to tie his cow to his chariot. The gursikh with cow did not want to sleep alone and was looking for company in this isolated area. The Gursikh with chariot too was happy to get company.

Pretty soon, the second gursikh tied his cow there and few meters away from the chariot lied down on floor. He was asleep in no time. The first Gursikh on the other hand suddenly got a weird thought that perhaps this second gursikh had come to him to steal his gold watch. As soon as this thought came to his mind, all his sleepiness went away. He started thinking that the second gursikh was going to steal his gold watch as soon as he went to sleep.

With such intense and stressful thoughts, the first gursikh could not sleep and now had a severe headache. All night he could not sleep and kept waking up to see if his watch was safe.

In the morning, at amritvela, the second gursikh got up, did ishnaan (take shower) and did his paath / simran. . The first gursikh who could not sleep all night had just slept for few moments when he was woken up by the second gursikh. The second gursikh offered him a glass of fresh milk from his cow and thanked him for letting him sleep near him.

As the second gursikh spoke to him, he (first gursikh) realised how big of a mistake he had committed by suspecting such a gursikh person to be a thief. He now looked at his face and saw how pious he looked. The first gursikh felt very ashamed of his behaviour.

In the meantime, the second gursikh left for his destination. The first gursikh was overwhelmed with feelings of guilt and shame. He thought to himself that he had come to Siri Anandpur Sahib to get laaha and sangat but instead had suspected such a good gursikh. To make matters worse, he lost his amritvela and an opportunity to concentrate on Naam and Baani.

What worse could have happened if he had taken his watch? He should have trusted the gursikh. As he was thinking along these lines and was on his way to his village, he approached the bridge for river Sutlej.

As he was in halfway through on the bridge, he took out his gold watch and threw it in the river.

As he did this, his mann (mind) said to him, "What did you do, you fool? You threw away such a good and expensive watch in the river. You are such a fool."

"I will not give you a reason to hinder my simran and Amritvela in the future. O my Mind, you stayed entangled in the thoughts of this gold watch all night. If you had concentrated in simran, you could have earned million such watches."

The Gursikh felt much better after this.

SAKHI SERIES :- 179 (JHOOLDE NISHAN RAHIN PANTH MAHARAJ DE !!!!!)

JHOOLDE NISHAN RAHIN PANTH MAHARAJ DE:

Once, a Nishan Sahib bearer Sikh named Bhai Alam Singh was captured by the Mughals during the second battle of Anandpur Sahib, as he advanced far forward than the Sikh positions, and continued to carry the fluttering Sikh Nishan Sahib proudly and without fear. He soon found himself surrounded by the enemy soldiers. The Mughal Commander ordered Alam Singh Ji to "throw the Nishan Sahib down ".Bhai Alam Singh Ji replied, "THIS Flag is the symbol of my personal dignity and that of my Guru and I will never let it fall".

The Mughal Commander then says "we will cut off your hands, in that case."

Bhai Alam Singh Ji without an iota of fear, replied, "In that case, I will carry the Nishan Sahib with my feet." The Mughal said, we will cut off your legs too.

Bhai Alam Singh Ji boldly defying, responded, "Then, I will hold it between my lips, with my mouth! This flag belongs to my GURU, I will never let it fall ever"

The commander retorted, 'we will blow your head off, what will you do then? 'Bhai Alam Singh Ji responded by saying "In that case "The Guru whose flag he was carrying will take care of it ! But while I breathe, I will hold it high".
In those days, the rules of war were that no flag carrier was ever killed or shot by the enemy, but the Mughal commander seeing such fierce and emboldened defiance from Bhai Alam Singh; with one swipe, cut off Bhai Alam Singh Ji's head, in clear violation of the agreed rules of engagement in battle.

But it is said that before the Nishan Sahib could fall to the ground, Guru Gobind Singh Ji's [son] Sahibzada, Baba Ajit Singh Ji appeared and took hold of the Nishan sahib and held the Nishan Sahib high with one hand, while with the other he slayed off the head of the Mughal Commander, spreading fear and chaos in the ranks of the enemy!
This is the as how the Nishan Sahib was held in great esteem by the Sikhs in those days

Brief History:
It is said words "Waheguru Ji Ki Fateh" in Punjabi script (Victory of God) was inscribed on the Nishan Sahib of Guru Gobind Singh Ji. During Maharaja Ranjit Singh's times words "Akal

Sahai" in Punjabi script were unscribed on the Nishan Sahib. During times Sikh Misals, "Nishan Walia" Misal used to provide Sikhs for carrying Nishan Sahib to all the Misals during battles. Nishan Sahib on Pole of suitable height is hoisted on all Gurdwaras.

A flag represents loyalty, unity and distinction. Nishan Sahib stands for the Sikhs in their body, mind, and action. It is an assertion of their physical, mental and spiritual independence, and of the UNITY under its protection. It announces the purity of their thought, and spiritual elevation through their belief in ONE God, faith in their Gurus as well as Guru Granth Sahib ji, and in the edicts of the Sikh faith including the discipline of Amrit. It proclaims their faith, beliefs, high morale, honest conduct, hard work, truthfulness, justice, forgiveness, equality, liberty - live and let live attitude, compassion and helpfulness to the needy etc

Fact : There are 2 Nishan Sahibs in front of Akal Takht Sahib. The Jhanda(nishan) Sahib towards Akal Takht Sahib is one foot shorter than the other (towards teh Darbar Sahib), as the one representing the spiritual or Heavenly realm is seen as the more important of the two.

SAKHI SERIES :- 180 (BHAI BAHLO SABH TAUN PEHLO)

Bhai Bahlo's Sewa

He started working in the potter's kiln (oven) where bricks are baked. He worked there as hard as he could and for as long as his body would let him. At Amritvela and evening time he attended Sangat to listen to Kirtan and Katha. All day he spent his time in doing Sewa and chanting Naam. This had a profound impact on his mind. His mind was purified and soon the glow of Gurbani was glowing in his mind.

Bhai Bahlo noticed that Guru Sahib only accepted such bricks in sewa that were fully hardened and red in colour. Someone told Bhai Bahlo that if human excreta and cow dung was used along with other fuel, it helped in getting the bricks to fully harden. Bhai Bahlo got an army of sewadaars and acted on this advice. The work was very dirty and not many people were willing to undertake this work but Bhai Bahlo, whose only aim was to please Guru Sahib had no qualms over doing this sewa. While doing this sewa, his clothes became very filthy and he smelled really bad but he continued with the sewa. When all the kilns were opened, it was found that Bhai Bahlo's bricks were the best. Guru Sahib was very pleased with Bhai Bahlo's work but kept quiet at that time.

Once, there was a shortage of langar supplies. Bhai Bahlo who used to get paid for doing sewa, had saved all his funds. He presented his savings and with that the langar supplies for that time were supplied.

Bhai Bahlo's sewa Accepted

Bhai Bahlo's condition had become such that he had only one aim of doing sewa. He hardly spoke to anyone and because of working with excreta and cow dung, his clothes were very filthy during the day. Many people avoided him and some even made fun of him. Some even thought that he had gone crazy.

When he was not working on the kiln, he used to work on digging out soil from the Sarovar. Some sewadaars used to fill his bucket so heavily that it would be very hard for one person to lift but Bhai Bahlo never complained. He always stayed focus on Naam and Sewa. People mocked him but his

mind had been imbued with Naam so deeply, that he never got angry, upset, or ashamed, because of the mocking. His heart was contented with Naam.

Whenever he used to see Guru Sahib, he could not keep his eyes away from Guru Sahib. His eyes were full of love for Guru Sahib. Then he used to forget all his tiredness and fatigue. He had so much love that it seemed as if his heart was beating only for Guru Sahib.

Guru Sahib was not unknown to the love of Bhai Bahlo but wanted him to get more purified. But one day, Guru Sahib could no longer restrain Himself. Bhai Bahlo had been dealing with excreta and his clothes were very dirty. The bad-smell coming from him was unbearable. He saw Guru Sahib along with some Gursikhs coming towards him. He could not think of appearing before Guru Sahib in such condition. He tried to hide behind other sewadaars but then noticed that Guru coming right towards him. When Guru Sahib came close to him, he moved backwards. Guru Sahib moved forward and he moved backwards. Then the thought came to his mind that moving backwards would amount to disrespecting Guru Sahib but to appear before Guru Sahib in such filthy condition too was disrespectful.

As he was engaged in such thoughts, he inadvertently fell at the Charan Kamal of Guru Sahib. Guru Sahib lifted him up and tightly embraced him. All curtains blocking the spiritual treasure within, were lifted in that instant. Bhai Bahlo accomplished Jyot-Vigaas there and then. Guru Sahib had done his kirpa.

More Blessings from Guru Sahib

After the completion of the Sarovar and Siri Harmandir Sahib, a samagam was held to thank Vaheguru. Baba Buddha jee was the first one to receive siropa and honour from Guru Sahib. The second one after Baba jee to receive the Siropa was Bhai Bhagtu jee. He was blessed with many boons and the responsibility to do Parchaar of Sikhi in the area of Brars. Then came the turn of Bhai Bahlo jee. Guru Sahib first all blessed him with the title of "Bhai" and called him Bhai Bahlo. Bhai Bahlo jee's original name was Bahlol but Guru Sahib changed it to Bahlo and also blessed him with the title of "Bhai".

Guru Sahib was still not satisfied with his blessings. Guru Sahib gave him the boon of "Bhai Bahlo, Sabh taun Pehlo" meaning Bhai Bahlo is number one out of Sewadaars. Guru Sahib was still not satisfied and then lovingly asked him to ask for more. Bhai Bahlo's eyes were filled with divine tears and with trembling body, he asked for nothing but Naam and Sikhi for eternity. Guru Sahib was filled with love. Guru Sahib got up from His throne and embraced Bhai Bahlo very tightly and declared him the leader of Sikhs in Malwa zone. Then Guru Sahib through another blessing gave him access to all Akali Shaktis (positive extra-sensory spiritual powers, Ridhi Sidhi). Anything that Bhai Bahlo would say and do would come true.

Hukam to go back Home

Thereafter Guru Sahib gave Bhai Bahlo the Hukam to go to his home and do Parchaar of Sikhi in Malwa zone of Punjab. Bhai Sahib arrived at his home and the whole village and friends were surprised to see him in Sikhi baana. He no longer was carrying the Aasa (long stick of Sakhi Sarvars), or wearing Sultani clothes. His shining face was showing the inner Avastha of a Brahmgyani.

The Sakhi Sarvars were furious. They first cajoled him to come back to his old faith and then threatened him but Bhai Sahib remained unmoved. Soon he started doing parchaar of Sikhi and in a matter of short time, Sikhi started spreading very rapidly in that area. Twice a year, at Vasaakhi and Diwali, he used to go to Siri Harmandir Sahib with thousands of Sikhs.

Bhai Sahib continued doing sewa and Parchaar of Sikhi in Malwa. Bhai Sahib was one of the greatest Sikhs of that time along with Bhai Manjh jee, Bhai Bhagtu jee, and Bhai Langah jee. May Guru Sahib bless us with such Sikhi as these great Gurmukhs had.

SAKHI SERIES :- 181 (BHAI SUDH SINGH'S FIRST MEETING WITH BHAI VEER SINGH JI)

Bhai Sudh Singh's first meeting with Bhai Vir Singh jee

(Source : http://www.gurmatbibek.com/)

Bhai Sudh Singh had gone to China to collect funds for a Sikh orphanage and while staying there he read Bhai Vir Singh jee's famous book Rana Surat Singh and developed extreme Bairaag. He used to cry in Bairaag while reading it and anyone else who read Rana Surat Singh too would cry while reading it. When it was first published, Bhai Vir Singh did not allow his name to be written as author and for this reason most people did not know who the author of this book was.

Bhai Sudh Singh came to Siri Amritsar Sahib and met his friend Bhai Sohan Singh Rahi who was also a companion of Bhai Vir Singh. He mentioned to Rahi jee about Rana Surat Singh and asked him if he knew who the author was. Rahi jee knew the author but since Bhai Sahib had strictly stopped his companions from disclosing his name, Rahi jee kept quiet. Bhai Sudh Singh asked three times but Rahi jee kept quiet. When Bhai Sudh Singh got a bit upset, Rahi jee said that he can't disclose the author's name but he can take him to the author.

Incidently, Bhai Vir Singh came to the place where they both were standing and from the respect that Rahi jee accorded to Bhai Vir Singh, Bhai Sudh Singh figured out that this person was the author of Rana Surat Singh. After spending some time with Rahi jee discussing some important issues, Bhai Vir Singh directly addressed Bhai Sudh Singh, "So did you save China or drown it?"

"Who am I to drown or save China. I went to there to collect funds and that's what I did", Bhai Sudh Singh responded humbly.

Bhai Vir Singh noticed that Bhai Sudh Singh was suffering from flu and asked him that he looked sick. Bhai Sudh Singh responded by confirming his sickness. At this Bhai Vir Singh said, "Shahpuriye (residents of Shahpur) are not supposed to get sick."

Bhai Sudh Singh responded, "Sukh and Dukh come as part of this body. How can Shahpuriye escape them?"

Bhai Sahib jee said, "90 out of 100 residents of Shahpur do paath of Siri Sukhmani Sahib and how can the diseases come to ones who recite Siri Sukhmani Sahib?"

Bhai Sudh Singh replied, "Siri Sukhmani Sahib cuts only mental and spiritual diseases. What relationship can it have with cutting diseases of the body? The diseases of the body occur as a result of our Karma."

Bhai Sahib lovingly asked, "So you don't do paath of Siri Sukhmani Sahib? Go read the first Ashtpadi of Siri Sukhmani Sahib."

Bhai Sudh Singh obeying Bhai Sahib's hukam started doing Siri Sukhmani Sahib. He had just read the first two Pankitis of the first Ashtpadi - ਸਿਮਰਉ ਸਿਮਰਿ ਸਿਮਰਿ ਸੁਖੁ ਪਾਵਉ ॥ ਕਲਿ ਕਲੇਸ ਤਨ ਮਾਹਿ ਮਿਟਾਵਉ ॥ - that Bhai Sahib stopped him. Bhai Sahib said, "The Pankiti says ਤਨ ਮਾਹਿ and not ਮਨ ਮਾਹਿ which means that Siri Sukhmani Sahib takes care of diseases of the body as well."

Bhai Sudh Singh realized that even though he did do Paath of Siri Sukhmani Sahib but in actuality he did not do Paath of it because he did not absorb the teachings of this great Baani. Bhai Vir Singh jee continued showering spiritual teachings of Gurmat for another half an hour or so. Bhai Sudh Singh realized the greatness of Siri Sukhmani Sahib and thus concluded his first meeting with Bhai Vir Singh jee.

SAKHI SERIES :- 182 (BHAI KIRTIYA JI)

Bhai Kirtiya Ji

One day after the morning congregation was over a man brought a large bear into the darbar of Dhan Dhan Satguru Sri Guru Gobind Singh Ji Maharaj. The man wanted to give a performance with his bear before Guru Sahib and the sangat and as a consequence asked for permission. On being permitted to do so he began to wrestle with his bear. After a while he used his stick to make the bear do all sorts of tricks.

At the time a Sikh called Bhai Kirtia Ji was doing chaur seva over Dhan Dhan Satguru Sri Guru Gobind Singh Ji Maharaj. As the bear did it's tricks Bhai Kirtia Ji would begin to laugh out loudly. Towards the end of the performance Guru Sahib turned to Bhai Kirtia and asked him, "Bhai Kirtia do you not recognise the bear?" Bhai Kirtia looked confused and said, "Guru Ji it is a bear I have never seen" Guru Sahib smiled and said, "Bhai Kirita it is your father Bhai Gurdas".

Upon hearing this Bhai Kirita was really surprised and upset. He folded his hands together and humbly said to Guru Sahib, "O Guru of the world, my father always did seva in your holy darbar. He would get up early in the morning and recite his prayers. He also served the ninth King, Dhan Dhan Satguru Sri Guru Tegh Bahahdur Ji Maharaj. Having done such dedicated seva how can this be the reward given to him? If this is his fate what fate awaits someone like me? Please be kind and tell me why my father ended up in this unfortunate position after serving the house of Dhan Guru Nanak Dev Ji Maharaj with such love and devotion."

Guru Ji said, "It is correct that your father had served Dhan Dhan Satguru Sri Guru Tegh Bahadhur Ji Maharaj devotedly. But on one occasion, while he was distributing karah prasad, a poor Gursikh was passing by loading cane sugar on his cart. He visited the Guru on his way while his oxen moved his cart. THat Gursikh who was in a hurry, after paying his respects to Dhan Dhan Satguru Sri Guru Tegh Bahadhur Ji Maharaj and the sangat begged for some prasad but your father refused to give him any. The Gursikh again requested but instead of giving him Parshaad your father reprimanded him for making the request again and again and angrily said "Why are you behaving like a bear?". The Gursikh was hurt. He picked up a small piece of prasad which had fallen on the floor and uttered, 'Waheguru', and went away asking Akaal Purakh why some Sikhs of Dhan Guru Nanak Dev Ji Maharaj had forgotten the true spirit of Sikhi.
A few days after this incident your father died and on account of his behaviour with teh Gursikh was born again as the bear who sits in front of us today."
But beacuase of his Sewa and serving Guru Tegh bahadur Ji he has reached here today infront of the sangat.

On hearing these words of Dhan Dhan Satguru Sri Guru Gobind Singh Ji Maharaj the entire congregation felt pity for Bhai Gurdas Ji and collectively they begged Guru Ji to somehow redeem Bhai Gurdas Ji from that sort of life. Guru Sahib smiled at his Sikhs and turned towards the owner of the bear and asked him what price he was willing to sell the bear? The owner of the bear agreed to part with the animal for 200 rupees. Guru Sahib took 200 rupees from his own pocket and paid the owner of the bear.

After this the bear sat at the feet of Dhan Dhan Satguru Sri Guru Gobind Singh Ji Maharaj. Guru Sahib then got some karah prasad prepared which was distributed to all the sangat. Guru Sahib fed the bear a bit of prasad. A few seconds after Guru Ji had done this the bear went to sleep for the last time and Bhai Gurdas Ji's soul was liberated by that King of this world and the next.

SAKHI SERIES :- 183 (BHAI PAIRA AND DURGA)

Bhai Paira and Durga

Bhai Paira and Durga came to Guru ji and prayed for his guidance. Guru ji told them that the people who had given charity in their previous births were getting its fruit in the present birth. Those who are giving now would get the fruit in the future. So, if they have wealth more than

their needs, they should give it to the needy. They should distribute food to the disciples and give them blankets, shawls and other clothes in the winter.

Once, a very large number of devotees came to Guru ji and said that they did not have anything. These two disciples mortgaged their houses and with that money, provided food to the disciples. After this many more disciples came. It was winter and this made matters worse. They were worried as to how to feed and protect them from cold. The two disciples went to a nearby forest and pondered upon the situation. They casually started digging the earth with wooden sticks. Lo and behold! They discovered a large vessel full of gold coins. This money helped them to bring food and clothes to the other devotees and also release their houses from mortgage.

Guru ji was very pleased and said that he will never abandon those who give in the Name of 'Waheguru'. They will never face scarcity. So they should be firm in their discipline of charity

ਪੁਰੀਆ ਚੂਹੜੁ ਚਉਧਰੀ ਪੈੜਾ ਦਰਗਹ ਦਾਤਾ ਭਾਰਾ॥

pureeaa chooharr choudhharee pairraa dharageh dhaathaa bhaaraa||

Bhai puria, Chaudhari Chuhar, Bhai Paira and Durga Das are known for their charitable nature. *- Bhai Gurdas ji Vaars Panna 11*

SAKHI SERIES :- 184 (SIMRAN IS THE KEY)

Simran is the Key

(Source : http://www.jathashaheedan.com/blog/index.php?/authors/1-Kamaljeet-Singh-Shaheedsar/P2.html)

One Pooranmashi, Baba Nand Singh Ji shared these bachans with Sangat -
'' Gaaviaa suniaa thin kaa har thhaae paavai, jin sathigur kee aagiaa sath sath kar maanee"
Their singing and listening is approved by the Lord; they accept the Order of the True Guru as True, totally True.
- Guru Ram Das Ji, Sri Guru Granth Sahib Ji, Ang 669

A husband who lived in a distant land, once wrote a letter to his wife and family, asking them to ensure certain tasks he instructed were complied with. Everyone in the family read and listened to what was written in the letter, but the letter was neatly folded away into a corner in the cupboard. Twice daily, the wife would respectfully ensure the letter was well kept and would read it over and over. In affection of her husband, she would even pay her respects to the letter by burning incense, like one would do before the image of a deity. Day and night, she would wrap the letter in a beautiful, clean cloth and would bow to the letter.

When the husband returned after many many years, and asked his family whether they had received his letter, they all replied that they did. The head of the house went on further to ask whether the tasks he had asked had been complied with. But the family replied that they had taken great care of his letter and reverently paid their respects of love. The husband then told his family that the purpose of sending the letter was not to be kept reverently in safety, but had sent to ensure that the tasks asked were to be done without fail. The family had failed to comply with even a single instruction written in the letter. In disappointment, the man of the house stated that their taking of his letter was of no use to him

This is exactly the message in what Guru Ram Das Ji says in the above shabad. In the complete writings of Guru Granth Sahib Ji, man is instructed over and over, to recite the Name of Waheguru.

bhajahu guobi(n)dh bhool math jaahu maanas janam kaa eaehee laahu
Vibrate, and meditate on the Lord of the Universe, and never forget Him. This is the blessed opportunity of this human incarnation. - Bhagat Kabir Ji, Sri Guru Granth Sahib Ji, Ang 1159

What Bhagat Kabir Ji is saying in the above shabad is that the human birth has been blessed to us for the sole purpose of remembering Waheguru in meditation. Every sant, mahapursh, gyani and other spiritually elevated beings remind us, 'Naam Jappo' as this is the first instruction of Guru Nanak Dev Ji''

Like the family that merely preserved and respected the letter from the head of the family but did not heed what was being instructed to them, likewise, we need to look unto ourselves and see if that is what we are doing too. If we are merely reading Gurbani and not trying to understand what the Guru is asking of us to do, it is to no avail. There is no use of covering Guru Granth Sahib Ji in all its expensive and royal coverings and bowing down in obeisance when we take little or no heed of even doing our Nitnem and going to the Gurudwara to earn the blessings of the Guru in Sadh Sangat

SAKHI SERIES :- 185 (CHANDRAHANS & DHRISHTBUDHI)

Who was Chandrahans? His name has appeared in Siri Guru Granth Sahib jee at least once.
(Source : http://www.gurmatbibek.com)

Sabh hai Brahm, Braham hai pasariya, mann bijiya khaavaray||
Jiyon Chandrahans dukhiya Dhrishtbudhee, apnay ghar lookey Jaaray ||
=>In everything is Vaheguru and Vaheguru is everywhere i.e. he pervades everywhere. Whatever one sows one has to reap, just like, the evil Dhrishtbudhee tormented and hurt Chandrahans but in the end he burned his own house.

Here is a brief account of Chandrahans and Dhrishtbudhi.

Chandrahans was born to a king of a small kingdom. Soon after his birth, the king, his father lost battle to the neighbouring king. The king and queen both died in this battle. Chandrahans was saved by his governess who took him to another kingdom.

Chandrahans who was born a prince started growing up in poverty and living in a slum. Close to his house there was a temple where the king of this land and other noblemen used to come to worship. Chandrahans who was about 5 years old at the time, used to play in the outskirts of the mandir.

Chandrahans was a gifted child who from birth had love for Vaheguru. He had not read about him but due to his previous karams he had a propensity towards Vaheguru. One day as he was playing outside the temple, Dhrishtbudhi the PM of the kingdom came to worship in the mandir. A holy man was also present in the temple at that time. The holy man and Dhrishtbudhi started talking. The holy man noticed Chandrahans and asked Dhrishtbudhi who the child was. Dhrishtbudhi denied any knowledge of this child. The holy man predicted that this child – Chandrahans – would become the king of this land.

Dhrishtbudhi got very upset when he heard this from the holy man. He had plans for his son Madan to become the king, since the king had no son of his own. He immediately went back to his palace, hired some thugs and contracted them to murder Chandrahans. Though the killers were surprised to hear of this contract, they nevertheless agreed to carry out the killing.

They took the child to a jungle nearby and told the crying child that they were going to kill him. Chandrahans was visibly shaken and scared but did not lose his senses. Just when they were about to kill Chandrahans, he requested that he be given some time to pray to Vaheguru before his death. Who could deny such a reasonable request? He was allowed to offer his prayers to God. Chandrahans started singing praises of Vaheguru that he had learned from his governess. He prayed to Vaheguru to save him. Vaheguru did mercy and the killers were given some mercy by Vaheguru.

The killers looked at the child's face and could not kill him. Their stone hearts melted and they decided not to kill the child. They noticed that the child had an extra toe finger. They cut that

finger off and took it to Dhrishtbudhi as a proof of their assignment done. Chandrahans was left in the jungle alone. Chandrahans did not get scared of any animal and stayed there for few days surviving on wild fruits and vegetables.

One day a king of some other land was passing by the jungle after hunting that he noticed Chandrahans sitting and praying to Vaheguru. The king was very surprised to see this sweet and beautiful child alone in jungle. He asked him who he was. The child told him that he had no relatives and his parents had died. The child had a noble and royal mien that convinced the king to adopt the child since he had no son of his own. He brought the child to his palace and the child started living a life of a prince again.

Chandrahans grew up to be a very handsome young man adept in warfare, martial arts and other studies of that time. Around that time, Dhrishtbudhi who was the PM of neighbouring kingdom came to visit Chandrahans' kingdom. He saw Chandrahans and felt that he looked familar. He asked the king who this young man was and the king told Dhrishtbudhi the whole story. Dhrishtbudhi was very surprised to know that Chandrahans had survived a previous attempt on his life but he now resolved more than ever to kill Chandrahans.

He came up with a plan. He asked Chandrahans to deliver a letter of great importance to his son Madan. Chandrahans who was an unsuspecting and humble prince did not have any double thoughts and immediately got on his horse and set for the neighbouring kingdom where Dhrishtbudhi was a PM (prime minister). He came near the palace of Dhrishtbudhi and saw a very beautiful garden. He decided to rest under the shadow of a tree there. Soon he fell asleep.

As he was asleep, Vishya the daughter of Dhrishtbudhi came with her friends to play in the garden. She saw a handsome prince sleeping under a tree and just kept looking at him. She noticed a letter sticking out of his turban and out of curiosity took out the letter. She was pleasantly surprised to see that the letter had a message to her own brother Madan as follows:

"This boy is destined to become the king of our kingdom. Give him Vish immediately.".

Vish means Poison and Dhrishtbudhee's daughters name was Vishya which means an emotion. Vishya was very pleased reading her father's letter and thought that instead of writing "Vishya" her father had accidently written "Vish" which meant poison. She was pleased that her father had chosen such a handsome prince for her. She took a kalam (thin wooden straw) and using the surmaa of her eyes as ink, she added "ya" to "Vish". The note now read as follows:

"This boy is destined to become the king of our kingdom. Give him Vishya immediately."

After changing the note and placing it back in Chandrahans' turban, Vishya quietly left the garden. Chandrahans woke up after some time and took the letter to Madan, Dhrishtbudhee's son. Madan read the letter and very pleasingly acquiesced to his father's request in the letter. Immediately Chandrahans was married off to Vishya, Madan's daughter.

In couple of days, Dhrishtbudhi came back to his kingdom and was shocked to see Chandrahans not only alive but also married to his daughter. Dhrishtbudhi was greatly enraged and was banging his head in the walls. He got very upset at his son for committing this stupidity. His son showed him the letter he had sent and the letter clearly said that Madan was to give Vishya to Chandrahans. Dhrishtbudhi was greatly upset but he kept quiet.

He now more resolved than ever to kill Chandrahans at any cost; even at the cost of making his daughter a widow. He made another plan. He hired killers for the second time and told them to hide in the templein the outskirts of the city. He told them to kill anyone who came to this temple at 6pm in the evening. The killers hid themselves in the bushes of the deserted temple in the outskirts of the city waiting for their victim to come.

Dhrishtbudhi asked Chandrahans to go and perform pooja in that temple as per some family tradition. The unsuspecting Chandrahans nodded and took shower and started getting ready

for the pooja at the temple. As he was about to leave, the king of this kingdom had a heart attack. Madan who was present with the king sat by him as he was being treated by doctors. The king worried about his successor, decided to leave his kingdom for Chandrahans whom he had found to be a very worthy successor. He immediately decided to test him and declare him his successor if he passed away.

The king immediately dispatched Madan to go and get Chandrahans by his bedside. Madan found Chandrahans walking towards the mandir. Madan told Chandrahans about the king's order to see him immediately. Chandrahans told him of Dhrishtbudhee's, his father-in-law's wish to have pooja done at the mandir. Madan took the pooja stuff from Chandrahans and told him to go to the king and that he in the meanwhile would perform pooja on Chandrahans's behalf.

Madan went to the temple whereas Chandrahans went to see the king. By then Dhrishtbudhee too had arrived by the bedside of king and was surprised to see Chandrahans there. The king asked him questions to test him and Chandrahans answered all of them successfully. The king declared him the king. Dhrishtbudhi asked Chandrahans where Madan was and Chandrahans told him that Madan had gone to the temple to perform pooja.

Hearing this Dhrishtbudhi went pale. He immediately rushed out towards the mandir fearing the worst. To his horror, he saw the blood soaked dead body of his son Madan there. Madan had been murdered mercilessly. Dhrishtbudhi's third attempt on Chandrahans's life had turned futile and actually had harmed him again. Not being able to sustain the sorrow of the death of his only son Madan, Dhrishtbudhi took out his dagger and stabbed himself to death.

If we try to do evil to others, only bad can happen to us as a result of this.

SAKHI SERIES :- 186 (KALI SWEEPS THE FLOORS OF GURU NANAK DEV JI)

Kali Sweeps the Floors of Guru Nanak Dev ji

Chaudhary (the village head) of Malsihan village was a devotee of Goddess 'Kali', and respected all holy people.

When Guru Nanak Dev visited Malsihan village, Chaudhary Bhagirath devotedly served him. At night he would sleep where Guru ji was sleeping. Early in the morning when Guru ji got up for prayers, Bhagirath went to fetch water for his bath. When he was returning with the buckets of water from the well, he noticed a beautiful lady with eight arms sweeping the floor with a broom. Bhagirath inquired who she was and why she had come from her house so early. She replied that she was the Goddess Kali. Bhagirath at once fell at her feet and prayed. He then asked her why was it that she being the mother of the whole world, supporter of all Gods and destroyer of the demons was sweeping the floors of Guru Nanak Dev's room? She replied that this holy person was none other than the Unmanifest aspect of the Supreme Being himself, whereas she was the Manifest aspect and her powers were derived from the services of saints like Guru Nank Dev.

On hearing this, Bhagirath became a disciple of Guru ji and devoted his life to the service of saints and meditation on 'Waheguru'. He was thus liberated from the cycle of life and death.

> mYlsIhW ivic AwKIAY BwgIrQu kwlI gux gwvY]
>
> m**ai**las**ee**h**aa(n)** v**i**ch **aa**kh**eeai** bh**aa**g**ee**rathh k**aa**l**ee** g**u**n g**aa**v**ai**||
>
> *One Bhagirath of Malsihan town was there who earlier was a devotee of Kali, the Goddess.*
> *- Bhai Gurdaas Ji Vaar*

SAKHI SERIES :- 187 (HOW TO ESCAPE THE CYCLE OF BIRTH AND DEATH)

Bhai Deepa Deo, Narain Dass and Boola

Bhai Deepa Deo, Narain Dass and Boola came to Guru Angad Dev, prostrated before him and prayed to him to save them from the cycle of birth and death. Guruji advised them to practice devotion (bhakti) to 'Waheguru', the Supreme Lord. The disciples replied that they were ignorant and did not know what 'bhakti' or devotion meant. They prayed for an explanation.

Guruji explained that the Supreme Lord created 'Maya' or the creative powers. He then ordered it to create the universe and keep it under its control by illusive powers.
He also created four Gods, three male and one female, and said that whoever will seek refuge with any one of them shall attain Him. They were:
1) Vairagya or dispassion.
2) Yoga or asceticism or renunciation.
3) Gyan or path of knowledge.
4) Bhakti or path of devotion.

The first three are males. Maya can entice them with evil ways and means and make them fall from their objectives. But 'Bhakti' is a virtuous wife. Maya can therefore entice the devotees of the first three Gods and not the devotees of Bhakti.

The disciples then prayed for the description of the four paths so that they may follow them correctly.
Guru Angad Devji said that 'vairagya' is of two types:
a) When one renounces his home, clothes, and food etc for the love of the Lord.
b) Other is not to get too involved in the world and take as much as is necessary for maintaining the body.

The Yoga is also of two types:
a) The first type is the yoga of hardships i.e. ashtang yoga and pranayama etc.
b) The second type is to draw away the mind from desires and enjoyments and direct it towards the God.

Gyan is also of two types:
a) The first is to believe that this world is an illusion and only the Atma is real. God resides in each one of us. Thus, wash away the dirt of anger and hatred towards others.
b) The second type is the 'sarwan gyan' i.e. act faithfully on what the Guru says.

Then there is the "bhakti"or 'Devotion to the Divine'. This is to consider God as the master and oneself as His servant. One has to surrender the mind, body and wealth to the God i.e. total surrender.

"Surrender His objects to Him.
Follow the Will of the Lord happily.
He will bless you with everything four-fold.
Nanak says that the Lord is ever merciful."

On hearing this, the disciples started serving the saints and other disciples. They were devoted to the Guru's words and were thus liberated.

ਦੀਪਾ ਦੇਉ ਨਰਾਇਣ ਦਾਸੁ ਬੂਲੇ ਦੇ ਜਾਈਐ ਬਲਿਹਾਰੀ॥

dh**ee**p**aa** dh**aeoo** nar**aae**in dh**aa**s b**oo**l**ae** dh**ae** j**aaeeai** bal**ih**a**ar**ee||

I am sacrifice unto Bhai Dev, Bhai Naryan Das, Bhai Bula and Bhai Dipa.
- Bhai Gurdaas JI Vaaran

SAKHI SERIES :- 188 (THE HORRIFYING COBRA THAT BLOCKED THE WAY OF GURMUKHS)

The Horrifying Cobra that blocked the way of Gurmukhs
(Source: http://gurmatbibek.com)

Bhai Jodha and Bhai Jalo Masand were the residents of Tulaspur and Bhai Mohan and Bhai Alam Chand were the residents of Lahore. They used to collect Daswandh from Gursikhs of their area and submit to Siri Guru Arjun Dev jee at Siri Amritsar Sahib. All four of them were extremely pious and honest and never used to keep even one Kaudi (smallest unit of money) of Daswandh for themselves. They used to preach that just as a fly that falls into food spoils the food, same way even one kaudi from Guru's Daswand destroys all assets of a Sikh and even destroys the body of a Sikh through diseases.

One day all four of them were travelling to Siri Amritsar Sahib, riding a chariot. On their way, a huge Black Cobra with a big hood stood in the way of the chariot. The horses would not move at the sight of the ferocious cobra. The Gursikhs tried to change way but the cobra would move in the same direction and block their way. Then Bhai Mohan got off the chariot with a utensil, placed the utensil in front of the cobra and addressed it as follows:

"ਜੇ ਤੂੰ ਗੁਰੂ ਕੇ ਹਜ਼ੂਰ ਚਲਦਾ ਹੈਂ ਤਾਂ ਇਸ ਦੇਗੇ ਵਿਚ ਪਰਵੇਸੁ ਕਰਿ" I(f you want to go to the presence of the Guru, then enter this utensil)

Hearing this the snake entered the utensil and Bhai Mohan covered the utensil with a covering.

They reached the court of Siri Guru Arjun Dev jee and did Matha Tek (prostrating before Siri Guru jee). Siri Guru jee after blessing them asked, "ਕਿਤਨੇ ਮਸੰਦ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਆਏ ਹੋ?" (How many of you Masands have arrived). The Masand Bhai Mohan said that four of them had arrived.

At this Siri Guru jee replied, "ਏਨੂੰ ਪੰਜਾਂ ਸਿਖਾਂ ਦਾ ਪ੍ਰਸਾਦ ਦੇਹੁ। ਪੰਜਵਾਂ ਸਰਪ ਜੋ ਤੁਸਾਡੇ ਨਾਲ ਆਇਆ ਹੈ, ਉਹ ਭੀ ਮਸੰਦ ਹੈ।" (Give them degh for 5 Gursikhs. The fifth one, the snake, who has come with you too is a masand).

At this the Bhai Mohan jee and other masands humbly asked Guru Sahib as to why the fifth Masand had become a snake. Siri Guru jee replied "he did not used to be humble before Gursikhs, did not used to bow before them. This is why he has become a cobra that raises its hood. He had hidden the ardaas of Guru; this is why he has become a poisonous snake in this life."

Having said that, Siri Guru jee did bachan to bring the cobra to his hazoori (presence). Bhai Mohan jee immediately brought the utensil in which the cobra was sitting and lifting the covering, brought out the cobra in sangat. The horrifying cobra raising its hood stood in sangat. Siri Guru jee did bachan to bring pure water of Siri Amritsar Sarovar and sprinkle on the cobra. When the water from the sarovar was sprinkled on the cobra, it immediately died. The spirit of the masand left the body of the cobra and ascended to the higher spiritual realms. Then Siri Guru jee did bachan,"ਅੰਮ੍ਰਿਤਸਰ ਦੇ ਦਰਸਨ ਮਾਤ੍ਰ ਤੇ ਸਭ ਪਾਪ ਨਸ਼ਟ ਹੋ ਜਾਤੇ ਹੈਨਿ" (By darshan of Amritsar, sins are erased).

The time when Siri Guru Sahibaan were in human form must have been an amazing and enchanting time.

This is a very lesson-giving saakhi that gives a number of important spiritual lessons:

1) Never steal Golak money.
2) Always stay humble before Gursikhs and bow to them.
3) Even if we make a mistake and get punished, the merciful Guru never forgets us.
4) The water of Amritsar Sahib is strong enough to cure diseases and erase sins, provided we have faith and Naam.

SAKHI SERIES :- 189 (NAAM SIMRAN)

Bhai Sahib Vir Singh jee
(Source: http://www.sikhnet.com/voices/goodbyes)

kehi kabeer kishh gun beechaar ||
Says Kabeer, think of doing some good deeds.

chalae juaaree dhue hathh jhaar ||4||2||
In the end, the gambler shall depart empty-handed. ||4||2||
Guru Granth Sahib Ji, Ang 1157

Bhai Sahib Vir Singh jee, perhaps the greatest modern Sikh spiritual writer, once was sent a message from his old college friend who he had lost touch with since college. His friend was in the hospital and asked Bhai Sahib to visit him there urgently. Surprised and also eager to serve, Bhai Sahib promptly went to the hospital. His friend was dying and the doctors had given him a few weeks to live.

His friend was not at all spiritual oriented. Seeing Bhai Sahib he started weeping and said: "I have led a wasteful and useless life. Now death approaches and I am afraid."
Bhai Sahib was very soft hearted (read his books and you will attest to this) and said: "There is always mercy in the Guru's house - start meditating on the Guru's Word - *SatNaam WaheGuru*".

It is a common saying that a drowning man will hold on to a twig with all his might. So his friend dived deeply into Word meditation. Bhai Sahib came back home and gradually forget about his friend (he was never close to him during college years). A few weeks later, Bhai Sahib had a dream about his friend. His friend was sitting atop the berry tree at the Golden Temple in Amritsar and was joyfully eating berries. He looked down at Bhai Sahib and said: "Guru Nanak has taken me in. I am free! Here - have a berry...", and threw one at Bhai Sahib. This startled Bhai Sahib jee and he woke up.

Bhai Sahib was a deep researcher into spiritual matters. He realized this was no ordinary dream, therefore he noted down the day and time in his diary - it was 1:16 am. He also resolved to visit his friend that day.

Later that day, Bhai Sahib jee went to the hospital and found his friend's bed empty. Upon inquiry, he was told that his friend died at 1.16 am that morning.

gur baanee kehai saevak jan maanai parathakh guroo nisathaarae ||5||
If His humble servant believes, and acts according to the Words of the Guru's Bani, then the Guru, in person, emancipates him. ||5||
Guru Granth Sahib Ji, Ang 982

SAKHI SERIES :- 190 (BABA NAND SINGH JEES 1ST DARSHAN OF SATGURU JEE)

Baba Nand Singh Jees 1st Darshan Of Satguru jee
(Source : http://www.jathashaheedan.com)

The first time that Baba Nand singh did darshan of satguru Nanak from Sri Guru Granth Sahib jee, Baba Jawand singh jee (rajajansee wale) were also present with Baba jee. They both made a promise that until Satguru Nanak Dev Jee Does not give darshan by becoming pargat from Sri Guru Granth Sahib Jee and eat the parshaada they had prepared for them, they would not eat anything. This event took place at the Saraghari Gurdwara Sahib. In this manner , for 6 long days they did not eat anything, but prepared parshaada for satguru everyday by doing continuous ardaas at the lotus charan of satguru jee. In such situation , they were on the verge of death , but both mahapursh did not give up , remembering Bhagat Ravidaas Jee's

Bachan ' Ehu Janam Tumaare Lekhe.' Finally Parkash came from Satguru granth sahib and Sri Guru Nanak Dev jee Gave their darshan to both mahapursh. Baba jee offered satguru jee their parshaada and guru sahib ate their food with much happiness and blessed both mahapursh. 1st guru sahib said to Baba jawand singh jee, ask for anything you want. Baba jawand singh ji replied 'whenever i do keertan, please bless me with your partakh darshan satguru jee!' Guru sahib Said ok, you will definatley get my darshan , but even those who even listen to your keertan , even they will get darshan. After Baba Jawand Singh jee had asked, it was Baba Nand Singh Jee's turn.

Guru sahib asked them, what do you want?
Very humbly, Baba ji replied, " Sache Paatshah ! i don't even know how to ask from you " (Daas nu mangna nahee aunda!")
Guru Sahib Jee said; Bhai Nand Singh, you must ask for something.
Baba jee said - Just do one thing, make me yours! I dont need anything else.'
These were the bachans of Baba ji proving their absolute Piar, Prem, Bhaavna for Guru sahib.

When Dhan Guru Nanak Dev Ji walked up to Baba Nand Singh Ji and hugged them and said,
'' You said you didn't know how to ask for something, but you have just asked for everything''

'Je tu mera hoe, taa sabh jag tera hoe'
If you are mine, then the whole world will be yours...

Dhan Dhan Satguru Nanak Dev jee

Dhan Baba Nand singh jee Dhan Baba Jawand singh Jee

gur peeraa(n) kee chaakaree mehaa(n) kararree sukh saar
=> To work for the Guru, or a spiritual teacher, is terribly difficult, but it brings the most excellent peace.

SAKHI SERIES :- 191 (SIMPLICITY)

Love & Waheguru
(Source : http://www.akj.org)

There was once a simple shepherd who lived a really simple life and he had really simple needs. He would look after his sheep everyday, they were his only family and he would really enjoy looking after them...

One night as he sat down to eat under the roof of the starlit sky, an overwhelming feeling of love came over him. He looked up and he saw the night sky lit up with thousands of brilliant stars and he thought, "VAAH, you are wonderful!! You created the heavenly stars and you also created a fool like me!"

He felt so proud to part of the same creation as the beautiful stars. With love filled eyes he said "Tonight, I do not want to eat alone. I want you to eat with me! If you are hungry like me then I would rather feed you. If your clothes are tattered like mine then I would rather mend them than mine. If you smell the way I do then I would rather bathe you - I have no need to keep these things for myself - if I give them to you then it means I also have them!!" The simple man then said "give me a sign that you are here with me and only then shall I begin to eat."

A Faqir was walking past at the same time as this simple man was saying his plea to God. Upon hearing what the simple man was saying the Faqir become infuriated. He went over to the simple man and said "How dare you say these things about God!! God doesn't have tattered clothes, He is never hungry and He does not smell!!" Upon saying these things to the simple man he slapped him as hard as he could and walked off saying "You should be ashamed of yourself!!"

The simple man was still in a state of bliss and said "If you choose to slap me then that is also a divine blessing!! I Love You." The shepherd accepted this as his sign that God was with him and began to eat.

When the Faqir got home he sat down to do his prayers, a voice came and said "Faqir, what have I done to upset you?" The Faqir realised that it was God's voice said "Father, nothing you do could ever upset me!"

"Then why did you slap me?" said the voice. "Slap you? Father I could never slap you!!" said the Faqir.

"I was enjoying the love that the shepherd was giving me, so I sat in his soul, then you came along and slapped him and therefore slapped me," said the voice. "But father, he was saying disrespectful things to you, I had to stop him" said the Faqir. "The insult is in the intention my son, those words that he was saying were like a love song to me because I could feel his heart, while you listened to his words and not his heart!" said the voice.

The Faqir realised what a mistake he had made and asked God for forgiveness...

Who are we to say where God is not... only He knows where He is. We must think before we act...

SAKHI SERIES :- 192 ('WAHEGURU' NAME IS THE GIVER OF THE FOUR BOONS)

Bhai Seehan and Bhai Gajan

(Source : Book - The Gospel of Sikh Gurus / Sikhan di bhagat mala)

Bhai Seehan and Bhai Gajan were first cousins. They came to meet Guru Nanak Dev ji, and asked for his blessings to be liberated from the cycle of births and deaths. They also wanted to be blessed in this life itself with the four boons i.e.
1. Dharma, fulfilment of all worldly responsibilities.
2. Artha, the worldly wealth.
3. Kama, fulfilment of worldly desires and
4. Moksha, liberation from the cycle of birth and death,

Guru Nanak Dev told them that the Lord's or the Supreme Being's Name was 'Waheguru'. If they meditated and repeated this Name, they would be gifted with all the four boons. Hearing this they were curious to know about the meaning of the name 'Waheguru'.

Guru Nanak Dev explained that 'Wahe' is the expression of exclamation on seeing something wonderful and beyond human understanding. The Supreme Being created the universe, humans, the animals, vegetation etc, but we are not able to see or visualize the Creator himself. This is the wonder. 'Gu' means the darkness or ignorance i.e. not to be able to see or visualize the Creator is the ignorance. 'Ru' is the light, which expels darkness. Thus, it is the Supreme Being who removes our darkness of ignorance and helps us
to comprehend the Lord or the Creator of the universe. Hence, He is known as 'Waheguru'.

The duo then asked, how would mere recitations of the name 'Waheguru' bestow upon them the four boons? Guru Nanak Dev explained thus:
1. When we go to meet the assembly of saints or 'sadhu sangat', every step is equal to the fruits of 100
'Ashvamedha Yagnas' (horse sacrifice in olden times). This is 'Dharma' or the fulfilment of

spiritual and worldly responsibilities.
2. The worldly people work tirelessly and run after worldly possessions. But it comes automatically to
the devotees of the Lord. This meets the need of 'Artha' or wealth.
3. The desires of the devotees are fulfilled by the Lord Himself when His name is meditated upon. This is
the accomplishment of 'kama' or desires.
4. When the name 'Waheguru' is understood and it's meaning finally seeps into the body, mind and intellect, one is blessed with 'Brahma Gyan' or the Divine Knowledge. This will grant one 'mukti' or liberation.

Hearing these words of wisdom, both Bhai Seehan and Bhai Gajan would wake up early in the morning, bathe, recite the 'Gurbani' i.e. Guru Nanak Dev's compositions and then go to work. All day long they would meditate on 'Wahe' while inhaling and on 'Guru' while exhaling. Thus, they were continuously reciting the name 'Waheguru' all the time. They would also offer food to the disciples of the Guru ji out of their earnings. The other devotees were also aware of the generosity of the duo. It so happened, Bhai Seehan's daughter's marriage was fixed and the groom and his people were to arrive the next day. Delicious food was cooked for the marriage feast. In the evening before the marriage, a large number of Guru Nanak Dev's devotees on their way to meet Guru ji stopped at Bhai Seehan's house. They were tired and hungry. Bhai Seehan humbly offered them the food prepared for the marriage. This worried his wife very much. Bhai Seehan was however unperturbed and said that since the food was served to Guru ji's disciples, Guru ji himself would save his honour.

The marriage party duly arrived the next morning. The lady of the house was extremely worried, but Bhai Seehan was unshakeable in his faith. He offered his prayers and unlocked the door to the room where the food was kept. Lo and behold! it was full of food fit for the king. The guests enjoyed the feast for full five days. The groom and his people, overwhelmed with Bhai Seehan's hospitality, happily left with the bride. This shows how undoubting faith in 'Waheguru' fulfills all our desires and needs.

SAKHI SERIES :- 193 (MISCHIEF BY CHANDU)

Bhai Haridas Soni

(Source : Book - The Gospel of Sikh Gurus / Sikhan di bhagat mala)

Bhai Haridas Soni was a resident of Gwalior and used to serve all the disciples and saints with mind, speech and actions. He was very keen to see Guru ji.

Chandu shah was a highly depraved person. He maliciously reported to the king that the son of Guru Arjun Dev, Guru Har Gobind calls himself the 'True Emperor'.

Earlier he had sent a proposal for his daughter's marriage with Har Gobind ji but Guru Arjun Dev ji and the Sangat did not accept it. Chandu had then maliciously reported to the king and Guru ji was called, tortured and he gave up his body. Now Chandu made a complaint to the king against Guru Har Gobind Sahib ji. The king's men came to take Guru ji to Delhi. The disciples cautioned Guru ji against the barbarous Muslim rulers. Guru ji told them that he would tackle them like a teacher and Chandu would also reap the fruits of his actions. Guru Har Gobind Sahib ji went to Delhi and met the king. The king was very pleased and ordered that Guru ji should be made comfortable and his camp be put up in the garden.

After seeing all this Chandu was very disturbed. He incited the astrologers to tell the king that the planetary position for him was very unfavourable. If Guru Har Gobind Ji would meditate in Gwalior fort for forty days, it would be good for the king. The king thus came to Guru ji's camp and requested him to go to Gwalior and meditate there for forty days. After this period, he would call him back.

Guru ji thus went to Gwalior where Bhai Haridas came to meet him. Guru ji told him that his love and devotion had pulled him to Gwalior.

Chandu then bribed the officers of the fort to keep Guru ji under difficult conditions. But the king had written that Guru ji should be made as comfortable as possible. So Guru ji was kept comfortably. Bhai Haridas would send twenty maunds of wheat flour, five maunds of ghee and five maunds of sugar and other types of food etc for all the residents in the fort. (One maund is equal to 37 kilogram or 40 seers in weight). All the prisoners in the fort were very happy.

At the end of forty days Bhai Jetha appeared as tiger in the king's dream and frightened him. The king asked the astrologers about the nightmare. Bhai Jetha dressed as an astrologer told the king that unless he sends for Guru Har Gobind ji from Gwalior fort, his nightmares would continue. The king therefore requested Guru ji to come back to Delhi. But Guru ji said that there were 52 innocent Hindu rulers imprisoned in the fort. Unless all of them were released he would not leave. So the king ordered the release of all the 52 rulers and they left the fort with Guru ji, holding on to his garment. Guru ji also brought Bhai Haridas along with him.

In Delhi, Guru ji gave a very precious pearl to the king. The king took it to his palace and gave it to his queen. The queen asked for another pearl like it. When the king requested for another pearl, Guru ji told him that when Guru Arjun Dev ji had left his body, he had a rosary of 108 such pearls with him. The king should question Chandu about the pearl rosary. When the king inquired, Chandu denied about having any such pearl rosary. Then Guru ji asked for the custody of Chandu since he was the murderer of his father and also promised to recover the pearl rosary.

Chandu was then brought to Guru ji's camp where he was beaten with shoes and he died. He was cut up in pieces and thrown in the dirty drain. The precious pearls were also recovered and were handed over to the king. At night a lion came in the king's camp. After killing the guards, the lion reached the king's tent. Guru ji killed the lion with his arrow. The king was highly pleased and requested Guru ji to ask for anything. Guru ji asked for leave to go back to Amritsar.

Guru ji sent back Bhai Haridas ji to Gwalior with instructions to serve the Guru's disciples.

SAKHI SERIES :- 194 (BHAGAT KABIR JI & THE CHILD)

Bhagat Kabir ji & The Child

(Source : http://gursikhijivan.blogspot.co.uk)

Bhagat Jee once went up to this child that was playing and said to him *'Thoosee Naam Japia Karo'(you should meditate on Waheguru)* and the child made excuses: "Oh I am still quite young and want to enjoy my childhood by playing, when I get older I will Naam Jap"

When the child was a teenager and in higher education, Bhagat Jee went up to him again and said the same bachan *'Thoosee Naam Japia Karo'*, but then the excuses were different. "Oh I am too busy with my studies, I have a lot to do and have to get high marks. When I get older I will Naam Jap". So then Bhagat Jee left him.

Then the person became a grown man and was married with a family. Bhagat Jee went up to him again with the same bachan(words). Again, different excuses were given why he couldn't Naam Jap and do Bhagti. "Oh I've got a busy job, I've got wife and kids to look after now. I haven't got time. When I get older I will Naam Jap."

When the person was an old man and very frail, Bhagat Jee went up to him again and said the same bachan. The reply again was different: "I am too old now. I can hardly walk or sit up straight. I will do Naam Jap in my next life now."

Then soon after that person passed away....

Few months later Bhagat Jee went passed a farm and saw an ox which was turning the wheel

of a well. At the same time the ox was getting hit by the farmer with a stick. Bhagat Jee went up to the ox and whispered in it's ear... *"hun Naam Japla"*(atleast now –remember god!). The ox shed a tear for it was that same person before that had wasted his human life not doing what Bhagat Kabir Jee had told him to do throughout his whole life.

Bhagat Jee then went on to write the following shabad:

This Shabad is by Bhagat Kabeer Ji in Raag Gujri on Pannaa 524

ੴ ਸਤਿਗੁਰ ਪ੍ਰਸਾਦਿ ॥

ik oa(n)kaar sathigur prasaadh ||

One Universal Creator God. By The Grace Of The True Guru:

ਰਾਗੁ ਗੂਜਰੀ ਭਗਤਾ ਕੀ ਬਾਣੀ

raag goojaree bhagathaa kee baanee

Raag Goojaree, The Words Of The Devotees:

ਸ੍ਰੀ ਕਬੀਰ ਜੀਉ ਕਾ ਚਉਪਦਾ ਘਰੁ 2 ਦੂਜਾ ॥

sree kabeer jeeo kaa choupadhaa ghar 2 dhoojaa ||

Chau-Paday Of Kabeer Jee, Second House:

ਚਾਰਿ ਪਾਵ ਦੁਇ ਸਿੰਗ ਗੁੰਗ ਮੁਖ ਤਬ ਕੈਸੇ ਗੁਨ ਗਈਹੈ ॥

chaar paav dhue si(n)g gu(n)g mukh thab kaisae gun geehai ||

With four feet, two horns and a mute mouth, how could you sing the Praises of the Lord?

ਊਠਤ ਬੈਠਤ ਠੇਗਾ ਪਰਿਹੈ ਤਬ ਕਤ ਮੂਡ ਲੁਕਈਹੈ ॥1॥

oot(h)ath bait(h)ath t(h)aegaa parihai thab kath moodd lukeehai ||1||

Standing up and sitting down, the stick shall still fall on you, so where will you hide your head? ||1||

ਹਰਿ ਬਿਨੁ ਬੈਲ ਬਿਰਾਨੇ ਹੁਈਹੈ ॥

har bin bail biraanae hueehai ||

Without the Lord, you are like a stray ox;

ਫਾਟੇ ਨਾਕਨ ਟੂਟੇ ਕਾਧਨ ਕੋਦਉ ਕੋ ਭੁਸੁ ਖਈਹੈ ॥1॥ ਰਹਾਉ ॥

faattae naakan ttoottae kaadhhan kodho ko bhus kheehai ||1|| rehaao ||

with your nose torn, and your shoulders injured, you shall have only the straw of coarse grain to eat. ||1||Pause||

ਸਾਰੋ ਦਿਨੁ ਡੋਲਤ ਬਨ ਮਹੀਆ ਅਜਹੁ ਨ ਪੇਟ ਅਘਈਹੈ ॥

saaro dhin ddolath ban meheeaa ajahu n paett agheehai ||

All day long, you shall wander in the forest, and even then, your belly will not be full.

ਜਨ ਭਗਤਨ ਕੋ ਕਹੋ ਨ ਮਾਨੋ ਕੀਓ ਅਪਨੋ ਪਈਹੈ ॥2॥

jan bhagathan ko keho n maano keeou apano peehai ||2||

You did not follow the advice of the humble devotees, and so you shall obtain the fruits of your actions. ||2||

ਦੁਖ ਸੁਖ ਕਰਤ ਮਹਾ ਭ੍ਰਮਿ ਬੂਡੋ ਅਨਿਕ ਜੋਨਿ ਭਰਮਈਹੈ ॥

dhukh sukh karath mehaa bhram booddo anik jon bharameehai ||

Enduring pleasure and pain, drowned in the great ocean of doubt, you shall wander in numerous reincarnations.

ਰਤਨ ਜਨਮੁ ਖੋਇਓ ਪ੍ਰਭੁ ਬਿਸਰਿਓ ਇਹੁ ਅਉਸਰੁ ਕਤ ਪਈਹੈ ॥3॥

rathan janam kh**oe**i**o**u prabh b**i**sar**i**ou e**ih**u ao**u**sar kath p**ee**h**ai** ||3||

You have lost the jewel of human birth by forgetting God; when will you have such an opportunity again? ||3||

ਭ੍ਰਮਤ ਫਿਰਤ ਤੇਲਕ ਕੇ ਕਪਿ ਜਿਉ ਗਤਿ ਬਿਨੁ ਰੈਨਿ ਬਿਹਈਹੈ ॥

bhramath f**i**rath th**ae**lak k**ae** kap j**i**o gath b**i**n r**ai**n b**i**h**ee**h**ai** ||

You turn on the wheel of reincarnation, like an ox at the oil-press; the night of your life passes away without salvation.

ਕਹਤ ਕਬੀਰ ਰਾਮ ਨਾਮ ਬਿਨੁ ਮੂੰਡ ਧੁਨੇ ਪਛੁਤਈਹੈ ॥4॥1॥

kehath kab**ee**r r**aa**m n**aa**m b**i**n m**oo**(n)dd dhh**u**n**ae** pashh**u**th**ee**h**ai** ||4||1||

Says Kabeer, without the Name of the Lord, you shall pound your head, and regret and repent. ||4||1||

SAKHI SERIES :- 195 (COMPOSITIONS OF BHAI GURDAS ARE THE EXPLANATIONS OF GURBANI)

Bhai Harwans Tapa

Bhai Harwans Tapa used to serve in a Dharamshala (place of worship of Guru's devotees). He would feed the hungry disciples, wash the feet of tired disciples with warm water, massage their bodies, supply woollen blankets at night and provide hot water for bath early in the morning. In the morning he would recite Gurbani, and in the evening, the compositions of Bhai Gurdas ji.

Some of the disciples raised the issue that Guru ji had forbidden recitation of compositions other than Gurbani. So he requested Guru ji for clarification whether he should recite compositions of Bhai Gurdas ji or not? Guru ji said that some ignorant persons, out of jealousy had written some compositions against the principles of Gurbani. This was why their compositions were forbidden. But the compositions of Bhai Gurdas ji were the explanation of Gurbani. These compositions motivated one towards discipleship. The Lord's heart is Divine Knowledge and the Guru's heart is Gurbani. Thus, they can read the compositions of the disciples whose hearts are one with Gurbani (self-realized saints).

PS: Bhai Gurdas ji was one of the most eminent Sikh scholar, during the Guru period. A nephew of Guru Amardas ji, Bhai Gurdas ji was an exceptional parcharak of Sikhi. In addition to being Guru Arjan Sahib ji's scribe, during the dictation of the Guru Granth Sahib ji, his powerful words and understanding of Sikhi influenced many in diverse areas to become Sikhs. Bhai Gurdas ji's writings, preserved as vaars and kabiths, are given importance and sometimes referred to as the 'kunji' (key to understanding) of Gurbani

SAKHI SERIES :- 196 (THE POWER OF MOOL MANTRA)

STORY OF "General Ayub Khan, former President of Pakistan"

(Source : http://yslemail.blogspot.in/)

"I used to study at a place name Aibtabaad.I used to get the beatings from teacher (Maulvi) everyday as I was the weakest student of my class.

One day I became determined that I will not go to school. Halfway to school there was a Gurdwara Sahib. I would go inside the Gurdwara Sahib to hide away. The Baba jee (main sevadaar) of the Gurdwara Sahib knew me very well.

He asked me "O Yubeyaa! Isn't it your school time? What are you doing here?"

I replied, "I don't want to go to school because the teacher scolds and beats me everyday. I can't bear it any more. I don't want to go to school."

He took me under his lap and said me,

"Yubeyaa! I assure you, you will never ever get the beating from your teacher any more, but in return you will have to follow my instructions."

He told me that whenever I go to school I should just keep reciting this holy Mool mantar. I followed his instructions. I went to the school reciting the "Mool Mantar".

It was the first day in my school when I was spared from the beatings and scoldings of the teacher. I followed it everyday. Whenever I used to go to school I used to recite this holy Kalaam (Word of God) and after that I was never beaten by any teacher in the school.

Then exams arrived, so I went to the same Baba jee at the Gurdwara Sahib and said, "Baba jee, I want to get good marks in the exam, tell me what should I do?"

The Baba jee replied ,"Never leave the Holy Word of Guru Nanak (referring to the Mool Mantar) you will reach any position you wish."

It's because of this Kalaam (Holy Word) of Guru Nanak Sahib that I have reached the position of president today."

At Ayub KHAN'S Home in Drawing Hall You can see On the wall

"painting of the Mool Mantar (the opening verse of Sri Guru Granth Sahib jee) in Urdu and Panjabi"

SAKHI SERIES :- 197 (THE ROSE)

The Rose
(Source: http://www.akj.org/)

One day Bhai Vir Singh was going for one of his regular walks. He would walk through beautiful fields everyday. The day was fresh and sunny...

As he walked he felt quite happy and content with everything. He came across this fresh grassy patch and in the middle of this grassy patch was the most beautiful flower he had ever seen. He liked it so much he decided to go up to it and smell it, and it smelt wonderful! He thought to himself "What a wonderful species! I think I will pick it and take it home." As he started to
pick it, he heard a voice...

"What are you doing!!" The voice had come from the flower. Bhai Vir Singh said "I saw you looking so beautiful I thought I would take you home with me." The flower said "my beauty is not from me, it is from my roots." Bhai Sahib said "OK, then I shall take your roots." As he proceeded to take the roots another voice came...

"Don't take us, we are sustained by the soil" said the roots.

As Bhai Sahib went for the soil, the soil said "Don't take us we are sustained by the rain from the clouds above!!"

Then Bhai Vir Singh stood and looked at the beautiful white clouds gently swimming across the blue sky and he said...

"I know what the clouds are going to say! It is not us but it is that WONDERFUL AKAAL PURAKH that sustains us!! If that is the case then VAAHEGUROO! I WANT NOTHING ELSE BUT YOU. You sustain all these beautiful things, you are the source, it is YOU that I shall take home with me..."

Sometimes we get distracted by the creation and we forget the Creator...

SIKH SAKHIS :- 198 (DEEWAN KAURA MALL)

Diwan Kaura Mall

<Source : multiple >

Diwan Kaura Mall <an ancestor of Bhai Veer Singh> was a trusted officer under the Mughals in the eighteenth century Punjab. It appears that he, like his father and grandfather, was at first a revenue official, qanungo, in the Multan province. Later, he came to Lahore and rose to be a senior military general and courtier.

The earliest reference to Kaura Mall is by a contemporary, Shah Nawaz Khan (1699 - 1757), in his Ma'dsir ulUmrd, according to which Kaura Mall, under orders of Zakariya Khan, then governor of both Lahore and Multan, led an expedition in 1738 against Panah Bhatti, a powerful chief who had the entire western Punjab, from the banks of Ravi up to Hasan Abdal in the northwest, at his mercy. Panah Bhatti was defeated, captured and executed. Zakariya Khan appointed Kaura Mall diwan of Multan.

Early in 1746, during the governorship of Yahiya Khan, when Lakhpat Rai, the diwan of Lahore, in order to avenge the death of his brother Jaspat Rai, killed in an encounter with the Sikhs, swore to exterminate the entire Sikh population, and as a first step in this direction, ordered the arrest and execution of the Sikhs of Lahore, mostly domestic servants and small shopkeepers, Kaura Mall, along with the Hindu gentry of the town, pleaded with him to spare their lives, but in vain.

The captured Sikhs were put to the sword on 10 March 1746. Lakhpat Rai followed this with full scale military operations against Sikhs who had sought shelter in hills and forests, ending with what is known as Chhota Ghallughara, (smaller holocaust), on 1 May 1746 in which about 7,000 Sikhs were killed and 3,000 captured who were later executed in Lahore, as well. Kaura Mall left Lahore in disgust and went to Multan where Shah Nawaz Khan, younger brother of Yahiya Khan, was the governor. A civil war broke out between the two brothers in November 1746, in which Yahiya Khan was defeated. Shah Nawaz Khan who, on 21 March 1747 became governor of Lahore as well, appointed Kaura Mall diwan of Lahore. But Shah Nawaz Khan was forced to flee to Delhi when on 11 January 1748 Lahore was occupied by Ahmad Shah Durrani, who appointed Jumla Khan, an Afghan noble of Kasur, as his governor, and Lakhpat Rai as his diwan. The Durrani was, however, defeated in the battle of Manupur near Sirhind on 11 March 1748, and forced to retire to his own country.

Muin ulMulk, nicknamed Mir Mannu by the Sikhs, who now became governor of the Punjab on behalf of the Mughal government at Delhi, not only reinstated Kaura Mall as diwan but also appointed him deputy governor of the subah (province) of Multan. Lakhpal Rai was arrested and fined, 30,00,000 rupees of which he could pay only 22,00,000. Kaura Mall secured his person by paying the rest (800,000) of the fine and handed him over to the Sikhs who consigned him to a dungeon.

Kaura Mall went to Multan and took charge of the province, but Mir Mannu soon summoned him to Lahore and sent him on an expedition against the Dogra chiefs of Jammu region. For his Multan expedition (September/October 1749) against Shah Nawaz Khan who had again taken independent charge of the province, Kaura Mall, enlisted the help of about 10,000 Sikhs under Sardar Jassa Singh Ahluwalia. Shah Nawaz Khan was killed in battle and Kaura Mall reoccupied Multan. Mir Mannu conferred the title of Maharaja Bahadur on him and appointed him governor of Multan, Thatta and Derajat.

Kaura Mall, in fulfilment of the promise given to the Sikhs, constructed Gurdwara Bal Lila and a sarovar. Nankana Sahib and had desilted the Amritsar pool which had been filled in by Lakhpal Rai during the governorship of Yahiya Khan. He also built a fortress named Garh Maharaja at his ancestoral village, near Shorkot. The Sikhs now began to call him Mittha Mall, mittha in Punjabi means 'sweet' (kaurd means 'bitter').

During his governorship of Multan, Kaura Mall established friendly relations with Daudpotra chiefs of the neighbouring state of Bahawalpur, quelled rebellions in Sahival and Dera Ghazi Khan and realized huge arrears of revenue due from the districts of Mirak, Shorkot, Kot Kamalia, and Chiniot. In October 1751, in view of the impending third invasion of India by Ahmad Shah Durrani, Mir Mannu again summoned Kaura Mall to Lahore. Kaura Mall tried to buy peace but when the invader, by passing Mir Mannu's advance positions across the Ravi, laid siege to Lahore, he prepared to fight, soliciting help from the Sikhs again. The final battle look place at Mahmud Bull, some distance from Lahore, on 6 March 1752. Kaura Mall fought valiantly, but was shot at and killed by one Bazld Khan of Kasur at the insistance of his treacherous and jealous ally, Adma Beg (faujdar of Jullandar).

SAKHI SERIES :- 199 (BHAI LADHA JI)

Bhai Satta and Bhai Balvand

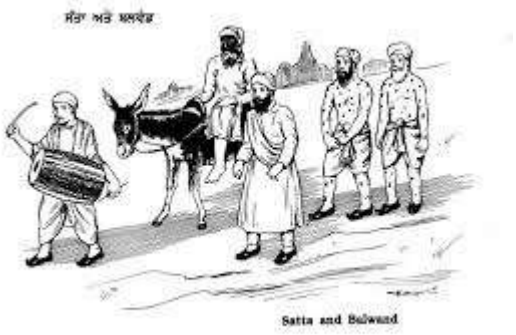
(Source: http://www.gurmatveechar.com)

Bhai Satta and Bhai Balvand were official Ragis in the Darbar of Guru Arjan Dev Ji. They used to recite GurBani in the morning and evening. Their sweet Kirtan always mesmerized the Sangat. One day Bhai Satta said to Guru Ji, "My Lord! I have fixed the marriage of my daughter, please help us financially." The Guru said," Don't worry, whatever offerings we get today, will be given to you." After the completion of the evening recitation, the Guru gave them the offerings of the day. But when they counted the money they found that it was not according to their expectations. They were disappointed.

When Prithi Chand came to know about this, he advised them to leave the service of the Guru, as the Guru was getting the offerings due to their singing. Bhai Satta and Bhai Balvand believed the words of Prithi Chand. They at once met the Guru and talked against the house of Guru Nanak. They said, "The devotees come only to hear our Kirtan. If we stop to come here, nobody will recognize you as the Guru." Guru Ji tried to console them but instead of listening to the Guru, they began to talk in a very rude manner. When they did not stop talking the Guru addressed the congregation and said, "They have slandered the house of Guru Nanak, so no Sikh should meet them. If anybody is found helping them, his face would he blackened and mounted on a donkey (with a shoe necklace around their neck) he will be driven through all bazaars and streets of the city."

Guru Ji was himself a good musician. He had performed the duty of a Ragi at Lahore for more

than two years (This was when Guru Ram Das Ji had sent him to attend the marriage of a relative). So Guru Ji himself started playing the musical instruments and singing Gurbani. Guru Ji also blessed the Sangat that they themselves can sing Gurbani.



When Bhai Satta and Bhai Balvand learnt that the Sangat and Guru Ji himself were doing Kirtan and that the number of Sikhs was increasing day by day they felt ashamed of what they had said. They had also developed a disease which gave them so much pain that they could not rest or sleep, so day and night they were in great grief. They wanted to get pardon from Guru Ji, but no Sikh was ready to see them, when they went outdoors people would turn their faces away from them (due to the Hukam of Guru Ji). Thus they had become completely isolated.

At last someone advised them to go to Bhai Ladha of Lahore as he was the only man who could help them. They met Bhai Ladha ji. Hearing their story Bhai Ladha ji said, "You have done a great blunder by slandered the house of Guru Nanak. I am ready to help you but the Guru has laid down a very strict condition. He had said that who would help you, had to face consequences of riding a donkey with blackened face with a shoe necklace around their neck. When Bhai Satta and Bhai Balvand requested him again and again, Bhai Ladha blackened his face himself and riding on a donkey facing the rear, putting on a shoe necklace then drove towards Amritsar. Bhai Satta and Bhai Balvand were also accompanying him. On the way to Amritsar from Lahore people thinking Bhai Ladha a thief (due to the above punishment) shouted abuse at him.

Bhai Ladha reached Guru Ji's house riding on the donkey. They knocked the door of the House. When Guru Ji came outside he recognized Bhai Ladha. He asked Bhai Ladha to dismount. Bhai Ladha dismounting the donkey befell at the feet of the Guru. Guru Ji cleaned the face of Bhai Ladha, took off the shoe necklace and embraced him. Guru Ji then said, "Bhai Ladha, it is true you are a great well-wisher of the poor, but these men had slandered the house of Guru Nanak. A slanderer of the house of Guru Nanak can't he pardoned. But if they want to be pardoned then they should praise the house of Guru Nanak with the same tongue, which has criticized it." Bhai Satta and Bhai Balvand agreed to do this. They recited Ramkali kee Vaar also known as Satta ate Balvand Di Vaar, the Vaar can be found on Ang 966 to 968. It was due to the reciting of the above Vaar that they disease disappeared, Guru Ji then pardoned them both. Guru Ji also said that whoever recites this Vaar with Prem (Love) will have their diseases vanish.

SAKHI SERIES 200 :- (YOU NEED A TRUE GURU)

You Need a true Guru

(Source: http://www.gurmatbibek.com/)
- from a book called "Bhajan Bandagi daa Partaap" written by Sodhi Harbhajan Singh.

In June 1962 when I was stationed in Ferozepur, a friend of mine invited me to Jhansi to do preaching of Sikhi and to do katha at the local Gurdwara Sahib there on the occasion of martyrdom anniversary of Siri Guru Arjun Dev jee. I took leave of 6 days and by adding two Sundays my holidays totalled 8 days. Another friend of mine too decided to join me in my trip but he managed to get vacation for only 4 days.

We left on Saturday night and reached Jhansi Sunday afternoon. I was scheduled to do katha the same Sunday evening. My schedule was already booked and I was to do katha in the morning and in the evening. I used the day time to meet my friends and to visit historical places in Jhansi.

On the last day of my katha, a Sindhi brother who was a high level officer there, stood up in

sangat and pleaded, "Singh Sahib jee, few miles from here I am working on a Dam project and there in a cave, a Mahatma (a holy man) is doing great Tapp (bhagti). His condition is very pitiful and destitute. I request you to help him."

When I heard his request, I felt very embarrassed. What could a householder (grehsthi) person like me do to help a Mahatma, I thought.

I asked him, "How can I, a householder, help a Saadho (holy man)".

Sindhi Veer said, "My heart is telling me that you can help him".

I told him that I was due to leave the next day afternoon but he stayed adamant and told me that he would come tomorrow morning at 5am in his jeep and that we would come back in few hours. Many gursikhs in sangat too expressed their desire to come with us. At this the Sindhi brother said that he would bring more vehicles to take more sangat along with us.

Anyway, the next day, he arrived right on time and we reached at the bottom of the mountain where the ascetic was living in a cave. From there on, we had to go on foot and after some climbing we reached the cave where the mystic saint was sitting with his back towards us. It was a very small cave where only 4 people could fit. There was total darkness in there. We kept our eyes closed for sometimes and when we opened our eyes, we were able to see little bit better. We noticed a very thin person who had his back towards us, sitting there. He was so thin that all his bones were visible. He had long black hair and long beard and the only cloth he was wearing was to cover his private parts.

When I saw him for the first time, I thought that I was looking at a dead body but then I noticed that he was breathing. He was sitting in smaadhi (trance) and since it is a sin to break anyone's smaadhi, I asked everyone to stay quiet and we sat there for some time. After about 15-20 minutes he came out of his smaadhi and directly addressed me by name. Then he started praising me but I totally ignored all his praise because a gursikh does not like to hear his praise as this bring haume (ego) in him.

When Sant jee noticed that I was not responding, he changed the topic of conversation and asked me, "One Gyani jee who came with you has gone back?"

I replied, "he had to leave since his holidays were over. How long have you been sitting here?"

"About ten years"

"Have you attained anything yet?

"Nothing", he replied, shaking his head.

"Who do you meditate on", I asked him.

"I first started off by meditating on the Sargun saroop i.e. the materialistic form that can be seen with these eyes. When I did not attain anything, I started focusing on Nirgun. Now I feel that there is something (Vaheguru) who is around me but does not come near me."

"When you used to meditate on the Sargun, who did you focus on", I asked.

Pointing to a picture of Siri Krishna jee beside him, he said, "I used to focus on him".

"How long do you sit in meditation", I asked him again.

"About 22 hours everyday. I use 2 hours to sleep, cook food and other needs of the body".

When I heard this, I was utterly shocked and thought "such divine wrath. Such kehar". I remembered the following salok of Baba Farid jee:

FARIDA TANN SUKKA, PINJAR THEEYA, TALIYAAN KHOONDEH KAAG||
AJAI SO RABB NA BAHURIYO, DEKH BANDAY KE BHAAG||

A thought came to my mind that it is possible that his diet was not proper. I asked him, "how is your diet like".

"When I first came here, I used to get 30 rotis and used to eat one roti a day but now since I can't walk to get rotis, I just drink water and eat leaves."

I was thinking hard to figure out the real reason behind his problem. I abruptly asked him, "Who is your Guru?"

"I have no Guru", he replied.

After hearing this, I said, "Let alone 10 years but even if you were to sit here for another 10,000 years, you would not attain anything because you have not met the true Guru".

As soon as I said this, Sant jee who all along had his back towards me got out of control, and fell at my feet. With extreme humility he implored, "Please accept me as your disciple and you become my Guru. I only want you to be my Guru".

I said, "I have not even become a proper Sikh yet. How can I become your Guru then?"

He was holding my feet so firmly that I did not know what to do. He kept pleading and imploring and I kept expressing my incapability to become his Guru. In the end, he asked me with a strong voice, "Then tell me whom should I make my Guru".

"Accept Guru Nanak Sahib as your Guru", I replied.

"But he is dead now". After pondering for few moments he continued, "I do believe that his soul is still alive but unless his body is here and gives me Naam, how will I become his Sikh?"

"Are you educated", I asked.

"I studied till high school and I read brief history of Guru Nanak in one of my history books."

"When a Hindu dies, what do they do to his dead body", I asked.

"They cremate it".

"When a Muslim dies, then what?"

"They bury it", he replied.

"Does the soul stay alive when Hindu or Muslim dies?", I quizzed him.

"Soul never dies, whether you cremate or bury it".

"Do you know if Guru Nanak Dev jee's body was cremated or buried", I asked him.

"I have heard that after he left his body, Muslims and Hindus started fighting over whether to cremate or bury him. When they lifted the sheet from his body, it had disappeared".

"There you go. Your problem has been solved. You yourself admit that Guru Nanak Sahib's body was neither cremated nor buried. He disappeared with his body. Whenever anyone calls out to Guru Nanak Dev jee, he is capable of giving darshan with his human body".

As soon as Sant jee heard this, he immediately left my feet and hastily said to me, "Please

leave immediately as I don't want to waste any more time. I have found out about my disease and it's cure".

I said, "before leaving I want to tell you something that Guru Sahib told us:

GHAT VASAE CHARNARBIND, RASNA JAPAI GOPAAL||
NANAK, SO PRABH SIMRIYE, TIS DEHI KAO PAAL||

You don't eat proper diet and don't take care of your precious human body. If you lose your human body, then how will you do simran?"

One of my companions before leaving had brought a bag of mangoes and watermelons along with us. We placed the baskets before Sant jee but Sant jee took one mango and one watermelon. My friend told him that the whole basket was for him and that he would supply him with food every week.

As we were about to leave, Sant jee said, "there is no need to rush. Your train will be 2.5 hours late". When I reached the station, I found that really my train was 2 hours and 40 minutes late.

I have written all this in detail so that the readers fully understand that if one does bhajan / bhagti without the true Guru, one can get great mystical powers and Ridhi Sidhi but one cannot attain Vaheguru.

In one year, I inquired about Sant jee and found out that Sant jee had changed a great deal. He had a special brightness on his face and there were line-ups of hundreds of people in front of his cave. People ask him for boons and he just says that Guru Nanak will fulfil the wish and it really comes true. His body was no longer thin and he had become very healthy.

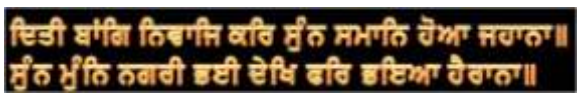
SAKHI SERIES :- 201 (THREE QUESTIONS)

Pir Dastgir and Guru Nanak Dev ji
(Source: http://www.raagratan.com)

Timeless Nirankaar (the Lord Waheguru), Himself came to earth in the form of **Guru Nanak Dev ji.** Guru Ji visited many countries to preach Divine message along with his **companion Bhai Mardana ji**, the Rebab player.

Today Guru Nanak Dev Ji came on the outskirts of the city of Baghdad. It was early morning. The cool breeze was blowing. The sky was blue and the sun was shining. Many people were passing by. For them it was time for early **Naamaz** (Muslim Pray). Guru ji started singing Divine Words, while **Mardana** started to play the Rebab. Guruji then called the word **"SATNAM"** loudly in such a style that listening to which the whole city went into absolute silence in astonishment. Guru jis voice, full of Divine Melody, drew the attention of surrounding people of Bagdad.

Bhai Gurdas ji said…



It was a pure **Divine bliss** that calmed people's mind and soul. They were absorbed within their own consciousness. The news spread in the city like fire in the forest. Now where there is **Amrit (ambrosial nectar)**, also present is the **poison**. This is the truth. Gurbani says:

ਮੈਲਾਗਰ ਬੇਰੁ ਹੈ ਭੁਇਅੰਗਾ ॥ ਬਿਖੁ ਅੰਮ੍ਰਿਤੁ ਬਸਹਿ ਇਕ ਸੰਗਾ ॥੨॥

Poison and nectar dwell together. Sandalwood trees are beautiful but snakes full of poison encircle them too.

Similarly while many people were getting blessed with Guru's Divine bliss also there were some people who started to argue and condemn the demoralising Divine Poetry in the musical form. Some even threw stones on Guruji, but Guru Nanak Dev ji continued singing the Divine Words(Keertan). The gentle strains of His music along with Divine words soothed their hearts. They forgot to throw stones at Him. In the meantime approached their **high priest Pir Dastgir**. Pir Dastgir asked them to bring Guruji to his accommodation.

Shortly after that Guru Nanak was in Pir Dastgir's residence. Pir was sitting on his **"PRICIOUS THRONE"** while Guru ji was standing on the ground surrounded by many ordinary people. The holy man -Pir [Highest Priest] now began to question Guruji to give justification of what was happened in early morning.

Pir Dastgir asked, "O Hindi Faqir (Saint), why were you singing unprincipled and immoral musical verses on the sacred land of Bagdad? Don't you know that according to Muslim Shariat (code of law), music was forbidden? Which category of Faqir (Saint) do you belong to and what is your background?

Pir Dastgir further declared that music animates the passion and was regarded by Muslims as a means of bodily pleasure and vulgar joy and consequently banned in Islamic countries.

Guru Nanak Dev ji explained to Pir Dastgir the **true function of music**. Guruji stated, "Music is a powerful instrument of both good and evil. It melts the hearts and thus and can be a vehicle of spiritual inspiration.

God the great Musician has created the cosmic melody-the gentle rustle of the reeds (a thin strip of material which vibrates to produce a sound on a musical instrument) and waving plants, the murmur of the stream, the gushing of torrents, the humming of the bees, the constitutes the orchestra of nature. Love of music is a part of human nature. Whenever a person is happy or alone, he sings or hums a tune."

Why not use the natural characteristic for music for higher goals and values. Why not sing holy songs in praise of Allah, the Lord of the Universe! This kind of music attunes the individual soul to the Universal Soul. The corrupt passions of man are thus directed to sublime channels. As such, music can be used as an aid to spiritual fulfillment."

Pir Dastgir was greatly impressed by **Guru ji's** argument in favor of **sacred music**. He and his followers who wanted to lynch the Guru for the alleged crime against Islamic tradition became his admirers and friends.

Now **Pir Dastgir** came to **a state of Humbleness** and asked Guru Nanak Dev Ji,

"O Hindi Faqir, since the day I am meditating, there are three questions which always echo in my brain all the time.

1. **First question:-**If the God (Khuda/Allah) has created the world, and then who had created GOD? Who was before God?
2. **Second Question:-** Where does God (Allah) live?
3. **Third Question:-**What does Khuda (Allah/God) do?

Question is always a burdon on anyone's mind. If a person is walking with lots of weight on head, then it is very hard to walk comfortably. Similarly if we have lots of question on our mind then we grow anxious, until a perfect answer is discovered.

Pir Dastgir had burden of questions too. When he judged Guru Nanak a potential of easing his mental load, he offered **three questions** to Guru Nanak and said,

"These questions have been constantly **straining** my mind for many years. In Islam we believe **Allah lives seven skies above the earth** and according to some in seven nether including earth itself. But I want you to explain about HIS existence"

Now Guru ji said, "Your **questions** are very valuable and priceless, but difficult too. I know you are a highly spiritual leader. I have heard that people has utmost respect for you and bring pearls, diamonds rubies and jewelries to offer you as obeisance. They bring lots of money to you and bow before you. They also pay respect by donating golden coins on your feet for sake of seeking answers to their sufferings. Now I want you to show me those pearls, diamonds rubies and jewelries? I want you to bring them to me before I answer your questions."

Pir Dastgir instantly had a current of **shock waves** flowing through his mind. He was now thinking, I have not yet received any answer to my questions, but payment is already being asked. But because he wanted to end his accumulated mental stress over the years, he ordered his disciples to bring a plate full of diamond, pears and gold coins to offer Guru Nanak in a hope he might get the answers.

Guruji now looked at Pir Dastgir and said, "Pir, I want you to **count** these **diamonds** one by one."

Pir was bit astonished but he stared counting as…

"1" [Ek] …… "2" [Do'] …… "3" [Tin] ……."4" [Char]

When Pir reached the count of FOUR, Guru ji stopped him and said, "You are not a good accountant, you lack basic counting skills."

Pir said, "I have counted correctly up to four"

But Guru Ji said, " Yes while counting up to "4" you made a mistake and I want you to recount."

He started counting again, "1" [Ek] ……. "2" [Do'] …… "3" [Tin] ……."4" [Char]. Sooner when he reached the count four, Guru ji stopped him again and said," Pir, you are wrong again."

Pir grew bit angry but politely said, "I am going to recount again, just stop me to a point when you think I am wrong. I just want to know where the problem is, in my counting?"
Satguru said, " Ok, I will tell you".
Now he started counting as..... **"1" [Ek]** ……. , Guruji stopped him and said, "Pir, start counting prior to "1" [Ek].
Pir replied nervously, "How can I count prior to "1". Before "1" [Ek], is NOTHING. I must start with 1".
Guru Nanak Dev ji said, "YES". "1" … Ek Onkar. There is nothing before "1".
He is only ONE. Everything start from "1".
One is HIM.
He is seed, the origin, the primal Lord."

Guru ji recited Mool Mantar and said it is a seed. Nothing is beyond this. It is the primal truth that the creator is "1" [Ek]. It is the foundation of the whole world and beyond..

"There is only but **ONE God**, the Eternal Truth, Almighty Creator, and Unfearful, without Hate and Enmity, Immortal Entity, Unborn, Self-Existent. The ONE who was True before the creation, The One Who was True in the beginning of the creation, The One Who is True now, and O Nanak, The One Who shall be True forever".

WOW!!!!!, said Pir. He was so happy and satisfied, so were the people around him. Pir grew so emotional and came from a state of ego to a state of humbleness and politely offered **second question** to Guru Nanak,

"Hey, Nanak, this **seed** who is the creator of this world and after, where does He live? Where would we search Him? In our Islam it is said that He live in seven skies above the earth."

Guru Ji came into blessing mood and asked Dastgir to tell someone fetch a pot full of Milk. The pot full of milk was offered to Guru Nanak instantly. Guruji now was focusing His blessed vision upon milk very anxiously and said,

"Pir, there is something in it."

Pir got so worried and started thinking that some notorious person may have added something into it. But Pir knew his followers were very kind to him and will not do anything wrong against his will. So said, "O Hindi Faqir, there is nothing in it, I am so sure."

Guruji, "There is something in it"
"What is it, then, tell us please?" asked Pir.
Guru ji said, **"Butter!!!!!** Now you show me where is it? Can you see it? Simply tell me yes or no."

Pir Dastgir was a highly spiritual saint so he instantly agreed with Guruji and said, "Yes, there is surely "Butter" in it but it is not visible".

ਸਗਲ ਬਨਸਪਤਿ ਮਹਿ ਬੈਸੰਤਰੁ ਸਗਲ ਦੂਧ ਮਹਿ ਘੀਆ ॥

Each and every drop of milk contains butter and also the fire is contained in all firewood. Similarly in each and every living being resides HIM. **God's Light** is contained in the high and the low; the **Lord lives in the hearts of all beings.** He is pervaded and saturated in each and every heart. The Perfect Lord is completely permeating everyone, everywhere; He created the Creative Power of the Universal energy, within which He dwells.

HIS creative power resides in Nature.
He is saturated in to water, land, and sky; He Himself is All-pervading.
His Creative Power is omnipresent, in all form and color

Pir was listening very carefully to Guruji's **Divine Message** and was so thrilled. He was so happy again and fully convinced with Guru's answers and asked his final question,

"Nanak, such a powerful God, what does it do? What is His profession"?

Guru Nanak Ji smiled and replied,

"Dastgir, you can carry on asking me questions and I will be answering them one by one with **Divine Knowledge**. But now I am thinking that you are insulting Allah, Divine power. God has its shape in Divine Knowledge (Shabad). [Waho Waho Guru's Shabad is the creator itself). His true picture is, **contemplation** (study and understanding) of Shabad. His power is in His Shabad. I am thinking that you are not respecting the Divine Words coming out of my mouth. You yourself are sitting at a higher place in a "Precious Throne" and listening to "Divine Message" about Him. This is principally and ethically wrong".

By now, listening to **Guru's soothing words** had already melted at Dastgir's mind. His heart was pierced by Guru' spoken words and gently asked, "Nanak, what should I do, then?"

"Just do what you actually should do, come out of your **Throne** and walk down to a ground level. **I will sit in your throne.** You can then ask as many questions you want and I will answer them all." Guruji Replied.

This is rule/principle of the world; teacher/judge always sits at higher place or in a higher chair.

Dastgir thought, this business is not that expensive. I want to gain **Divine knowledge** and Nanak wants to give me without any cost. By replacing seat for a moment is not going do any harm. I must exchange sitting locations, as I needed answers to my questions that had been bugging my mind for many years now. This is the time to receive ultimate peace for my mind and soul.

Pir Dastgir came down and sat at the level of Guruji's feet and **Satguru Nanak** was now sitting in his **Throne**. Dastgir Pir asked his final question with full devotion and love,

"Nanak, Tell me quickly, what does He do?

Guruji replied, "Dastgir…….. This is what He [Allah/Waheguru] does. A person who sits on the Throne, brings him down and person who is on the ground, place him at the higher place."

ਛਿਨ ਮਹਿ ਰਾਉ ਰੰਕ ਕਉ ਕਰਣੀ ਰਾਉ ਰੰਕ ਕਰਿ ਡਾਰੇ ॥

- God changes the beggar into a king, and the king into a beggar.
- God makes idiotic fool to be transformed into a Pandit (Superior), a religious scholar, and the Pundit (Superior), into a fool.
- God assumes so many forms, and plays so many games, and yet, He remains detached from it all.
- God makes laughing people cry, and crying people to laugh.
- God fills what is empty, and empties what is full - such are His ways. He Himself spread out the expanse of His Maya, and He Himself beholds it. Make people die and bring dead in to life.
- God makes business profitable and profitable to bear losses.

This is HIS task. **This is His profession.** No one knows the **state of the Lord** that how incalculable, infinite, incomprehensible and immaculate is He, who is a mystery to the entire world. All we can do is that Cast off all our doubts and pray by focus our consciousness on His Feet i.e. Guru Shabad.

Dastgir was so satisfied. Tears were flowing through his eyes. Guruji's Divine messages were saturated in his heart and he fell on to Guruji's feet. The throne on which Dastgir enshrined Guru Nanak Dev ji was called **"Amar Singhasan"** and still situated in Bagdad. Pir Dastgir had a board and fixed on the throne with the following Label:

"Rabul Majeed Hazrat Baba Nanak"
Its translation: The Blessed Messenger of God, Hazarat Baba Nanak.

Gurudwara in Bagdad, Iraq where the whole incident took place, 1511AD...

SAKHI SERIES :- 202 (LOOTNA HAI TAU LOOT LE...)

Lootna hai tau Loot le...
(Source: http://www.gurmatbibek.com By Kulbir Singh)

A guy called A. Singh was in dire need for money. He wandered here and there, tried many different things but could not succeed in improving his financial situation.

One day A. Singh was sitting in a park trying to relax after a very hard day. His face showed all his pain. A very mysterious person approached him and started the conversation:

"You look very distressed. Is everything okay?"

A. Singh looked up and saw this person who had very piercing eyes and said, "Never mind about my problems. No one can help me. God has given me very bad luck".

"What is wrong with your luck?"

"Why do you want to know? I don't think you can help me. I have met many who promised me

the world but no one has been able to produce any results".

"I have helped many people like you. This is what I do for life. I help people in need and you seem like a good candidate for help. Have faith and tell me your problem."

"I am going through financial crisis. I am under massive debt and if I don't do anything very soon, I will lose my home, all my belongings and they may even take away my children and wife to work for them, till they get their money back. My son is waiting for an operation but I don't have money. He will die if I don't produce money. I have very little time and if I don't do anything, I will have no choice but to commit suicide".

"Is that all? So all you need is money? I can arrange for as much money as you want. It is very simple".

"YOU CAN REALLY HELP ME? Please quickly tell me what you can do. I will do anything for you, if you can get me out of the financial crisis".

"I can take you to an enchanted garden where there is a very big building, full of money. You can collect as much as you want but you must share your money with me. My only condition is that you share your wealth with me. The minimum I need is a bag full of dollars. You can bring bags full of money from there".

A. Singh could not believe what he was hearing. For a moment he thought that this person was just lying to him but the seriousness of his face had A. Singh believe this man. A. Singh thought for a moment and said, "Why don't you go there yourself?"

"Only you can go there. I don't have access to that place."

"OKAY! FINE! I will not ask you the reason. What do I care? I only want money and that is it. Please take me there immediately."

"I must warn you of one thing. The place where we are going is highly enchanting. It is not as simple as just filling your bags. There is a lot of distraction there. If you don't stay focussed on the purpose of your visit, you will end up not getting anything from there."

"I also want to warn you to stay away from certain type of flowers and foods there. If you smell those flowers, you will forget your purpose of this visit. That garden is ruled by a very beautiful but vile lady. If you get seduced by that lady, then too you will forget your purpose of the visit."

"Don't worry about that sir. I am in a very grave situation and there is no way I will forget the purpose of my visit. If I forget my purpose, I will endanger my family, lose all money and my son who is awaiting an operation will die".

They headed towards the enchanted garden and before entering the garden, the mysterious man again warned A. Singh. A. Singh entered the garden and saw the most beautiful flowers and trees he had ever seen. The dark green grass was very neatly cut. He saw a huge building surrounded by gigantic trees. He did not see anyone there. The view was so beautiful that A. Singh was losing his sense of urgency to accomplish his mission here. The more he looked at the scenery, more he was getting lost in the spectacular scenes.

He entered the building and saw loads of money all over the place. He decided to fill his bags with money and gold. Just as he was about to fill his bag, the wall in front of him got lightened up with some scenes. It was like a movie screen. The scene was like a movie and was a very intense scene. He kept watching it, and forgot to fill his bag with money. He would not have moved, if his beeper had not started beeping. He had asked the mysterious man to remind him of his purpose. As he heard the beeper, he again started filling his bag with money.

At every corner of the building there was a distraction for A. Singh. He could not move two

steps before bumping into a distraction. Beautiful girls too arrived to entertain him and he found himself getting entangled in the wonders of the building. He had limited time. He had to be out of there in 8 hours. So far he had not collected anything.

Eight hours passed by and A. Singh did not collect any money at all. All he had was a few coins in his pockets and a bag half filled. After 8 hours he was automatically ejected out of the enchanted garden. He came out empty handed. When he came out, he realized his mistake. He had lost a golden chance to better his financial situation. He was able to fill a small bag of money but that was taken away by the Mysterious man who had sent him in. It was his commission. A. Singh was left with nothing.

Please think! Are we all not acting like A. Singh? Gurbani clearly says that *"LOOTNA HAI TAU LOOT LAE, RAAM NAAM HAI LOOT".*

Couple of days as I was travelling back from work and I was talking to my Gursikh friend. We were talking about Naam. A pankiti came in my mind – LOOTNA HAI TAU LOOT LAE, RAAM NAAM HAI LOOT. I uttered it and we both discussed how Raam Naam is loot. Loot means to get something free of cost. We then realized how this pankiti pertains to our situation.

We have ample time and opportunity to japp naam but we don't. Then we came up with this story that I shared with you all. Our situation is just like A. Singh. We are in this enchanted land where we are supposed to take back to our homeland, bags full of Naam Dhan. But we don't! We indulge in the pleasures of this world. I am pretty sure that we will regret when we die. Gurbani says so. We will regret why we wasted so much time and did not japp naam. To do all pleasures at cost of Naam are futile.

REMEMBER THAT EVERY BREATH THAT WE LOSE IS NOT COMING BACK. WE ARE NOT LOSING OUR BREATH BUT A CHANCE TO DO NAAM. Let us not let a single swaas go without naam. Pyaariyo aayo naam japeeye.

Let us indulge in Naam. Whether our mind focuses or not, we should not stop doing naam. PLEASE START RIGHT NOW. JAPP NAAM, JAPP BANI.

Let us Create a sense of urgency to do naam. Without this sense of urgency, naam cannot be japped all the time.

DIL AGAR DAANA BAVAD, ANDAR KINARASH YAAR HAST||
CHASHAM AGAR BEENA BAVAD, DAR HAR TARAF DEEDAAR HAST||
(Bhai Nandlal Goiya)

(If the mann gets divine intelligence, mann can find yaar Vaheguru right inside. If the eye gets to the power to see, Vaheguru can be seen all over the place)

Let us make our mind - Daana. A Daana mind is developed by reading and understanding baani. A daana mann will indulge in naam. An Ahmak mann will indulge in pleasures. Choice is ours. Do we want a Daana Dil or Ahmak Dil.

SAKHI SERIES :- 203 (BHAI JETHA JEE)

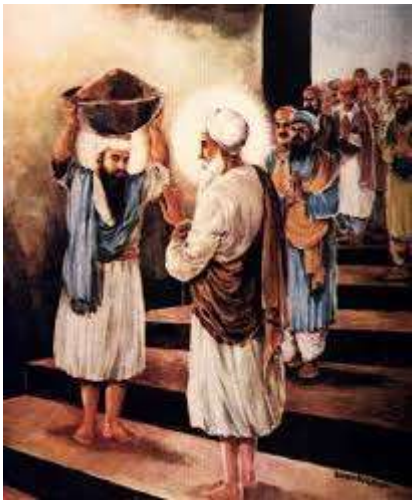
Bhai Jetha Jee
(Source : http://www.sikhee.com)

Guroo Amar Das ji's elder daughter, Bibi Dani ji, was married to a pious Sikh named Bhai Rama. His younger daughter, Bibi Bhani ji, was married to Bhai Jetha ji who was also most devoted to serving the Guroo and his Sikhs(the sangat). A gathering of followers came to the Guroo and said, " Both Rama and Jetha both perform sewa with great devotion. Although Bhai Rama is older, you seem to favor Bhai Jetha. Would you please tell us why?" The Guroo said, "I am looking for the one who serves with greater faith, devotion, humility, and obedience. I am going to make a trial of Jetha and Rama; whoever fulfils my wishes the best will be the

worthier of the two."

The Guroo sat next to the sacred tank and called the two men. He ordered each of them to make a platform for him to sit on, one for the morning and the other for the evening. He said that whoever did the better work would receive the greater honour. They began working and after a time finished the platforms. Rama bowed to the Guroo and showed him his platform; he thought he had done a very good job. The Guroo looked at the platform and said," It's crooked. Tear it down and build another." Rama said that he had tried very hard to make a beautiful platform to please the Guroo. The Guroo said he was sure this was so; still, he was not satisfied. Bhai Rama built a second platform, yet this one also failed to please the Guroo. Bhai Rama tore it down, but refused to build a third one. He mumbled, "The Guroo has grown old, he must be senile." The Guroo replied, "Bhai Rama does not know how to obey, how can he lead others as the Guroo?"

The Guroo then went over to Bhai Jetha's platform and, treating him in the same manner, said, "Your platform does not please me; tear it down and build another." At once, Jetha tore the platform down and built it again. When he had finished, the Guroo said he was still dissatisfied and asked him to do it again. Over and over he ordered Bhai Jetha ji to rebuild the platform, so that he had to work all day and all night. Bhai Jetha jee fell at Guru jee's feet and begged, "I am a fool and lack understanding, while you possess all knowledge. Kindly bless me with the wisdom so that I may be able to erect the platform to your liking." Bhai Jetha jee showed how a Sikh must always obey the Guru no matter what their own mind thinks, and also to do seva with correct attitude - to continue doing seva even if criticised, even if there is nothing to gain, or no one to praise you. Finally, after Bhai Jetha had rebuilt the platform for the seventh time, the Guroo looked at him and said, "As this platform pleases me, so do you"



Turning to his Sikhs, the Guroo said, "I have tested both of my son-in-laws. You have seen why Bhai Jetha is my most beloved. He is a perfect being who has come to save mankind." Soon after, the Guroo bestowed the spiritual crown on Bhai Jetha ji. Thereafter, he was called by his given name, Ram Das, and became the fourth Sikh Guroo, Guroo Ram Das ji.

SAKHI SERIES :- 204 (KATARU AND SRI GURU ARJAN DEV JI MAHRAAJ)

Kataru And Sri Guru Arjan Dev Ji Mahraaj
(Source :dustofgursikhs.blogspot.com)

One Kataru, the King's weighman, came from Kabul to pay his respects to Guruji. When he solicied instruction from Guru Arjan Dev Ji, he was told to use just weights and discharge his duties honestly (kirat karni). When he returned to his office in Kabul, a bania, or petty shopkeeper, with evil and malicious intent, placed in his shop a false weight, which he unknowingly started using.

The bania, went to the king to lay information against Kataru. The King proposed to inspect the weighing apparatus, and Kataru, hearing this, prayed(did ardaas) to Guru Arjan Dev Ji Mahraaj to protect him. Guru Ji, who was in Amritsar at the time, knew of Kataru's distress.

At that moment a poor sikh came to Guru Ji, with a small offering of five paise. Guru Ji took the coins and passed them from one hand to the other simultaneously with the king's inspection, so when the king tried both scales, the weights appeared correct.

The King of Kabul was satisfied with his inspection.

Guru Ji then explained the meaning of his act to an inquiring sikh

The moral of the story: Wherever you are, and whatever situation you are in, if you bow down before the king of kings and ask for his help. He will take your problems on himself and do everything in his power to help you, because that is his innate nature.

DHAN DHAN SATGURU SRI GURU ARJAN DEV JI MAHRAAJ, THE KING OF KINGS, AND THE SAINT OF SAINTS.

SAKHI SERIES :- 205 (BHAGAT DHROO JI)

Bhagat Dhroo ji
(Source: http://www.sikhsangat.com)

ੴ ਸਤਿਗੁਰਪ੍ਰਸਾਦਿ ॥
ਧ੍ਰੂ ਹਸਦਾ ਘਰ ਆਇਆ ਕਰ ਪਿਆਰ ਪਿਉ ਕੁਛੜ ਲੀਤਾ॥
ਬਾਹੋਂ ਪਕੜ ਉਠਾਲਿਆ ਮਨ ਵਿਚ ਰੋਸ ਮੜ੍ਹੈਣੀ ਕੀਤਾ॥
ਡੁਡਹੁਲਿਕਾ ਮਾਂ ਪੁਛੇ ਤੂੰ ਸਾਵਾਣੀ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਸਰੀਤਾ॥
ਸਾਵਾਣੀ ਹਾਂ ਜਨਮ ਦੀ ਨਾਮ ਨ ਭਗਤੀ ਕਰਮ ਦ੍ਰਿੜੀਤਾ॥
ਕਿਸ ਉਦੱਮ ਤੇ ਰਾਜ ਮਿਲੈ ਸਤ੍ਰੂ ਤੇ ਸਭ ਹੋਵਨ ਮੀਤਾ॥
ਪਰਮੇਸ਼ਰ ਆਰਾਧੀਐ ਜਿੰਦੂ ਹੋਈਐ ਪਤਿਤ ਪੁਨੀਤਾ॥
ਬਾਹਰ ਚਲਿਆ ਕਰਨ ਤਪ ਮਨ ਬੈਰਾਗੀ ਹੋਇ ਅਤੀਤਾ॥
ਨਾਰਦਮੁਨਿ ਉਪਦੇਸ਼ਿਆ ਨਾਮ ਨਿਧਾਨ ਅਮਿਉਰਸ ਪੀਤਾ॥
ਪਿਛਹੁ ਰਾਜੇ ਸਦਿਆ ਅਬਚਲ ਰਾਜ ਕਰਹੁ ਨਿਤ ਨੀਤਾ॥
ਹਾਰ ਚਲੇ ਗੁਰਮੁਖ ਜਗ ਜੀਤਾ ॥੧॥

- Bhai Gurdaas Ji in Vaars Bhai Gurdaas on Pannaa 10

One Oankar, the primal energy, realized through the grace of the divine preceptor
Boy Dhru came smiling to his house (palace) and his father full of love put him into his lap.
Seeing this, the stepmother got angry and catching hold of his arm pushed him out of the lap of the father (the king).
Tearful with fear he asked his mother whether she was a queen or a maidservant?
O son! (said she) I was born queen but I did not remember God and did not undertake acts of devotion (and this is the reason of yours and mine plight).
With that effort can the kingdom be had (asked Dhru) and how can enemies turn friends?
The Lord should be worshipped and thus the sinners also become sacred ones (said the mother).
Listening to this and getting totally detached in his mind Dhru went out (to the jungle) to undertake rigorous discipline.
On the way, sage Narad taught him the technique of devotion and Dhru quaffed the nectar from the ocean of the Name of the Lord.
(After some time) King (Uttanpad) called him back and asked him (Dhru) to rule forever.
The gurmukhs who seem to be losing i.e. who turn their faces from the evil propensities, conquer the world.

Dhruva's was the son of king Uttanapada. Literally "Dhruva" means the one who has become "immortal". His father had two queens, named Suniti and Suruchi. Suruchi was much more dear to the king. But Suniti, the mother of Dhruva, was not his favorite. Once upon a time, the king was patting the son of Suruchi, Uttama, placing him on his lap. Dhruva, who was playing nearby, was also trying to get on his father's lap.

But because of king's favoritism towards his queen Suruchi, the king did not very much

welcome Dhruva. While Dhruva was trying to get on the lap of his father, Suruchi, his stepmother, became very envious of him and said: "my dear child, you do not deserve to sit on the throne or on the lap of the King. Surely you are also the son of the King, but because you did not take your birth from my womb, you are not qualified to sit on your father's lap."

Furthermore, sarcastically she said he should have taken birth from her womb if he wanted to be a King.

Having been struck by the strong words of his stepmother, and upon seeing his father silent and not protesting, Dhruva immediately left the palace in anger and went to his mother. He was five years old then.

He said to her 'I am a prince but they shout at me like a servant boy. Why don't they respect your son Mata jee...I thought you were a queen not a slave?' She replied 'because of my destiny i am a queen, but because i never meditated on God's name I have no more respect than a slave.'

Dhruva was furious that they didn't respect his mother. Dhruva's mother advised her son not to wish for anything inauspicious for others; for anyone who inflicts pains upon others suffers himself from that pain instead she told Dhruva if he desired to rise to the throne, then he should start meditating on the all powerful Almighty to satisfy the Divine, and then, when he is favored by the Divine because of such worship he can get anything and everything

He told his father the King, 'I am leaving this kingdom to go and meditate on God's Name, one day when I have enough spiritual power I will reclaim the throne.' His father insisted he stayed, but the other queen was quite happy to let him go. He was determined and left into the wilderness.

Travelling to the jungle were all holy people went to meditate he was met by a Saint(Narad), the Saint spoke to the little boy and was surprised to hear a child saying he was going to the jungle to meditate. So he tested the boy to see if he was serious. He said to Dhruva, 'you know it's dark and dangerous in the jungle, wont you get scared of the wild animals?' Dhruva replied, 'I dont care if its dark and dangerous, I'm going to meditate on God's Name.' The Saint tested him again, 'But you're the son of a king and used to being fed the finest food, will be able to live on berries and roots in the jungle?' Dhruva was determined and replied, 'I'm going to meditate on god's name even if there's no food.' The saint was truly impressed by Dhruva's determination and whispered the secret name of God into Dhruva's ear.

> ਨਾਰਦ ਕਹਤ ਸੁਨਤ ਧ੍ਰੂਅ ਬਾਰਿਕ ਭਜਨ ਮਾਹਿ ਲਪਟਾਨੋ ॥੧॥
> n**aa**radh kehath s**u**nath dhhr**oo**a b**aar**ik bhajan m**aa**h**i** lapatt**aa**n**o** ||1||
> *Listening to Naarad's teachings, the child Dhroo was absorbed in deep meditation. ||1|| (Guru Granth Sahib Ji, Ang 830)*

Indirectly, the harsh words of Dhruva's stepmother turned out to be benediction for him; for because of the influence of his stepmother's words, he became a great Spiritual Being

(Gurmukh). To achieve the desired results of attaining his father's kingdom, Dhruva's mother motivated him to engage himself in the worship (Bhakti) of the One Divine Being and nobody else. Determined to execute devotion, Dhruva left the palace.

He had met his true guru and for the next few years he meditated long and hard. When he was a teenager he felt he had enough spiritual power to overtake the king and claim the kingdom. He had been meditating on God's name with this sole target for all these years and now his ego had got the better of him. On his way to the palace, his True Guru met him again and laughingly said were are you going, Dhruva replied 'I'm going to fight the kings army and reclaim the throne.' His True Guru laughed and said how are you going to beat an army?. Dhruva replied, 'I have meditated on God's name for years and years and the spiritual power I have is immense.' His True Guru handed him his staff and said 'Before you break the Kings Army, just break my measly staff.' Dhruva tried with all his might but failed miserably to even break a 3 foot stick! He fell at his True Guru's feet and begged for forgiveness, his ego had broken.

He returned to the jungle were he continued to meditate. He followed the Divine Teachings with faith, love and dedication. Later when he actually became Self-realized, he turned completely satisfied within and forgot all about his father's kingdom.

Instead, he said, "My dear Lord, I was searching for some pebbles, but instead I have found valuable Jewel. I no longer care for my father's kingdom. Now I am fully satisfied."

His feelings of insult and honor (duality or Doojaa Bhaav) banished, and he attained Transcendental Bliss. Thus Dhruva, for example, first became a devotee with the motive of getting a better kingdom than that of his father, but as he progressed in devotion he became selfless and contented.

> ਨਉ ਨਿਧਿ ਠਾਕੁਰਿ ਦਈ ਸੁਦਾਮੇ ਧ੍ਰੂਅ ਅਟਲੁ ਅਜਰੂ ਨ ਟਰਿਓ ॥੩॥
> no n**i**dhh t(h)**aa**k**u**r dh**ee** s**u**dh**aa**m**ai** dhhr**oo**a attal ajeh**oo** n ttar**i**ou ||3||
> *Sudama's Lord and Master blessed him with the nine treasures; he made Dhroo permanent and unmoving; as the north star, he still hasn't moved. ||3|| (Guru Granth Sahib ji, Ang 1105)*

"Do naam abhyaas with as much sincerety and urgency as Bhagat Prahlad jee and Bhagat Dhruva jee did."

SAKHI SERIES :- 206 (AMAZING JOURNEY OF GURU TEGH BAHADUR'S SEES)

How Bhai Jaita took Guru Sahib's sees (head) back to Anandpur Sahib

(Source: http://gursikhijivan.blogspot.co.uk)

Based on "Guru Kian Sakhian" of Bhatt Svarup Singh Kaushish and Katha by Giani Pinderpal Singh ji The aftermath of Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib's Shahidi and how Bhai Jaita took Guru Sahib's sees (head) back to Anandpur Sahib is not well known. It is an amazing story that is worth sharing.

Early Life

Bhai Jaita jee, later known as Bhai Jeevan Singh, was born in 1649 to a Sikh family once of the scavenger caste. Bhai Jaita and his brother Bhag Chand were Sikhs of Guru Har Rai Sahib. They began to live in Ramdas with Bhai Gurditta jee a very respected Gursikh who was a descendant of Baba Buddha jee. Bhai Gurditta jee was with Guru Harkrishan at the time of Guru jee's leaving this world and was later the one who performed the Gurushipceremony of Guru Tegh Bahadur. Before Guru Tegh Bahadur left for Delhi, he was called once again to perform the ceremony for Guru Gobind Rai jee.

After Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib set out to court arrest, Bhai Gurditta jee also left for Delhi. Bhai Jaita followed him. At Delhi, Bhai Gurditta jee saw the brutal martyrdoms of the three Sikhs, one after another. So did Bhai Jaita. The day of Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib's martyrdom was now approaching. Bhai Jaita and Bhai Gurditta did not sleep the entire night. They prepared themselves for the sight they were about to see. Their beloved Satguru would be beheaded before them but they could not let their tears escape or utter any cry. They would have to be silent lest they be discovered and not be able to perform seva of Guru Sahib's body. They did Ardaas to Guru Tegh Bahadur that they be able to bear the sight of the horror that was to come and not utter a sound.

Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib's Shahidi

Gurdwara Sis Ganj Sahib

The morning of November 11 1675 dawned. Guru Tegh Bahadur's small cage was brought to Chandani Chownk. There was a large tree that stood in the middle of the Chownk. The Chownk was a terrifying place this day. There were still the marks of the horrific tortures and Shahidis of Bhai Mati Das, Bhai Sati Das and Bhai Dayala. Amongst the crowd assembled to see the execution was Bhai Jaita, hiding himself so no one could recognize that a Sikh of the Guru was present.

It was mid-day now. There stood the Kazi, Abdul Wahabb and the executioner, Jalaludin. Jalaludin came forward and opened Guru Tegh Bahadur's cage. Satguru jee stepped out. The Kazi said to Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib, "There is still time. Embrace Islam and you will be saved. Or you may show us a miracle and you will be rewarded with a great position. If neither of these are acceptable to you then you may choose death."

Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib replied, "I want that which my Sikhs wanted. If my Sikhs did not falter then can you expect anything different from me?"

Guru Tegh Bahadur was asked his final wish. Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib replied that he should be allowed to do ishnaan. Guru Tegh Bahadur was allowed to bathe with water from a nearby well. He dressed in fresh clothes and sat under the large tree at the centre of the Chownk. Satguru jee closed his eyes and began to recite Sri Japji Sahib in a loud voice. Clouds began to form and it began to grow darker. The sky had a reddish glow now. As Guru Sahib recited Japji Sahib in his sweet voice, with every word, the Sikhs in the crowd realized the moment of his Shahidi was drawing closer. Satguru jee recited the final Salok and bowed his head before Akaal Purakh. There

was an instant of silence and then Jalaludin, with both hid hands clenching the sharp sword, swung and severed Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib's head from his body.

Streams of blood flowed on to the ground and the sky too was now blood red. A ferocious wind began to blow and the storm broke. As the heavy rain fell, the crowd dispersed.

The Sikhs Gather
The Sikhs who witnessed the Shahidi of Guru Tegh Bahadur gathered at house of Bhai Nainoo. Their grief knew no end. Bhai Tulsi insisted that they could not allow Satuguru Tegh Bahadur's body to simply lie in Chandani Chownk. They decided to ask Bhai Lakhi Das, a powerful trader for help. They went ot Bhai Lakhi Das's home where he had just returned from a trip to Narnaul to get lime and sand. The caravan carrying the goods Bhai Lakhi Das had purhcased was to arrive in Delhi that night and the Sikhs decided that they would hide in this caravan and take the bodies of the Sikhs and Guru jee from the Chownk.

Taking Guru Sahib's Body
It was now well into the night and the storm over Delhi was still raging. Bhai Nainoo, Bhai Ageya, Bhai Jaita and Bhai Udda traveled with the caravan carrying Bhai Lakhi Das's goods. They passed by the Red Fort and then the Kotwali and finally reached Chandani Chownk. Bhai Jaita jee, using the darkness and the cover of the storm, lifted up Guru Tegh Bahadur jee's head and covered it with a white scarf.

Bhai Lakhi Das and his son Bhai Nagahiya were following in the caravan and as it slowly passed through the Chownk, they took the body of Guru Tegh Bahadur and placed it in a cart and kept moving. Bhai Lakhi Das thought the most inconspicuous way to cremate Guru Sahib's body would be to place it within his home and light the entire home on fire so know one would suspect what really was happening. This is what he did. As he and the other Sikhs stood outside, the flames from Bhai Lakhi Das's home lept into the sky and Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib's body was cremated.

Gurdwara Rakab Ganj – Where Guru Jee's body was cremated

The next day, Bhai Gurditta jee also left this world, following his master Guru Tegh Bahadur. He was cremated by the banks of the Jamuna. Bhai Lakhi Das remained in Delhi for some days and managed through the help of the town crier to take away the bodies of the Shahid Sikhs and cremate them at the same place Bhai Gurditta was cremated.

Bhai Jaita meanwhile was escaping with Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib's head. He decided that Guru Gobind Rai and the Sikhs would be waiting to have the final darshand and so he began to make his way towards Anandpur Sahib. Bhai Jaita clenched Satguru Tegh Bahadur Sahib's head to his chest and did an Ardaas that he be blessed with the strength to return to Anandpur Sahib. The Mughals would be searching for the head and so he could not travel on the common roads. He would have to travel through the forests and jungles so he would not be detected.

The First Night
Bhai Jaita left Delhi and in his first night, covered 40 kilometers. He arrived in the town of Baghpat.

The morning of November 12th was beginning to dawn and Bhai Jaita arrived near the Dargah of a Sufi saint, Sheikh Wahuddin. Wahuddin asked "Who are you?" Bhai Jaita declared, "I am a Sikh of Guru Tegh Bahadur." Wahuddin asked, "Where is your Guru now?" Bhai Jaita with tears in his eyes told the Sufi of Guru Sahib's martyrdom and revealed that he was carrying Guru Sahib's head back to Anandpur Sahib. Wahuddin was an

admirer of Guru Tegh Bahadur and said he would help Bhai Jaita. He led Bhai Sahib to the house of Bhai Krishan Pal. Bhai Jaita had been running without stop all night and finally rested at Bhai Krishan Pal's home.

Bhai Jaita jee tenderly uncovered Guru Sahib's head and saw that the cloth was covered in blood and so he took a fresh cloth and covered the head once again.

The Second Day: Meeting a Devoted Sikh

After a brief rest, Bhai Jaita left Baghpat and ran all day, arriving by nightfall at Taravari. Bhai Jaita was exhausted and wanted to rest for a few hours so he could once again set out at amrit vela. There was a large fort in the town and beside it a pond. The people would come there to wash their clothes and on side of the pond was a dense forest. Bhai Jaita decided to rest in the forest. As he trudged through the trees, a washerman who was still at pond and called out, "Who's there?!" Bhai Jaita heard the voice and something in him said that this voice sounded like that of a Sikh. He did not know why, but he trusted it. Bhai Jaita replied, "I am a Sikh of Guru Tegh Bahadur". The washerman exclaimed, "You are a Sikh and this town too has the home of a Sikh so why should you spend the night lying in the forest? Come with me beloved Sikh of the Satguru! I am a poor man with very little, but whatever I have you are welcome to share."

Bhai Jaita stepped out from the trees, clutching Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib's head to his chest and began to walk with the washerman who introduced himself as Bhai Deva Ram. Bhai Deva Ram had picked up the clothes he had been washing and asked, "Is there any news of Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib?"

Bhai Jaita jee heard the question and kept walking silently. Bhai Deva Ram and Bhai Jaita arrived home and once again Bhai Deva Ram asked, "What news is there of Satguru jee?" It was dark now and Bhai Deva Ram lit some candles and asked his wife to prepare some food. He saw the bundle in Bhai Jaita's arms and asked, "What is in your bundle?" Bhai Jaita replied, "It is my treasure that I would not trade even for my life." Bhai Deva Ram offered, "give your bundle to us and rest. We shall take care of it till morning…" Bhai Jaita remained silent.

Bhai Deva Ram saw the silence and decided to ask Bhai Jaita something else. He said, "When you meet Guru Tegh Bahadur please tell him that his poor Sikh, Deva Ram has sewn some clothing for him. May he bless us by stopping here some time to accept our offering."

It was as if even after leaving his body, that Guru Tegh Bahadur was accepting the ardaas of his Sikhs.

Bhai Jaita took the candle from Bhai Deva Ram and layer by layer began to uncover his bundle. The final fold had some blood on it and when he pulled it back, Bhai Deva Ram's eyes fell on Guru Tegh Bahadur jee's head. Bhai Jaita could not speak and sat to one side on the ground as Guru Sahib's head rested on the bed.

Bhai Deva Ram began to weep and thought that he had asked for Guru Sahib's darshan but who knew it would come in this form?

Bhai Jaita could eat very little. He told Bhia Deva Ram all that had happened. Bhai Deva Ram asked Bhai Jaita to rest and said he would do the seva of Guru Sahib's head. Bhai Deva Ram lovingly covered Guru Sahib's head in the new scarf he had prepared for Guru Sahib and wass going to offer. He took the rest of the clothes he had sewn and began to whisk them over Guru Sahib's head as a chaur. All night, Bhai Deva Ram did chaur of Guru Sahib's head and did not sleep for even an instant.

Third Day

At amrit vela, Bhai Jaita did ishnaan and then took up Guru Sahib's head. He saw that Bhai Deva Ram had covered it in the scarf he had said he wanted to offer. Tears formed in Bhai

Sahib's eyes and he thought, "Guru Sahib, even now you take me where your Sikhs wait for your darshan…"

It was now November 13th. Traveling through the jungles over rocks and thorns, Bhai Jaita arrived at sunset near the town of Ambala. There was a river flowing there and Bhai Jaita rested under a tree. Bhai Jaita asked a passerby if there was the home of a Sikh anywhere. He was told to go to nearby Kainth Majri.

At Kainth Majri, Bhai Jaita met Bhai Ramdev. He told Bhai Ramdev that he was a Sikh and asked if he might rest somewhere. Bhai Ramdev took Bhai Jaita to his home. Once there, he asked Bhai Jaita what was in the bundle he was carrying. Once again, in the candlelight, Bhai Jaita uncovered Guru Sahib's head and Bhai Ramdev too fell to the ground. While Guru Sahib's head rested on the bed, Bhai Jaita and Bhai Ramdev remained the entire night on the ground.

Fourth Day: Meeting a Fakir

The next day, Bhai Jaita arrived at Nabha Sahib. Bhai Jaita hid in the bushes to rest but was noticed by a fakir, Dargahi Shah. Dargahi Shah asked Bhai Jaita who he was and Bhai Jaita replied, "A Sikh of Guru Tegh Bahadur". Dargahi Shah replied, "You are a Sikh and so why do you stay here? Come with me to my hut."

Dargahi Shah who was a devotee of the Gurus, took Bhai Jaita to his home and there said to Bhai jee, "Oh Sikh, when you see Guru Tegh Bahadur be sure to tell him that this old man would like to have his darshan once before he dies."

For the fourth time in his journey, Bhai Jaita uncovered Guru Sahib's head and said, "Baba, if you truly want Guru Sahib's darshan, then behold his divine head." The Fakir fell back and asked what had happened. Bhai Jaita told him of the Shahidi of Guru Tegh Bahadur.

All night, Dargahi Shah stayed awake and gazed at Guru jee's head. At amrit vela, as Bhai Jaita asked to leave, Dargahi Shah took Guru Sahib's head in his arms and as he would normally see off his respected guest, began to walk with Bhai Jaita. After some distance, he gently handed the head back to Bhai Jaita and said, "Tell Guru Gobind Rai that this old fakir will only leave his body after having his darshan." Some years later, after the battle of Bhangani, Guru Gobind Singh and Bhai Jaita returned to meet this old fakir and only then did Dargahi Shah leave this world.

Fifth Day: Reaching Kiratpur Sahib

On November 14th, Bhai Jaita finally saw Kiratpur Sahib ahead of him. Kiratpur Sahib is not very far from Anandpur Sahib and is the holy place where Guru Hargobind Sahib and Guru Har Rai Sahib were cremated. Bhai Jaita wondered whether Guru Gobind Rai would want Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib's head to be cremated here as well. Bhai Jaita rested where today stands Gurdwara Bibangarh Sahib.

Bhai Jaita had now been meet by other Sikhs and they sent a message to Guru Gobind Rai that his father's head had arrived at Kiratpur Sahib. As the sun set on November 14th, the message arrived at Anandpur Sahib.

The Sikh carrying the message entered Guru Sahib's home and Mata Nanaki asked, "what is the news?" The Sikh could not speak. When Guru Gobind Rai appeared, the Sikh fell at his feet and told them that Bhai Jaita had brought Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib's head. Upon hearing the news, Guru Gobind Rai, Mata Nanaki jee, Mata Gujri jee, and the rest of the Sikh Sangat left Anandpur Sahib and took with them a palki (palanquin).

Ranghreta Guru Ka Beta

The Sangat arrived at Kiratpur Sahib, singing Gurbani. Bhai Jaita was still holding Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib's head. He saw Guru Gobind Rai and placed the bundle before him and stepped back his eyes cast downwards. Guru Gobind Rai first uncovered Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib's head and had its darshan. He then took Mata Nanaki jee by the arm and said, "Grandmother, come and see your son's head." Mata jee tenderly kissed Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib's forehead, smiled and said, "look, the glow on my beloved one's face is the same as it always was."

Mata Gujri jee stepped forward, bowed and said, "Lord, you love (for the Divine) endured. May mine endure as well."

Guru Gobind Rai jee called Bhai Jaita. Bhai Jaita, who had traveled for so many days, his body tired and battered by the long and treacherous journey, stepped forward. Guru Gobind Rai took Bhai Jaita in his arms and said "Ranghreta, Guru ka Beta". Meaning, "Ranghreta (one from the Ranghar tribe) is the Guru's own son." Bhai Jaita replied, "Satguru, give me the gift of Sikhi, bless me that I may remain yours. I only ask that the day I die, may I have your blessings." Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib's head was placed in the palki and carried by the Sangat to Anandpur Sahib where Gurdwara Sis Ganj Sahib stands today. Rosewater was brought and Guru Gobind Rai washed Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib's head and asked Bhai Jaita to also join him. They then made the pyre of sandalwood and Guru Gobind Rai gave it the flame.

After the Saskaar

Guru Gobind Rai asked Bhai Jaita to tell him what he had seen and how Guru Tegh Bahadur had embraced martyrdom. After hearing the story, Guru Gobind Rai asked how many Sikhs were in the crowd that saw the martyrdom. Bhai Jaita replied that he did not know as it was hard to recognize them. Guru Gobind Rai declared that he would create such an image for Sikhs that they could be spotted in a crowd of thousands.

At the place of Damadama Sahib at Anandpur Sahib, Guru Gobind Rai arranged for the recitation of Guru Granth Sahib jee and Bhai Chaupat Rai (later Bhai Chaupa Singh) lovingly recited the saloks of Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib.

Bhai Jaita to Bhai Jeevan Singh

Bhai Jaita jee began to live at Anandpur Sahib now. In 1691 he marred Bibi Raj Kaur and they had four sons. When Guru Gobind Rai established the Ranjit Nagara, Bhai Jaita jee was the first one given the duty to play it. Bhai Jaita became known as a great warrior and trained other Gursikhs as well.

In 1699 when Guru Gobind Singh gave Khande ki Pahul, Bhai Jaita jee became Bhai Jeevan Singh.

Shahidi of Bhai Jeevan Singh

When Guru Gobind Singh and the Sikhs evacuated Anandpur Sahib, Bhai Jeevan Singh too accompanied Guru Sahib. Bhai Sahib's old mother Mata Prem Kaur was lost in the Sirsa. When Baba Ajeet Singh jee was surrounded by the Mughal army at the banks of the Sirsa, Bhai Jeevan Singh charged forward, his horse's reins in his mouth and a sword in each hand. With the kirpans in both hands, he cut through the encirclement and made a path for Baba Ajeet Singh to exit.

The Bhatt Vehis say that Bhai Jeevan Singh kept traveling with Guru Sahib's caravan until Kotla

Nihang Khan. Here, Bhai Jeevan Singh shot arrow after arrow and wreaked havoc on the Mughals. Finally, a bullet hit Bhai Sahib in the forehead and after bellowing "Sat Sri Akaal!" he fell to the ground and left his body, a beloved Sikh of the Guru till the end.

Aftermath & History
Sardar Baghel Singh

In 1783 Sardar Baghel Singh and the Sikh army conquered Delhi. The Nishan Sahib flew high over the Red Fort. Sardar Bagehl Singh had one desire, that the places associated with Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib's be commemorated.

He had an announcement made by the beat of a drum that if anyone knew where the exact place of Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib's martyrdom was, they should come to him. The old grand daughter of a water carrier came forward. She told Sardar Baghel Singh that when Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib was beheaded, her grandfather was called to wash the place. She said that she was a little girl but she had seen the martyrdom of the Sikhs and Guru Sahib. They took her to Chandani Chownk and though she was almost blind and walked very slowly, she walked to the spot where Guru Sahib was martyred and said that Guru Sahib's blood had spilled at this place. Sardar Baghel Singh thanked her profusely and gave her family countless gifts. This is the place that Gurdwara Sis Ganj was established and even today can be seen.
In total, with help of old Hindu, Muslim and Sikh residents of Delhi, Sardar Baghel Singh found and established Gurdwaras at seven historical places:

1. Gurdwara Mata Sundri Ji at the place which was know as the Haveli Sardar Jawahar Singh.
2. Gurdwara Bangla Sahib. A Mansion belonging to Raja Jai Singh existed there once. Guru Harkrishan Dev, the Eighth Guru had stayed there.
3. Gurdwara Bala Sahib. Last rights of Guru Harkrishan, Mata Sundri and Mata Sahib Kaur were performed at this place.
4. Gurdwara Rakab Ganj. The torso of Guru Tegh Bahadur was cremated here.
5. Gurdwara Sees Ganj. Guru Tegh Bahadur was martyred at this place.
6. Gurdwara Moti Bagh. Guru Gobind Singh sent a message to the Mughal King, Bahadur Shah, by shooting an arrow from this place.
7. Gurdwara Majnu Tilla. It was established in the memory of a Sikh of Guru Nanak, named Majnu. Guru Hargobind stayed at this place on his way to Gwaliar.

SAKHI SERIES :- 207 (TO THE HAPPY PERSON, EVERYONE SEEMS HAPPY. TO THE SICK PERSON, EVERYONE LOOKS SICK)

Sukheeeae ko paekhai sabh sukheeaa rogee kai bhaanai sabh rogee

(Source: http://dustofgursikhs.blogspot.com)

Once there was a thief in Punjab. He had a scheme that he would go to the richest house in his villlage, the one with the wealthiest family. He would go to this house, and he would steal from these people, to get the most money possible. One evening, he went to the house, and waited until all the lights went out, until all the members went to sleep, until it was completely dark, so he would get his chance to steal from these people. When his chance came, when it became dark enough, and all the lights had gone out, he began climbing the gate of the house. As he came to the top of the gate, he saw a guard dog from the house. The dog started barking at him immediately. He knew that if the dog kept barking at him, there was no way he would have gotten into the house. He quickly climbed back to the other side, and waited until the dog

stopped barking, but the dog could still smell him, so it continued barking.

During this time, there were Singhs that had the responsibility of the Seva of going into the Keth(fields) and managing the crops for Langar(free kitchen). These Singhs went during the night, so they could do Bhagtee, so they could do Naam Simran, and they wouldn't have any distractions; nobody to bother them, no sound, everybody would be sleeping. They were doing their jobs, at the same time the robber was attempting to steal from the wealthy family. The dog kept on barking, and when it finally stopped barking, morning had come. He realised that there was no way he could fulfill his task of stealing from those people. He decided he would finally go home; he had stayed up the whole night because the dog kept barking. His eyes were red and bloodshot. He was very fatigued. He started to walk home to his Pind(village), as he would not have his opportunity. At the same time, the Gursikhs who were doing their work in the Keth(fields) were walking home, and they crossed paths. When they looked at the thief, they saw the redness in his eyes, and they were filled with joy. They were so happy. They assumed that the thief was actually doing Naam Simran throughout the night. He looked so tired, they thought that this was the only thing he could have been doing, to be coming home at this time. When the thief looked at the Gursikhs, those Gursikhs were also tired, they were also human, they also had red eyes. When that theif looked at the Gursikhs, he assumed that they had made an attempt to steal from somebody, that they had done the same deed which he was trying to do. They were also empty-handed. He thought to himself, "Look at this. These people are in Bana, they look like Gursikhs, but they're doing these things and now in front of me, they're doing Pakhand."
Guru Sahib explains why this happened, why this person, this thief, could only think wrongly of these people.

sukheeeae ko paekhai sabh sukheeaa rogee kai bhaanai sabh rogee ||
To the happy person, everyone seems happy, everyone seems full of truth. To the sick person, the person who is filled with filth inside, who's not pure, everyone looks sick.

sa(n)th sa(n)g jaa kaa man seethal ouhu jaanai sagalee t(h)aa(n)dtee ||
One whose mind is comforted in the Society of the Saints (Sangat), believes that all are joyful.

If you look at the difference in the two situations, the thief looked at the Gursikhs, and all he could see was the wrong in them, but there was nothing; he just assumed. He could not see anything else. He could only have seen bad, because he, himself, was not pure. When the Gursikhs looked at the thief, even though he was a thief, they could only see good, they could only assume good.

SAKHI SERIES :- 208 (GURU NANAK DEV JI & BHAI MASKEEN)

Guru Nanak Dev Ji & Maskeen

On one of his travels Guru Ji came to a town and stopped at the house of an old Sikh called Chundhwadi. He was very poor and was in a fluster as to what food to place in front of Guru Ji. He went to the local town not knowing what to do. While he was there he saw a gathering of people and went to see what was happening.

It was a wrestling match and the local Nawab was parading his champion. Now, the champion was called Maskeen and was tall and muscular and was undefeated. He stood while the proud Nawab challenged all the town if there was any person who would take on his champion. Maskeen strode into the middle of the large circle flexing his muscles. No one dared step forward for fear of serious injury. When Chundhwadi heard that the prize was 50rps he thought

that if he could get the money he could use it to buy provisions to place in front of Guru Ji. He stepped into the ring and declared his intention to wrestle Maskeen. All fell about laughing, how could such an old man who was just skin and bone take on the mighty Maskeen?

As the two opponents came close Maskeen asked "What are you doing old man? You have no chance against me, what possesses you to fight me, you are going to get seriously hurt" Chundawadi said "Oh champion, Guru Nanak Dev Ji is coming to my house today and I have no food to place before him, my only chance is to beat you and use the prize money."

Maskeen fell into thought, "I have heard of Guru Nanak" he said "they say he is Khudha himself. I would also like to meet him." After much soul searching he said "Old man, if I let you win will you take me to see Guru Nanak Dev ji?"

"Yes" said Chundawadi "but what will become of you? If you lose, and lose to an old man your patronage will end and what will become of you?" But Maskeen did not hear this, all he could think about was meeting Guru Nanak Dev ji .

So it happened that after a few moves Maskeen fell to the ground with a thump and as planned the old man put his foot on his chest and claimed the prize.

There was pandemonium, there was a riot, the proud Nawab was humiliated and disowned his wrestler. Maskeens reputation was ruined, he knew that he would be turned out of his house. His family were even more livid, when they heard what had happened they planned to do away with him. They hastily dug a trench under his munja(bed) and stuck in spikes and covered the whole thing with large palm leaves, they planned to murder him and then plea with the Nawab to let them stay at the house.

As Maskeen finally got away from the crowd he could not find Chundawadi in all the commotion and wondered home. His favorite daughter met him on route. She had seen what was happening and told her father. But Maskeen was a broken man, he did not care what happened to him, he shuffled to his house and went straight to the munja and lay on it fully expecting the whole thing to collapse into the hole underneath, but nothing happened. His little daughter ran to him and peered underneath "Papa, I can see a man in robes holding up your munja" she shouted. He knew, he just knew. Maskeen jumped off the bed and before he knew it Guru Nanak Dev Ji stood before him. He fell to his knees placing his head on Guru Jis feet. Guru Ji sat him down. "Oh Maskeen, you were willing to lose everything for me, I am now here for you"

SAKHI SERIES :- 209 (BHAYEE JEET MERI, KIRPA KAAL TERI||)

Kartar Singh And The Pathaan

(Source: http://dustofgursikhs.blogspot.com)

In the second world war, the Sikhs fought in the British army and many Sikhs gave their lives fighting for Britain. Many Sikhs fought in Europe too and the Sikhs were recognized for their outstanding performance in the war. After the war was over, the Sikh regiments were brought back to India by road. As thus, they had to pass through Afghanistan and present day Pakistan, to arrive in India.

When the Sikh regiment reached Jamraud, the Sikhs requested the officer in charge to stay at Jamraud as they wanted to visit the Gurudwara that stands there in the sweet memory of the greatest general, Sardar Hari Singh Nalwa. The officers agreed and the Sikhs stayed there for some days.

As the military had stationed in Jamraud, the Sikhs took liberty to visit adjoining places. The residents of Jamraud did not know too much about the Sikhs and showed curiosity to know about them. One such person was the wife of a Pathan general called Abdul Qiyoom Khan. She had not seen the Sikhs before and when she saw singhs with parkaash beards and well-built

bodies, she asked her husband who they were.

Abdul Qiyoom Khan praised the Sikhs and their bravery just as a big-hearted warrior would praise another warrior. He told her about the background of the Sikhs and how they were known for their courage and strength.

The pathaans too are known for their bravery and if we read the history we find out that the residents of this area that was known as Gandhaar Desh (mother of Duryodhan, Gandhari was from this area) at the time of Mahabharat. These people ruled India for many years and they were stopped by only one person and that person was Sardar Hari Singh Nalwa. For this reason, the old people of that area had respect and considerable fear for the Sikhs.

Anyway, after hearing the stories of bravery of Sikhs, from her husband, she jokingly told her husband that the reason she married him was because of his bravery. The pathaan, when he heard this, got hurt and with hurt ego, immediately shot back at his wife saying that he did realize that these Sikhs were brave but they were not more brave than him. He said that he would prove this to his wife.

Saying this, the pathaan immediately arrived at the place where the Sikh regiment was stationed. He went to the officer in-charge and challenged the Sikhs for a one-on-one fight. Abdul Qiyoom Khan was a very accomplished warrior of his area and was the sardaar of the tribal army in his area. He was close to 6'5" tall and had a huge body.

When the Sikhs heard his challenge, they started thinking how to respond, since this happened so fast. When he challenged again, a Singh by the name of Kartar Singh accepted his challenge. Kartar Singh was not very tall in height but he had a well-built body. It was decided that the fight would take place the following day at so and so time.

The next day, the pathaan arrived a little early along with his supporters. When the time of the match came, Kartar Singh did not arrive on time. The pathaans thought that he had ran away, scared of fighting Abdul Qiyoom Khan. This incident was recorded by the the Englishman who acted as a referee in the competition. His name was M. Crafts.

Anyway, a Sikh soldier was dispatched to get Bhai Kartar Singh. When the soldier arrived at this tent, he found him standing in ardaas. Unaware of his surroundings, Kartar Singh urged Guru Gobind Singh Ji for strength and said that he did not have any strength of his own and that he was relying fully on Guru Sahib alone. Doing ardaas along these lines, Bhai Kartar Singh arrived at the place of competition.

Most independent observers had thought that this match would not last more than 10 minutes and will result in the death and defeat of Kartar Singh. Both warriors were allowed to use any weapon they wanted and they both used swords to fight. They both were very skilled in fighting. They both did attacks on each other and very diligently saved the attacks of their opponent. The singh was fighting so well, that the pathaan who had thought of crushing him in minutes was taken aback by the fierce resistance posed by Kartar Singh.

After half an hour, when no one emerged as a clear winner, the competition was briefly stopped for about 10 minutes. The pathaan came to his side of the ring and drank grapes juice. The singh on the other hand only drank water and closed his eyes to thank Guru Kalgidhar Sache Patshah, who let gave him the strength to face a strong opponent as the pathaan.

When they came back after the second round, the pathaan got a little impatient and challenged Kartar Singh to save his attack. When a person loses his cool in a battle or competition, he or she is bound to lose a little bit of focus and concentration. This is what happened to the pathaan. He did a great attack on Kartar Singh who in turn very diligently stopped it and did a counter attack, which resulted in the pathaan getting seriously injured, thus ending the competition in Kartar Singh's favour.

After the competition Kartar Singh quietly left the place and while the Sikhs were celebrating he went to his tent to perform an ardaas of thanking Guru Sahib for his victory. The words on his lips were:

BHAYEE JEET MERI, KIRPA KAAL TERI||
(O Waheguru, I attained victory because of your grace.)

SAKHI SERIES :- 210 (BHAI NAND LAL JI)

Bhai Nand Lal(Singh) ji
(Source: http://searchgurbani.com/)

Bhai Nand Lal Goya, born at Ghazni in Afghanistan in 1643, was an accomplished persian scholar who composed verses in praise of God and Guru Gobind Singh ji. He was hardly nineteen when his parents passed away and after that he moved to the city of Multan. The Nawab of Multan being impressed with his scholastic talents and personality, appointed him as his 'Mir Munshi' (Revenue officer). At the age of 45 Nand Lal left the service and set out in pursuit of peace. At last he reached Anandpur. Nand Lal ji wanted to test the Guru before he could accept him. He took a small house and started living quietly in that and made up his mind that he would go to the Guru only when the Guru beckoned him. The Guru did not call for sometimes. During this period Nand Lal became very restless which he recorded:

"How long shall I patiently wait?
My heart is restless for a vision of thee,
My tearful eyes, says Goya,
Have become flooding streams of love
Flowing in a passionate affection
towards thee."
(Bhai Nand Lal ji- Translated)

At last the Guru called Nand Lal. When he reached there for his holy sight, the Guru was sitting in a trance with his eyes closed. As Nand Lal saw the Master, he was wonder-stuck and he recorded:

"My life and faith are held in bondage,
By His sweet and angelic face;
The glory of Heaven and earth,
Is hardly worth,
A hair of His golden looks.
O! How can I bear the light,
Shed by the piercing glance of His love,
To ennoble and enlighten life,
A glimpse of the Beloved is enough."
(Bhai Nand Lal ji)

After a short while the Master opened his eyes and smiled as he looked towards Nand Lal. By mere opening of his eyes, he enabled Nand Lal to see the Divine. His one glance of Grace opened the spiritual eyes of Nand Lal. He bowed down saying, "Lord, my doubts are dispelled. I have known the Truth. The doors of my heart are opened and I have attained peace."

Nand Lal ji, thus, continued to live at Anandpur in the service and love of the Master. One day Guruji commanded him, " You left the home and renounced the world; such a renunciation is not acceptable to me. Go back and live in the world, work for your living and serve the humanity; but remain unattached to Maya (materialism), keeping God alive in thy mind." Nand Lal asked, " Whither should I go, O Master?" The Guru replied, "To whichever direction your feet carry thee."

Bhai Nand Lal ji bowed and left Anandpur and after sometimes he reached Agra, the city of Taj Mahal where Prince Bahadur Shah was holding his court. There were some poets, scholars and artists patronized by the prince. Nand Lal ji was soon recognized at Agra as a great scholar which earned him a high office and emoluments from the prince. It is said that Emperor Aurangzeb had to send a letter to the King of Persia and Nand Lal's draft of that letter was deemed as the most suitable. Upon this Aurangzeb sent for Nand Lal, and after an interview he remarked to his courtiers that it was a pity that such a learned man should remain a Hindu. Aurangzeb told Prince Bahadur Shah to convert Nand Lal to Islam by persuasion if possible, and by force otherwise. This news leaked out and Bhai Nand Lal ji with the help of Ghiasuddin, a Muslim admirer and follower of him, escaped from Agra one night, and fled to Anandpur, the only place where such refugees could find safe asylum.

Enjoying the blissful life at the Master's feet at Anandpur, Bhai Nand Lal then settled down to a routine of a devoted disciple. He presented to the Guru a Persian work called Bandagi Nama in praise of God. The following few extracts are from that work:

"Both worlds, here and hereafter, are filled with God's light;
The sun and moon are merely servants who hold His torches.
They who search for God are ever civil.
(Bhai Nand Singh ji- Translated)

SAKHI SAKHIS :- 211 (BHAI BAGGA SINGH & THE HORSE THIEF)

Bhai Bagga Singh & The Horse Thief

(Source: http://gursikhijivan.blogspot.com)

Bhai Bagga Singh was riding on his horse one day when he say that on the road was a man walking very slowly, holding his back with both his hands. The man called out to Bhai Bagga Singh, "Brother! I'm very sick and cannot walk. If you would let me ride the horse for a couple of miles, I will be able to go home to my village and you can drop me off there. May God bless you if you help me!"

Bhai Bagga Singh felt compassion for the man and got off his horse. He helped the sick man onto the saddle and took the reins in his hands and began to walk along side the horse, leading it forward on the road.

The man who had asked for the ride sat on the horse for some time, lightly grasping the reins as well. As time passed, sometimes he began to occasionally tightly grasp them and then let them go again. After some distance, the rider sharply pulled the reins out of Bhai jee's hands, turned the horse around and began to speed away. Bhai Bagga Singh called behind him, "Brother! Please listen to what I have to say, even it is from at a distance! If you want to take the horse, it is your decision, but listen to what I have to say!"

The thief was quite surprised but curious. He stopped the horse at quite a distance and said, "Speak!"

Bhai jee began, "Don't ever tell anyone that you stole this horse by feigning sickness and getting a ride from me and then pulling the reins away from my hand."

The thief asked in bewilderment, "Why??" The Sikh replied, "If you do this, you will be harming countless truly ill people who will need help during a journey. If they ask for assistance, people will think they are thieves like you who will take away their horse like that thief once took away Bagga Singh's (my) horse. You will die one day yet there will always be people who become ill and people who can help them but the story of your actions today will forever create distrust between them."

Bagga Singh then said no more and slowly began to walk away. The thief rode off in the opposite direction.

Bagga Singh reached home, bathed, recited Rehraas Sahib, ate and then fell asleep. Early the next morning, Bagga Singh came out into his courtyard out of habit to give hay to his horse. The horse too would recognize Bagga Singh's foot steps and would neigh to greet him. Today as usual he heard the neigh of his horse and memory returned to him that his horse had been stolen yesterday and so where was this neighing coming from? As these thoughts went through his mind, he heard the neighing once again.

Bagga Singh walked forward in amazement and saw that his horse was tied to the gate of his home. He patted the horse on the back and looked out and saw that yesterday's thief was standing outside, looking down in embarrassment.

Bagga Singh asked: "Well my sick friend, are you feeling better today?" The thief replied, "Bagga Singh, I was truly sick yesterday but you are the doctor who has brought me back to my senses. Take your horse back brother. Now there will be no story of treachery and no harm will come to anyone who becomes ill on a journey. In the future I too will try to become like Bagga Singh and have mercy on those in need. Give me your blessings."

SAKHI SERIES :- 212 (SANT GURBACHAN SINGH'S VISIT TO SHAHEED SAROVAR)

Sant Gurbachan Singh's visit to Shaheed Sarovar

This Sakhi is taken from the life of Sant Giani Gurbachan Singh Ji Khalsa Bhindranwale who were the 12th Jathedar of Damdami Taksal in an unbroken linage of Brahmgiani Jathedars of Taksal starting from a joint leadership of Bhai Mani Singh Shaheed and Baba Deep Singh Ji Shaheed. Interestingly, both of the latter mentioned shaheed mahapurkhs gave darshan to Sant Giani Gurbachan Singh ji at Shaheed Sarovar. Mahapurkh Sant Baba Gurbachan Singh Ji had a life of intense simran and seva. This was accompanied by their bhagti accumulated in a past life in which they had been close to Guru Sahib themselves and also the blessing and guidance of their spiritual mentor, himself a complete saint and leader of taksal: Sant Giani Sundar Singh Ji.

This katha begins at Chamkaur Sahib where mahapurkh had come in a state of spiritual bairag (longing). This is the same land where two of Sri Guru Gobind Singh Ji Maharaj's own Sahibzaade Baba Ajit Singh Ji and Baba Jujhar Singh became shaheed (martyred), where three of the 5 beloved Panj Pyare: Bhai Sahib Singh Ji, Bhai Himmat Singh Ji and Bhai Mokham Singh Ji became shaheed along with 40 other Singhs. At this historical site there is an old Baoli Sahib or an open well west of the Akali Bunga. Mahapurkh chose this place for their meditation, seeing it as a very quiet tranquil place with little disturbance from people. It was perfect for them, as they had no intention of openly showing their meditation to the world, for them it was important that they kept their spiritual status hidden from the world as Gurbani informs:
"hon najeek khudhaae dhai bhaeth n kisai dhaen ||116||"
They are close to the Lord, but they do not reveal their secret to anyone. ||116||.
This is quiet contrary to the elaborate asthans built nowadays. Mahapurkh on the contrary had no intention of drawing any attention to themselves but instead went to the extent of doing their abhias (meditative practise) at night between the hours of 8pm and 4am, continuously without interval. The interesting nature of this bhagati was that it was done inside the cold water for the whole eight hours.

Their avastha became such they felt like leaving this filth-ridden kalyugi world. They set off nearly 50 km north on foot towards the mountainous region near Kiratpur Sahib. In their mind they became firm that they have no further desire to communicate with the world, they would just do their bhajan and bandagi until their final swaas (breath) and leave this temporary body in the serenity of the mountains. After setting off, doing jaap (meditation) with every step they arrived in the mountainous region. Upon some exploration Mahapurkh got lost and ended up

climbing a mountain when finally they came to the opening of a cave. Mahapurkh had a natural intuitive feeling that it would lead to somewhere so they entered the cave. When they set their feet in the cave and walked forward they saw there was darkness surrounding them, both forwards and towards the enetrance they had come through. During the narration of this Sakhi Sant Gurbachan Singh ji told that at one point it became so endlessly dark that they considered going back but then thought again. They remembered Guru Granth Sahib Jis Bani:
"aagaahaa koo thraagh pishhaa faer n muhaddarraa ||"
(Look ahead; don't turn your face backwards.) and thought it their duty as a gursikh to continue.

They continued, reading gurbani continuously when finally they saw some light that showed the end of the cave. When they reached the exit of the cave they looked and it was completely bright and infront of them was a very beautiful sarovar (pool). Its beauty was both unheard and unseen off anywhere in the world before. Mahapurkh were astounded and became increasingly intrigued about where they had arrived. Around the pool were magnificently tall trees and on closer inspection they saw Shastars hung on the trees. Then when they proceeded further they saw people, human beings. These humans were not normal though, in size they were like giants in tales and their bodies reflected light. Mahpurkh thought to themselves 'maybe the end of your life is such' looking at the size of these intimidating people. Mahapurkh thought they were remote tribal people residing here but there was something very different about them from normal human beings. Still, with the teachings of Gurbani enshrined in them Mahapurkh did not turn back but rather they proceeded forward reciting gurbani. One of these people walked past mahapurkh and they caught a glimpse of their attire. Mahapurkh were very surprised that these people were wearing a kashera and a dastar, things began to make sense: the shastars on the tree and now their attire. It was at this point that it hit Sant ji that these must be Singhs of Guru Gobind Singh Ji Maharaj. But the question was, what exactly were they doing here?

Suddenly one of them shouted "Gurbachan Singh Ji". Mahapurkh were surprised that they knew their name but they didn't even know what sort of people they were. Sant Jee were amazed that they knew his name, yet they had never met. Then suddenly the tallest one out of them, assumedly their Jathedar Sahib said to those giant people "we'll converse with Giani Ji after get something to eat for them". At which one of them took a long spear and threw it towards the pool, when he pulled it out their came 3 unknown vegetables which looked a bit like yam or jimikand. They cooked these on hot coal and whilst they were being cooked the Jathedar Sahib of these people asked mahapurkh "why are you amazed Giani ji, are you surprised we called you by your name". The jathedar sahib ji continued "Giani ji, actually, we are surprised that you didn't recognize your own people". Mahapurkh said they didn't recognize them.

One of the giant people stood up and said "Giani ji first I will introduce myself, I am Banda Singh Bahadur." Baba Banda Singh Bahadur then pointed at another person "This is the mukhi of your Taksal Baba Deep Singh Ji". "Look there, that is Bhai Mani Singh ji and over there is Bhai Taru Singh Ji". Mahapurkh began pinching themselves to check if they were having a dream listening to the names of these shaheed singhs. Mahapurkh joined their hands together and said " Singho, Guru Pyareo Vaheguru Ji Ka Khalsa Vaheguru Ji Ki Fateh". Your words are true but I'd like to ask that all that you named have become shaheed but here you are all talking to me? First please be kind enough to tell me what is going on with me am I asleep or awake am I conscious or unconscious am I in a deep meditative state. Where am I?"

The Singhs spoke " Mahpurkho you are awake, what you are seeing is true. It is no illusion". By now the vegetable product was ready and they served mahapurkh and the other Singhs. Baba ji said that this was like nothing they had ever tasted, it had the smell like Karah Parshad and tasty as Amrit. After eating they requested the

Singhs to clearly tell them what was going on.

As Mahapurkh were narrating this Giani Mohan Singh ji was sitting on the side of their bed, away from the direct vision of mahapurkh quickly jotting down all the whole sakhi. Pandit Prem Singh was sat infront of them, he tells us the face of mahapurkh became reddened with bliss as they told the sakhi to them.

Sant Gurbachan Singh ji inquired whether they were talking about Shaheed Singhs and that they should openly tell them what's happening with them. The Singh spoke once again "Giani Gurbachan Singh Ji, you are such a high scholar you narrate katha to so many. Please could you recite katha for us too please." Mahapurkh said "I don't know about katha or anything at the moment please could you just explain what is happening with me, is this Sachkhand, the earth, where?."

The Singh Sahib ji said " Very well, Giani JI when a Singh who has done kamai (practice) of Gurbani during their life or become Shaheed goes to Sachkhand they stop at the door where two Singhs ask them at the gate of Sachkand if they have any further desire to do Seva or they wish to go to Sachkhand. At this point if one says no, then they are escorted to Sachkhand but if they have a further desire then they come to us. This place is only second to Sachkhand."

Mahapurkh asked them: "Singho today you have given me darshan, will their come a time when you come to the earth and openly reveal yourself."

The Singhs said "Yes. Yes, we will. Look there are our Shastar and look there are our Nagarhe (Battle Drums). Mahpursho the dohra you recite, keep reciting it. "Raj Karega Khalsa" The Khalsa shall not rule through any other earthly way, it is us that will create the Khalsa Raj. We are preparing. You came through this cave Giani Ji, and we will come out this way. Akal Purkh has done boundless kirpa on you Giani ji, you have entered this cave once you never again in your life will get this opportunity. You can go back and find this cave but you will never be able too. Mahapursho we will beat the drums before we leave here, that time we will create the Khalsa Raj - The Halemi Raj where no one will suffer"

Mahapurkh then said their Gurfateh to the Shaheed Singhs and left 'Shaheed Sarovar'. When narrating this sakhi from their own life Mahapurkh, they became teary and said "I have wondered in the mountains many a time. I have never found that place again". Mahapurkh looked around, they saw Giani Baba Mohan Singh ji writing. Mahapurkh asked them "Giani ji have you written everything? Pass me your notebook". Mahapurkh took the notebook and ripped it and said "Singho I forgot the rule of Gurbani "hon najeek khudhaae dhai bhaeth n kisai dhaen ||116||" (They are close to the Lord, but they do not reveal their secret to anyone. ||116||) and in your prem (love) I have told you this sakhi, I have ripped this because I do not want it published. It is my secret."

SAKHI SERIES :- 213 (NINDHO NINDHO MO KO LOG NINDHO)

nindho nindho mo ko log nindho

(Source : http://www.sikhawareness.com)

The grandfather of Ram Chandra in Ramayana, was Raja Aj.

Aj, like his father Ragh used to donate everytime at amrit vela to the sadhus saints.

One day, Raja Aj after finishing donating, and running out of food for sadhus, was approached by a sadhu, who asked for donation.

Raja Aj said in a hurry, I am done donating, come tommorrow.

The Sadhu, said he has to spend the night here, please give something today.

Aj : "I dont have to pay off your loan, Go away"

Sadhu: "I will not go away without receiving something"

This Sahdu was a real mahapurush, and a saint.

Aj was standing in a horse barn, and all there was lidh/horse dung all around.
Aj : I have lidh/horse dung. I can give you that

Sadhu : If you want to give lidh, then go ahead, give it.

Aj put a pile of lidh in the wrap of his cloth.

Sadhu said, "God bless you, may this charity of yours, increase by leaps and bounds"
==
Later on, after some years, Raja Aj, went for hunting, and he came across a hut outside which he saw a huge pile of Horse dung with a very old sadhu sitting beside it. On coming close he realised that it was the same sadhu who he had donated horse dung.

Aj shocked seeing all this, asked the sadhu about it.

Sadhu said, this is the boon of your donation, God has truly blessed you with hills of horse dung, what you donate you get back in return. Now this will have to be eaten by you. Aj taken aback fell at sadhu's feet and asked if there was anything he could do to get rid of/not eating the lidh/horse dung.

Sadhu said, there is only one way - NINDA .....

Nindak's can decrease your load (sins), those who do your ninda, will be 'eating' this horse dung.

Next day, Raja Aj, went into the house of a prostitute, and said "my daughter, I need your help, please walk with me through the town today."

The Raja appeared in his town "drunk"...with this prostitute ..swaggering through the bazaars.. as soon as the people saw this..tongues began to wag....and the MOUNTAIN of horse dung began to subside..The people didnt knew the TRUTH..so they were spreading FALSEHOOD...NINDA...

Seeing Raja Aj, with the prostitute walking together, the people of the town said all types of things, slandering him, having a queen wife at home, and this shameful person is walking with a prostitute.

Due to ninda, in a matter of days..the mountain disappeared as those nindaks were to eat it. But even then a small amount of it was left.

Raja Aj, asked the Sadhu, why hasnt that small amount of horse lidh (dung) gone?
Sadhu said, "It is the same amount you donated, this amount you will have to eat it. What you give you are destined to get back also"

so the raja took it home..dried it..and began to eat it bit by bit as a "spice" sprinkled on his food daily !!! and grieve over his mistake of donating lidh to the saint.

ni(n)dho ni(n)dho mo ko log ni(n)dho || ni(n)dhaa jan ko kharee piaaree ||
Slander me, slander me - go ahead, people, and slander me. Slander is pleasing to the Lord's humble servant.

ni(n)dhaa baap ni(n)dhaa mehathaaree ||1|| rehaao ||
Slander is my father, slander is my mother. ||1||Pause||

ni(n)dhaa hoe th baiku(n)t(h) jaaeeai || naam padhaarathh manehi basaaeeai ||
If I am slandered, I go to heaven; the wealth of the Naam, the Name of the Lord, abides within my mind.

ridhai sudhh jo ni(n)dhaa hoe || hamarae kaparae ni(n)dhak dhhoe ||1||
If my heart is pure, and I am slandered, then the slanderer washes my clothes. ||1||

ni(n)dhaa karai s hamaraa meeth || ni(n)dhak maahi hamaaraa cheeth ||
One who slanders me is my friend; the slanderer is in my thoughts.

ni(n)dhak so jo ni(n)dhaa horai || hamaraa jeevan ni(n)dhak lorai ||2||
The slanderer is the one who prevents me from being slandered. The slanderer wishes me long life. ||2||

ni(n)dhaa hamaree praem piaar || ni(n)dhaa hamaraa karai oudhhaar ||
I have love and affection for the slanderer. Slander is my salvation.

jan kabeer ko ni(n)dhaa saar || ni(n)dhak ddoobaa ham outharae paar ||3||20||71||
Slander is the best thing for servant Kabeer. The slanderer is drowned, while I am carried across. ||3||20||71||

- Bhagat Kabeer ji, Guru Granth Sahib ji

SAKHI SERIES :- 214 (BHOOT PRET)

Good souls and Bad souls
(Source: http://www.rajkaregakhalsa.net/)

There was an Amritdhari Bibi who was constantly being told by this Devta (good) soul to take it to darshan of Sri Darbar Sahib (Amritsar). This soul was incidentally a muslim soul. Maskeen Ji says he was astonished when that illiterate Bibi started reciting Quran-e-Sharif to him. Some of his companions got scared but Maskeen Ji assured them the soul is not bad, on the contrary, it is a Farishta soul as the only souls that can go inside Darbar Sahib are the good souls, the Devtas. No Bhoot Prett can dare to enter the premises of Sri Darbar Sahib.

Maskeen Ji requested that Bibi to recite the namaz of Zohr to him. Surprisingly, the rooh replied, "I have no interest in Zohr, I only like to recite the namaz of Fajr (the namaz of Amrit Vela for muslims) and that is what I recite the whole day". Maskeen Ji says I heard a lot of Quran from that bibi but only when that farishta is in that Bibi, otherwise she cannot recite a single line. Maskeen Ji then asked, "So why have you come for darshan of Sri Darbar Sahib then?" The rooh(soul) replied, "For this is only dar (door), the only place where I feel at peace with myself". Maskeen Ji asked the reason for its wandering despite it being such a namazi and connected to Allah, he replied, "I am forced to, because I have yet to find appropriate to-bemother in muslims through whom my birth can take place".

This proves that the Bani that we read does not go to waste, it goes along with us when we leave our physical body. Just as an animal has the body but not any mann, the rooh has mann (and in it all its contents), but no body.

So, that muslim farishta (angel) said to Maskeen Ji that the reason he has come to him is because he has studied Quran and that he feels like coming to him again and again to listen to path.

Maskeen ji said to him that he can most certainly come everyday. One day it came to Maskeen Ji holding two bottles of perfumes in both hands and said, "I realised I came to you empty handed, so please accept these

bottles of perfume as a gift from my side". Maskeen Ji asked that faristha whether other roohs like him come to Sri Darbar Sahib, and it replied "Oh yes, thousands like me everyday as there is anand, rass at Sri Darbar Sahib."

Therefore, there are millions of people in this world and so are millions of good and bad souls. The bad souls, the Bhoots, cannot come to Gurdwaras and holy places as their sanskars and way of living do not match with those at holy places. Their rass is at gambling houses, pubs, and brothels and that is where they feel at 'home'.

But places like Sri Darbar Sahib, Sri Hazoor Sahib, Sri Sis Ganj Sahib are always packed with good souls, the Devtas. These souls will not go anywhere else till the time they take new birth somewhere.

SAKHI SERIES :- 215 (BABA NARAIN SINGH NABHA)

Baba Narain Singh Nabha
(Source : Katha Bhai Pinderpal Singh ji - Gursikhi ki hai-1)

Baba Narain Singh ji(father of Kahn Singh Nabha) was a saintly person who had whole of Guru Granth Sahib jee memorized and regularly recited the Guru Granth Sahib four times a month.
Thrice in his life he recited the Guru Granth Sahib in one sitting (Ati/Atee Akhand Path). An Atee Akhand Paathee is such Khalsa who can do the whole of Siri Akhand Paath Sahib in one sitting without stopping. This is completed usually in 9 Pehars (ਪਹਰ) or 27 hours

Once Maharaja Hira Singh of Nabha sat with him to listen to the Akhand Path recitation and on completion of the path was so happy that he offered Bhai Narain singh Nabha a Jagir (estate). On listening to the offer Bhai Narain Singh ji said - is that it ?

Maharaja Hira singh thought - maybe Narain Singh wants more and said - ask anything bhai sahib ji ....

On listening to which Narain Singh ji said - this is the reason i do not do path at rich peoples home - they try to put a price tag ..... He then humbly requested "If you really want to give me something then PLEASE do ardas for me that Guru Sahib blesses me with his sewa and that he remains a humble servant of Guru Granth Sahib ji till the end"

As a mark of respect, Maharaja Hira Singh, on that occasion became one of Baba Narain Singh's palanquin bearers.

Standing Lto R : Baba Budh Singh and Bhai Gopal Singh Sitting L to R : Bhai Mihan Singh (younger brother of Bhai Kahan Singh Nabha) with Child Bhagwant Singh Hari ji, Baba Narain Singh (Father of Bhai Kahan Singh), Baba Uttam Singh, Bhai Bishan Singh (Younger Brother of Bhai Kahan Singh)

SAKHI SERIES :- 216 (GURU NANAK DEV JI IN MECCA)

Guru Nanak Dev ji in Mecca

Bhai Gurdas ji Vaar : Baba at Mecca Pauris: 32-34
Baba phiri Makkey gia neel bastatr Dharey banwari.

Aasa hathh Kitab Kachh kuja bang mussala dhari.
Ja Baba suta raat nounn vali maharabey paiye pasari.
Jivan maari latt di kehara suta kuffar kuffari.
Tangon Pakkaur ghasitia phiria Makka kalla dikhari.
Hoey hairan kareni Juhari.

Puchhan Pholi kitab nounn Hindu vada ke Musalmanoi.
Baba Aakhey hajian subh amlan bajhau dono roi.
Hindu Musalmaan dui dargah andari lahani na dhoi.
Karani bakhili aapi vichi Ram Rahim Kuthai Khaloi.
Rahey Saitani dunia goi.

In these pauris Bhai Gurdas ji describes the visit of Baba Nanak (Guru Nanak Sahib Ji) to Mecca(during Guruji's 4th udasi/journey to the west). Donning blue clothes, holding a stick in one hand, book under the arm pit and carrying his prayer mat and a lota (jug) Baba reaches Mecca and relates the well known anecdote about Guru Nanak Dev ji keeping his feet towards the Mehrab at night.

When the Mullah named Jiwan saw this act of sacrilege, he was infuriated and kicked him, saying that who is this Kafir keeping his feet towards the house of God and holding (Guru)Nanak Dev ji's legs pulls them to change their direction and sees the "Mecca moving in the same direction".

Hearing that a strange man had crept into their company, people gathered round him and asked to open and search in his book(pothi) and tell them as to who is better, Hindu or Muslim. Guru ji replied, "Without good deeds, both will come to grief. Only by being a Hindu or a Muslim one can not get accepted in the court of the Lord." As the colour of safflower is impermanent and is washed away in water, likewise the colours of religiosity are also temporary. (Followers of both the religions) In their expositions, denounce Ram and Rahim. The whole of the world is following the ways of Satan.

Then they asked, "Of what religion art thou?" Guru ji answered, "I am a mere man, made up of five elements, a play thing in the hands of God."

PS: Some might ask - Why did Guruji visit Mecca ?
Guess, for the same reason Guru Jee visited Hardwara (Hiduism HQ), Mount Kelash (Siddha's), Lhasa (Buddhist HQ), Rome etc

People were lost in hatred and segregation on the lines of caste, creed and religion. The reason was to bring about change; people had become misguided so Guru Jee went to get people to follow the True path.

If someone wants to bring about change in UK, they must go to where policies in UK are made eg Parliament and hold discussions/dialogues/debates. In the same way, for Guru Jee to bring change amongst Muslims, Hindu's, Buddhists of the time. He had to visit the centre of all these religions and have dialogue/debates/discussions with their leaders. Guru Jee went to Mecca, Median, Hardwar, Lhasa, Rome (etc) with the sole purpose of teaching the True path:

- *That God is everywhere and in everyone.*
- *To treat ALL humans with respect and equals*
- *To teach tolerance and respect.*

"I do not make pilgrimages to Mecca, nor do I worship at Hindu sacred shrines. I serve the One Lord, and not any other. I do not keep fasts, nor do I observe the month of Ramadaan. I serve only the One, who will protect me in the end." (Siri Guru Granth Sahib Ji, Ang 1136)

SAKHI SERIES :- 217 (BHAI NIHANG KHAN)

Bhai Bachitar Singh

Bhai Bachitar Singh was born on 6th May 1664 and took Amrit on the historic day of Vaisakhi on 30th March 1699. Bhai ji is most famously remembered as the Singh who attacked a drunken elephant.

The sakhi goes as Sri Guru Gobind Singh Ji and a small number of Sikhs were defending their position in Lohgarh fort of Anandpur Sahib, which was under attack by numerically far suprior forces under the rule of the Moghul Emperor Aurangzeb and the Hindu rulers of the Hill States. Despite superior numbers, the besiedging forces were unable to penetrate the heavily-defended fort. They brought forth an armoured, druken elephant to batter in the gates. Bhai Bachittar Singh was tasked with stopping the elephant, armed with a *nagni barcha* (snake shaped spear), a type of spear. Bahi Bachitar Singh ji rode out of the fort on horseback and attacked the elephant, thrusting his spear into the animal's forehead and cutting its trunk with his sword. The wounded elephant retreated, disrupting the attackers' ranks.

In December 1705, when Guru Gobind Singh Ji decided to evacuate Anandpur Fort, they came to the River Sirsa. Whilst crossing the river, the Chotte Sahibazade along with Mata Gujri ji were separated from Guru ji. Guru Gobind Singh ji along with 40 other Sikhs came to Ghanaula village before reaching Macchiwara jungle. Some of the 40 Singhs included Guru jis two older Sahibzade, the Panj Piare, Bhai Sant Singh Ji, Bhai Jeevan Singh ji and Bhai Bachitar Singh Ji.

After resting at Macchiwara Jungle, Guru ji asked Singhs to do Asa di Vaar Kirtan. Around the same time some Mughal forces had manged to catch up with Guru ji. Guru Ji asked a few Singhs to fight against the oncoming forces whilst some did Asa di Vaar Kirtan.

Sahibzada Ajit Singh ji along with Bhai Jeevan Singh ji and Bhai Bachitar Singh Ji fought agianst the oncoming enemy. The enemy recognised Sahibzade Ajit Singh ji as the Son of Guru Gobind Singh Ji and decided to try and kill them. In this battle, Bhai Bachittar Singh ji was seriously wounded. Bhai Madan Singh and Sahibzade Ajit Singh ji carried the injured Bhai Bachittar Singh ji to Malikpur Rangharan, to the house of Nihung Khan. Guru Gobind Singh asked Nihang Khan to look after Bachittar Singh, after which he proceeded with the remaining forty or so Sikhs towards Chamkaur. Guru Gobind Singh ji before his departure bestowed upon Nihang Khan a sword, a dagger and a shield.

Rumors spread as quickly in those days as they do today, so hearing that Nihang Khan was sheltering some Sikhs, the Mughal troops searched his house while the mortally wounded Bachittar Singh lay in a small room attended by Nihang Khan's daughter. Living up to his name, Nihang Khan maintained his cool and succeeded in keeping the search party from entering the room by telling them that his daughter was nursing her very sick husband. Mughal soldiers believed in what Nihang Khan said, but confirmed from Bibi Mumtaz , '' Who is inside with you''?? Mughals asked.
''Its me and my husband here inside, he is sick'' replied Bibi Mumtaz!

Confirming that Guruji was not in house or village of Kotla, Mughal Army started its pursuit of Guruji.
Thus the danger was averted, but the life of Bhai Bachchittar Singh could not be saved. He succumbed to his injuries and breathed his last on 8 December 1705. Nihang Khan had the cremation performed secretly the following night.

Today that village is known as Kotla Nihung Khan. The sword, dagger and shield presented to Nihung Khan by Guru Gobind Singh ji were preserved and passed through generations in the family, but no shrine was raised to the Guru's visit in that most fateful night of peril - until Gurdwara Bhattha Sahib was constructed by Sant Baba Jivan Singh (1833-1938) of Buddha Bhora on the site. The construction was commenced in 1910 and completed in 1923. When the Pathan family left India, following the partition of 1947, they presented the sword and the dagger at the Gurdwara, but the shield was taken by the family who next occupied their house.

SAKHI SERIES :- 218 (DHAN DHAN RAJA JANAK HAI)

Dhan Dhan Raja Janak Hai Jin Simran Keo Bibek
Ek Gharhi Ke Simraney Paapi Tharey Anek

Raja Janak is considered to be a great king of ancient times who was a very Dharmi(righteous) king.
Bhai Gurdas Ji has written about King Janak in his Vaars:

bhagath vaddaa raajaa janak hai guramukh maayaa vich oudhaasee
King Janak was a great saint who amidst maya remained indifferent to it.

dhaev lok no(n) chaliaa gan ga(n)dhharab sabhaa sukhavaasee
Along with gans and gandharvs (calestial musicians) he went to the abode of the gods.

jamapur gaeiaa pukaar sun vilalaavan jee narak nivaasee
From there, he, hearing the cries of inhabitants of hell, went to them.

dhharamaraae no aakhioun sabhanaa dhee kar ba(n)dh khalaasee
He asked the god of death, Dharamrai, to relieve all their suffering.

karae baenathee dhharamaraae ho saevak t(h)aakur abinaasee
Hearing this, the god of death told him he was a mere servant of the eternal Lord (and without His orders he could not liberate them).

gehinae dhharian eik naaou(n) paapaa(n) naal karai nirajaasee
Janak offered a part of his devotion and remembrance of the name of the Lord.

paasa(n)g paap n pujanee guramukh naaou(n) athul n thulaasee
All the sins of hell were found not equal even to the counterweight of balance.

narakahu(n) shhuttae jeeaa ja(n)th kattee galahu silak jamafaasee
In fact no balance can weigh the fruits of recitation and remembrance of the Lords name by the gurmukh.

mukath jugath naavai(n) kee dhaasee a
All the creatures got liberated from hell and the noose of death was cut. Liberation and the technique of attaining it are the servants of the name of the Lord.

After a long life of mediation and naam abhiyaas(meditation), King Janak gave up his body. A divine chariot descended and King Janak's soul boarded it. On the way the chariot came near to the abode of Dharam Raj, the lord of death. There, sinners were suffering punishment in millions of hells. When the wind that had touched the soul of King Janak came to them they felt great joy and their misery disappeared. Then those persons, oppressed by sins, wanting to keep King Janak's association, began to lament. They spoke piteously to King Janaka, "O blessed one. Please do not leave. We who are greatly tormented are feeling happy due to contact with the breezes that have touched your body."

Hearing their words, the very righteous king became filled with pity and thought to himself, "If due to the touch of the breezes that have touched my body I am bringing some happiness to the residents here, then I will stay in this place. This is heaven for me."

Thinking like this, the king stayed there by the gateway to hell. After some time, Dharam Raj himself came to that gateway. There he saw King Janak, full of mercy and a doer of great meritorious deeds, standing by the doorway.

Dharam Raj smiled and said to King Janaka, "O king! You are sarva-dharma-siromani - the crest jewel of piety. Why have you come here? This is a place for wicked sinners who cause harm to others. Men like you who perform meritorious deeds do not come to this place."

Dharam Raj then said, "Those persons who do not remember the Lord with their mind, words, or deeds I throw them into hell and punish them. Those who have remembered the Lord leave the sufferings of hell and quickly go to Heaven.

"O very intelligent king, my servants, unable to even look at persons like you, bring those who are great sinners. Therefore you should leave this place and go to lords abode.

Hearing the words of Dharamraj, with great compassion King Janaka replied, "O Dharam Raj, out of pity on these beings I shall not go to Heaven. Although situated in this place, they are feeling some comfort due to the breezes blowing past my body. If you release all of these persons living in hell then I shall be happy and will proceed to Heaven."

Hearing the words of King Janaka, Dharam Raj pointed out to him each of those living in hell and said told the king why they were in hell and the punishment each one of them was going to receive.

After making all of these persons eat the fruit of their sins, I shall release them. O best among men who have accumulated vast amounts of religious merit, please leave this place.

Having pointed out the sinful persons, Dharam Raj became quiet. With his eyes full of tears, King Janaka, the great devotee of the Lord, said, "Tell me, how can these miserable beings quickly be set free from hell and attain happiness?"

Dharam Raj replied, "These persons have never worshiped the Lord. How then can they be free from hell? O great king, if you desire to release them, even though they are great sinners, then give them the following religious merit possessed by you: Once, upon getting up in the morning, you meditated with a pure heart upon the Lord— the remover of great sins. Give them the religious merit which you obtained that morning when with a pure heart you uttered, "Rama, Rama." Obtaining that merit, they will get freedom from hell."

Hearing these words of the intelligent Dharam Raj, the great king Janak gave those persons the religious merit obtained by him from his birth. King Janak said, "Let these persons be released from hell due to the religious merit earned by me from birth by the worship of God."

As soon as he said this, those persons dwelling in hell immediately were freed from their suffering condition and obtained divine bodies. They said to King Janak, "O king, by your favour, in one moment we have been freed from miserable hell and will now go to the highest position."

All the sins of hell were found not equal even to the counterweight of balance. In fact no balance can weigh the fruits of recitation and remembrance of the Lords name by the gurmukh. All the creatures got liberated from hell and the noose of death was cut. Liberation and the technique of attaining it are the servants of the name of the Lord.

Seeing those now-effulgent persons freed from hell, King Janak, who desired the welfare of all beings, was very pleased in his mind. All those persons praised the great King Janak, the very treasure house of compassion, and went to the spiritual world.

SAKHI SERIES :- 219 (A VISITOR FROM ROME)

A Visitor from Rome

At the beginning of the 17th century, many Europeans came to India. In those days India was well known for its wealth and variety of faiths. It was called a 'Golden Sparrow.' Many of the visitors came as traders and their purpose was to get rich by trade. Some others came as missionaries to spread their religions.

Rome was the capital of Italy. It was well known as the centre of Christianity. The king of Rome sent a missionary to India. The missionary travelled up and down the country for many years. During his travels he met many Moslem saints and Hindu Pandits. He had heard a lot about Sikhism from a Masand (agent) and wanted very much to see the Guru in person. He wanted to know more about Sikhism through a discussion with the Guru. Therefore he came to Kiratpur (Punjab) and stayed there for two days.

When he met the Guru he asked him a number of questions about Guru Nanak Dev ji and the later Gurus. He said, **"There have been so many prophets. Who is the True Saviour?"**

"The prophets and the Gurus enlighten us," said the Guru. "They make us aware of God and they show us the right way to lead our lives. It is our good actions, truthful living and love for God and His creation which will save us. None of the prophets can save us if our actions are bad. It is not the prophet who saves anybody, but it is his teachings that, if followed, lead us to salvation. The sad fact, however, is that we attach more importance to prophets themselves and forget the teachings they leave for us during the time they live among us."

"How did God create life on our earth?" asked the missionary.

God and His works are best known only to Him. But we Sikhs believe that

"The True Lord created the air,
Air gave birth to water;
From water sprang forth life,
And the Lord is within everything he created."
(Guru Granth Sahib)

"Which is the best religion?" enquired the missionary. *"The best of all religions," said the Guru, "is to meditate on God's Name and to act rightly."*

"Dear "Sir," said the missionary, "I have travelled through almost the whole of India and have seen people observing caste and calling the low caste people inferior. **What is your idea about caste?"**

"Caste and rank," said the Guru, "depend on actions. The pride of caste is folly and the root of evil. The whole creation is God's work. As a potter makes different vessels from the same clay, so has God made different men to please Himself. Each of us is composed of the same elements. No one is high and no one is low. Being the sons of the same father we are all equal. We are all bound by our actions and without God's grace there is no salvation."

"Whom do the Sikhs call a saint?"

"A saint is he who is aware of the presence of God at all times,
He regards the will of God as sweet,
His only support is the Name;
He is as humble as the dust under anybody's feet
He finds comfort only in God's praises,
And regards friends and foes alike.
He knows none as well as God."
(Asa 5 Guru Granth Sahib)

"What importance should man attach to pilgrimage?"

"If you want to gain true knowledge
Make people's welfare your aim in life.
When you master your five senses,
Life itself will become a pilgrimage."
(Rag Asa Guru Granth Sahib)

"Is it necessary to have a Guru?"

"Dear brother ! the medicine of God's name is within all of us,
But without the Guru we do not know how to use it.
The perfect Guru administers it with necessary rare,
And the disease is cured once for all."
(Gauri Bawan Akhri)

"Why don't the Sikh Gurus work miracles?"

"Miracle delude fools only,
Who have no God in their hearts.
Except the true Name, Nanak has no miracle."
(Guru Granth Sahib)

"Is there any merit in alms-giving?"

"Yes, he who earns by honest labour and gives something out of that in charity, has found the true way to the Lord."
(Guru Granth Sahib)

"Does knowledge lead to salvation?"

"No, knowledge must be supported by actions. Some people repeat the words of knowledge like the cawing of a crow, but their hearts are full of greed, falsehood and pride. Without the true Name and good actions they will not find peace."
(Guru Granth Sahib)

"Who are the chosen people of God?"

"The Lord's chosen are those who are absorbed in His Name.
For them there is no fear of birth or of death.
They have attained the Lord.
Great honour is theirs in all regions."
(Guru Granth Sahib)

"What is your idea of life after death?"
"Human life is a stage in a long journey of the soul. Death destroys only the body but the soul leaves the body and finds a new dwelling. It is like a person casting off his old worn-out clothes and putting on new ones. Our soul is a part of God, but soiled by sin it keeps on changing forms until it once again becomes pure enough to merge with God."
The missionary was very much impressed by the Guru's way of life and his religion. He is said to have praised the Guru very much in his writings.

"He who looks on all men as equal is religious;
Religion consists not in wandering to tombs,
Nor to places of cremation, nor sitting in silence;
Religion consists not in wandering in foreign countries,
Nor in bathing in the places of pilgrimage.
Remain pure amidst the impurities of the world;
Thus shall you find the way to religion."
(Guru Granth Sahib)

SAKHI SERIES :- 220 (BHAI KALA)

Bhai Kala

One day a man named Bhai Kala came to see the Guru and receive his instruction, bringing his two orphan nephews Sandali and Phul with him(their father was killed in the battle during Guru Har Gobind Sahib ji's time). When Kala bowed before the Guru the two boys began to weep and wail and hit their bellies like a drum. Everybody was surprised at this unusual behaviour of the boys in the presence of the Guru. The Guru smiled and said, "Dear Kala, what is the matter with the boys?"

"Sir," said Kala with tears in eyes, "They are the sons of my brother who died a few years ago leaving me to look after them and their mother. My Lord, I am very poor and can hardly afford them two meals a day. They have been hungry since yesterday. Help me my Guru, or the whole family will starve to death."

"Take heart Kala," said the Guru, "The Lord is merciful and gracious. Who knows what is in store for these lads? Today they are striking their empty bellies, tomorrow their sword might strike the tyrants bellies.

Mysterious are the ways of the Lord, Kala, and these same orphans may become kings and rule over a vast country. The Lord can make oceans turn into deserts and the deserts He can make into oceans. Only repeat His Name, earn an honest living and look after the poor orphans as best you can."

Having received this blessing Kala was very happy and went home full of joy. He told the whole story to his wife. She was disappointed because Kala had earned a blessing for his nephews and not for his own sons. Pressed hard by his wife, Kala once again went to the Guru, this time carrying his two sons on his shoulders. The Guru understood what had happened and said, "Dear Kala, I am only a servant of the Lord. It is he who bestows honours and grants wishes. Pray to Him, dear Kala, if He is pleased He may make your sons what you wish. I can only say that if they work hard and honestly, they will be happy and will enjoy the fruit of their own labour."

In time, the straight-forward words of Guru Har Rai ji turned out to be a sort of blessing for the two families. The two orphans Phul and Sandli became the rulers of Nabha and Patiala. Phul had six sons. From the eldest, Tilok Singh, the Rajas of Nabha and Jind were the descendants. The Maharaja of Patiala was the descendant from Phul's second son, Ram Singh. Phul died in 1689. The present ruler, Maharaja Yadvindra Singh, agreed to merge his state with the Indian Union in 1956. The Maharaja does not rule now but he is held in great respect because of his voluntary decision to join with the Indian Union and accept the national Government.

Kala's own sons did not become rulers but they became very rich landlords and were known as Bahias. They lived freely and no Government ever charged any land revenue or tax from them up to the present day.

"Nanak, call that a miracle,
Which the Lord graciously bestows."
(Guru Granth Sahib)

Literature & Books on Sikhism

http://www.vidhia.com/
www.GurmatVeechar.com
www.sikhbookclub.com

Audio/Video

www.ikatha.com
www.ikirtan.com
http://www.keertan.org/multimedia.htm

Informative/Interesting Sikh Sites

www.sikhiwiki.org
http://www.sikhanswers.com
www.sikhnet.com

Gurbani

www.sikhitothemax.com
http://www.gurbanifiles.org

NGO's

http://www.khalsaaid.org/
http://www.unitedsikhs.org/

iPhone Apps

- **Sikh FAQ** (by SHARE Charity education)
- **Super Sant** (by SHARE Charity education)
- **Sundar Gutka** (by Khalis Inc)
- **Gurbani Anywhere** (by Gurbani Anywhere)
- **Sangat TV** (by Sangat TV Ltd)
- **AnandIshwarDarbar** (by Gurubaksh Singh)
- **Sikh Channel** (by Sepal Technologies UK Ltd)
- **Live Kirtan Goldn Temple** (by PaarCorp)
- **Fly Rights** (by The Sikh Coalition)